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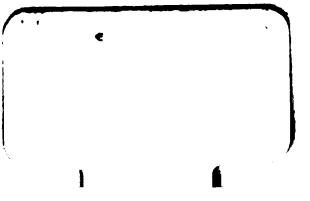

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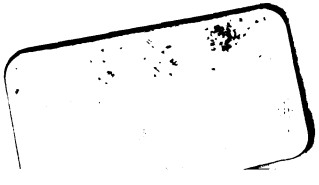

D.

Pour affectionnate Sister,

MEMORIALS OF A WIFE;

DEDICATED,

BY HER HUSBAND,

TO THEIR CHILDREN.

By John Hoppus, LL.D. F.R.S.
Professor in University College
London.

OH! when the form we lov'd our sight has fled,
The lips that once told music to our heart,
Are silent in the chambers of the dead,
The smile, the tone, the welcome—all depart;
Those eyes that beam'd upon us only love,
Shrine of the gentle soul, have ceased to glow;
And we, more desolate than the lonely dove,
Scarce know to realise our too real woe:
Ah!—then, how memory lingers o'er the past!
We hear that voice, we see that smile once more,
Paint fresh the scenes we knew— the first—the last;
Fond dream!—that adds to pangs we felt before.
But list!—a chaunt of heaven!—it seems to tell,
'Tis not for ever, that last long farewell,
We shall our lov'd one, lost one meet again;
The air wafts triumph—hark!—a choral strain!
'Midst all—I hear an earth-born seraph cry,
"THANKS BE TO GOD, THROUGH CHRIST, FOR VICTORY!"

LONDON:
JUDD & GLASS, GRAY'S INN ROAD.

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Votre affectionné à te servir,

MEMORIALS OF A WIFE;

DEDICATED,

BY HER HUSBAND,

TO THEIR CHILDREN.

By John Harpur, LL.D. F.R.S.
Professor in University College
London.

Oh! when the form we lov'd our sight has fled,
The lips that once told music to our heart,
Are silent in the chambers of the dead,
The smile, the tone, the welcome—all depart;
Those eyes that beam'd upon us only love,
Shrine of the gentle soul, have ceased to glow;
And we, more desolate than the lonely dove,
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We shall our lov'd one, lost one meet again;
The air wafts triumph—hark!—a choral strain!
'Midst all—I hear an earth-born seraph cry,
"Thanks be to God, through Christ, for victory!"

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DEDICATION.

"A VIRTUOUS WOMAN IS A CROWN TO HER HUSBAND:
HER CHILDREN RISE UP AND CALL HER BLESSED."

MY DEAR CHILDREN,

The snows of a third winter may ere long fall on a tomb, in Abney Park, beneath which are deposited the mortal remains of one who sustained towards you the nearest of earthly relationships. But even the elder of you is still too young to form an adequate estimate of the greatness of your loss. Hence my dedication of this book to you must be prospective; anticipating a time when, if God shall grant you life, both of you will be able to appreciate that loss; and to derive, I trust, much intellectual and moral benefit from the following pages, which will best represent to you what your Mother was in mind and heart. I do not, therefore, in this preface, aim to adapt my language to your present years; I address you for the time to come: indeed I could not say what I wish, if I did not write to you both as past the age of childhood.

The death of a Parent is, at any period of a child's life, an affecting consideration. The oldest, the most indissoluble of ties is severed. Other bonds may sometimes be relaxed by unfavourable circumstances, even before the stroke of death bursts them asunder: but what can destroy the yearnings of

parental affection? and how hardly shall this love even wane! To the Mother, especially, does it seem a part of existence: to suppose it ever to cease, at any time, or in any world, while being lasts; is to suppose human nature wholly changed, and no longer to be itself. Such an instinct, and such an affection has God implanted in the Parent's breast!—to be fortified and regulated by all that is virtuous and holy in character; because such a principle is what the offspring most needs, as well for the body as for the soul.

Hence the loss of a Parent has a special sadness when it befals infancy or childhood—more particularly the loss of a Mother. It has, then, in all ages, been a theme for melancholy strains, and the tenderest poetry. The elder of you had numbered but ten years when you met with this bereavement—the loss of your Mother, and such a Mother!—one who loved you so wisely and so well! How great her concern was for your welfare, both in this world and in that which is to come, is abundantly manifested in the latter part of this book. She herself describes the maternal sentiment, in a letter to a young friend, written about eight years before her decease: "Think not of a mother's love as of a mere instinct—think of it as a generous affection, which is to last for ever. A mother's love!—think of her care and solicitude, her watchings, her endurance, her good and tender wishes, her deep aspirations, her fervent prayers, for the well-being and happiness of her child!"

From the time when your lamented Parent ceased to regard her recovery as probable, she began to revise the three volumes of her "Journal," and some of her other Papers, with the express object of making them useful to her Children, another day, when they should be without her maternal guidance; and she confided to me the charge of bringing such of her manuscripts before your minds, as I might judge most adapted to this end. The Journal, which dates from

the completion of her twelfth year, was designed, she informs us, as a record of her ideas and feelings, for the benefit and progress of her own mind; and it was not intermitted even during frequent visits from home. It is written in a clear hand, gradually improving with her advance to womanhood; when it attained the elegance which distinguished her pen. Being in volumes, the Journal is convenient for your reading as it is; but the Papers which I have called "Appendix to Journal," and "Miscellaneous Remarks," are detached; many of them written on fragments of various sizes, and frequently in pencil. I believe she thought I might make a selection; and transcribe some of those which I should judge to be most useful for you: and this I did. It is certain that nothing contained in these pages was ever designed by her to meet the public eye, with the single exception of the letter addressed to the editor of one of the morning newspapers. I may confidently say that the idea of *printing* never entered her mind, as it did not mine at first. When, however, I had examined all the manuscripts, after her decease, it occurred to me that, on the whole, the best way of discharging the sacred duty (for such I feel it to be) of bringing before your minds, in as brief a space as I well could, a picture of your Mother's character as reflected from her own pen, would be to present it to you in a printed form. But when I had resolved on this, I had still no idea of *publishing:* my sole intention had been to give you a fairer and more convenient transcript of some memorials of your Mother, than you could have in any other way; and to circulate a few copies in the family, and among friends. The entire manuscript was prepared for the press with this view; and it was not till the first sheet was being printed, that I was induced to consent to have a Publisher's name to the work; and this, in accordance with the judgment of others, rather than what had previously been my own; though these brief memorials may perhaps

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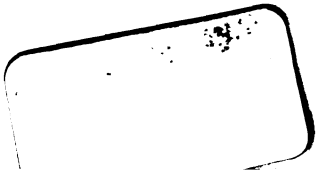

Your affectionate Sister,

Martha.

MEMORIALS OF A WIFE;

DEDICATED,

BY HER HUSBAND,

TO THEIR CHILDREN.

By John Hoppus, LL.D. F.R.S.
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"Thanks be to God, through Christ, for victory!"

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morning and evening, and thought little of cold or discomfort if she could secure time for her books. Self-denial for this object, or for any call of duty, seemed to cost her little: it seemed no sacrifice. Her ardour of soul was in danger of causing her to lose sight of attention to her health; and in this respect, alone, is it my desire that you may not follow her example. Had she chosen to devote her days to literature, her talents and her perseverance might have enabled her to attain to fame. She retained, through life, her taste for intellectual pursuits; and always entered with interest into my literary avocations. For many years, I wrote nothing for the press which she did not revise; and she frequently suggested improvements. Her judgment was always well-weighed, and independent; and I often profited by it. Not only in all such matters; but, generally, on all that was most important in life and in religion, our opinions came to the same point. It had been apprehended by some of her friends, that her studious habits would unfit her for domestic life. Not so, however—very far from it. Her facility of mind, and her sense of duty, led her always to accommodate herself to her position, be it what it might; and, when the season arrived, to no one was the detailed and exquisite description of the "virtuous woman,"* by the mother of Lemuel, more extensively applicable. Of no one was it ever said more truly: "She looketh well to the ways of her household."

You will learn, my dear Children, from your beloved Mother's papers, not only that she had not religion to seek in her last illness; but that, at a very early age, her mind and heart were imbued with devout admiration of the works of God in nature, and with the great truths of Christianity. She felt the incomparable importance of religion, even in her childhood; and, notwithstanding her

* Prov. xxxi.

own recorded humble estimate of her earliest religious impressions, and certain speculative doubts and perplexities which assailed her opening youth, (owing very much to the unusually reflective cast of her mind, at that period, and perhaps to her not asking for their solution,) it is evident that her character was strongly under the influence of religion, at least as early as her twelfth year. She was one of those whose privilege it was to have been born of parents eminently pious and devoted to the cause of God. How she honoured them in life, and cherished their memory when they were no more, repeatedly appears from her correspondence; and she never spoke of them to me, without enthusiastic admiration of their virtues.

In very early youth, your Mother entered into the labours of the Sunday-school: and her Journal testifies how zealously and unostentatiously she afterwards devoted herself to this and various other useful and benevolent objects; such as distributing Tracts, collecting for the Bible-Society, visiting the sick-poor in their own habitations, and patients in the Hospital at Salisbury. Nor did she fail of seeking to do good, by means of religious conversation, to persons who were known to her, or to strangers, when suitable opportunity was presented. Her prepossessing appearance, her fine sense of all the proprieties of time and season, her easy self-possession, and her lively and cheerful address, seemed to fit her, at least in the opinion of others, for this kind of usefulness. Passages occur, of early date, which show how all the sympathies of her heart were already kindled on the subject of Popular Education; and towards all benevolent and useful endeavours, both at home and in the heathen world. For good and useful men, whose actions and spirit showed them to be influenced by high and benevolent principles, she always cherished the greatest esteem and regard. This disposition also manifests itself in the earlier

pages of her Journal; which discover a mind that seemed to have a sort of natural affinity with everything great, noble, and good. And, in later life, when in conversation with friends, she would often strenuously defend those whom she regarded as the disinterested benefactors of their race, against disparagements cast on them for supposed minor faults, by those who might fail justly to appreciate their real worth and the good they were aiming to do.

Though her younger days were so much passed in the cultivation of her mind, you will see, my dear Children, that your Mother never lost sight of practical usefulness. Indeed, she made a study of it. For instance, I find repeated proofs of laborious preparation for the most efficient discharge of her office as a Sunday-school Teacher, in numerous written questions and answers, abstracts and notes, immediately bearing on the duties belonging to this work; which, though at this time her health was good, she pursued with almost too great zeal—often being much exhausted by her Sunday labours. With the same self-sacrificing spirit, she engaged in the visitation of the poor, in the lanes and allies of the city of Salisbury. One manuscript, of from twenty to thirty pages, consists of remarks on the method to be adopted in conversing on religion, with the ignorant or careless. In this document, is the following passage: "I have often asked some very ignorant people, 'how do you think your sins will be pardoned?' and they tell me, by their repenting and amending their lives; but never speak of Jesus Christ. I ask them further, 'but do you think that your amendment will make any satisfaction to God for the sin that is past?' They will answer: 'we hope so, or else we know not what will.' One would think that they had no knowledge at all of Christ, since they make no mention of him: and when I tell them the history of Christ, and what he did and suffered, they stand wondering at it as a strange thing; and some say they never heard so

much before, nor knew it, though they went to church every Lord's-day. Some, I perceive, give such answers because they understand not fully my question. Many persons, however, have that in their minds which is not ripe for utterance; and through want of education are strangers to the expression of those things of which they yet have some conception. We may here see reason why we should deal very tenderly with the common people for defect of expression, if they are teachable, and willing to use the means: for many even good old people cannot express themselves with any tolerable propriety, nor yet learn when expressions are given them. Some of the most approved Christians whom I know, pious aged people, complain to me with tears that they cannot learn."

In the pages which follow this preface, you will have a faithful delineation of the mind and character of your Mother. You will see what she was in the bloom and prime of youth and health, beloved and admired by all who knew her; and enjoying, with characteristic ardour, the reciprocations of family affection and chosen friendship, which were evidently regarded by her as the elixir of earthly life: and this truly English taste for the joys of the domestic and social hearth and home, met with an ample sphere in a widely-extended, united, and hospitable family-connexion. Among other indications of her natural activity and enterprise of mind, and her intense thirst for knowledge and improvement, you may read in the Manuscript-Journal her unabridged descriptions of those places which she visited in her excursions with friends; and which remind me strongly of the animated interest which she displayed in a tour of nearly three months, on the Continent, which we made in company with two of your Aunts, in the summer of 1835. You will see that, in travelling, she did not seek mere novelty—gazing on one scene after another only for the sake of amusement: she examined every thing

with the intelligent zest of an *amateur;* nothing escaped her notice: she diligently made notes of all she saw, often with great minuteness of detail; and she converted every thing into the means of further mental improvement. These and other memorials of her, bespeak a mind formed for the liveliest admiration of nature and art; homage to intellectual eminence; a congenial outgoing of soul to moral worth; a genuine enthusiasm for the ideals of beauty, truth, and goodness, in all their forms—allied, nevertheless, with matter-of-fact views of human life, and with a prudence and tact which were very rarely at fault. She had a high relish for the most beautiful models in architecture, sculpture, and painting; and her taste was severe and pure. She could enjoy pleasantry and facetiousness; but she had from her childhood a somewhat remarkable aversion to *caricatures;* and their cleverness and point, did not reconcile her to any distortion of nature which they might contain. For the same reason she had little sympathy with the admirers of eccentricity in public men; who are sometimes made like spoiled children, and unfitted for society, by the folly of the multitude, not to say their own. The truthfulness and genuineness of her character prompted her to respect sincerity and earnestness wherever found; but she always regarded failure in observing the proprieties of life, as a drawback from worth and from usefulness.

Your Mother's views and feelings respecting personal religion always struck me as peculiarly sound and healthy. She had little tendency to confound it with the bustle, excitement, "praise of men," and other human elements and vanities, which are apt to present themselves in connexion with it: she sought to distinguish these from that divine principle—the "life"—the germ of "life eternal," which exists, in different degrees—whether as a spark, or as a shining light, in the soul of every true Christian. She greatly

prized the public ordinances of religion, and attended them as long as she was able; and she esteemed holy ministers highly "for their work's sake": without the idolatry of means or instruments. Her estimate of preaching was quite in harmony with her mind and character. She had little taste for mere popular oratory; liking those sermons best, in which the man appeared the least, and Christ the most. She preferred that which had cost the preacher due pains and thought—what was solid, instructive, simple, serious, and practical—qualities which marked the discourses of the "Teacher who came from God." She often expressed her wish that ministers would point out more fully the relation of the Gospel to the powers and facts of human nature, and to the moral constitution of man; instead of too often limiting their subject to vague repetitions of doctrine, or mere appeals to feeling, without bringing Christianity, sufficiently to bear on man's reason and conscience, and on the varying every-day duties and aspects of life.

You will trace, from your Mother's early days, a lofty sense of the real grandeur, and inestimable value of Religion, and an earnest desire to form just views of it; a benevolent sympathy for the woes of humanity; a noble but not unkind or uncandid superiority to the frivolous tastes and pursuits of some of her own sex: for she knew well how to hold the balance between accomplishments and more solid attainments. She was always distinguished by a high-minded sense of the rights and feelings of others; and this led her generously to construe their motives. She possessed, through life, a natural activity and buoyancy of spirit, which remained even in her last illness: and this elasticity of mind was accompanied with a decision of purpose, and a self-sacrifice in duty (once well-defined) which did not yield, either to self-interest or other obstacles. Indeed, no feature of your Mother's character was more prominent than her sense of obligation. It was

her practical maxim that duty and happiness must always go together; and I believe that, with a temperament so much the reverse of what was stoical, she could from early life have submitted, with a firmness of mind bordering on heroism, to any extent of self-denial to which she might have felt herself plainly called by the voice of Providence. It is no exaggeration to say that—to her, duty was (to use an expression of her own) the "poetry of life."

As a young woman, your Mother exhibited a marked, and I think somewhat unusual combination of ardour and sentiment strongly partaking of the romantic, with sobriety of mind and dignity of character; uniting to great susceptibility and warmth of feeling, a high degree of self-command. From early youth, she was eminently reflective and discreet; and she brought her sound judgment, and cool deliberation to bear on all matters in which she was called to act. She did not allow impulse to determine her: she was guided by reason and conscience; and—once fully satisfied respecting the path of duty, she was firm and decided in adhering to her convictions. Her aspect betokened kindness, refinement, and moral elevation; and told of no mean inhabitant within. In conversation, her countenance beamed with animation, and was "innocently gay." Her stature was rather tall. In complexion she was fair, with a profusion of curling light-auburn locks; her eyes were mild, and softly expressive; and her profile was much admired. Nor was she, in those days, without the roseate hue of health. But, though possessing more than an ordinary share of beauty, she betrayed no tincture of either vanity or pride; and seemed the only one who thought not of her personal advantages. A large picture, by an artist at Bath, previously to her marriage, was not considered by any of her friends to have done justice to the original: but, as the miniature which was taken only a few weeks before her death, represents the last stage of

languishing illness, I think of obtaining, for this book, a photograph of the painting.*

Friends of your Mother's earlier days have not failed to give utterance to the feelings which her character inspired; and to the affectionate remembrances which were revived, on hearing of her departure from the world. One of these friends, in a long and truly sympathizing letter of condolence to her sisters, thus expresses herself: "The removal of one so much beloved, and so bright an ornament of the important sphere in which she moved, melts the heart with sorrow; for the dearest ties have been severed by death, and many a heart beside must mourn its desolation. The chambers of the grave have received that which was mortal of your most lovely, and beloved sister!—and could we follow her no farther, you might sorrow as those without hope. But you have the assurance of hope, in the full conviction that your ever dear sister was Christ's in everlasting bonds. I loved dear Martha, most dearly. I appreciated her fine character, and her superior powers; and the shadows of memory fall back on those days, at Bulford, when she kindly consulted me on the best plans she could devise for her mental improvement." †

* Underneath, will be a fac-simile of your Mother's hand-writing; with the arms of the Devenish family, as delineated in a copy which she took of the genealogical descent, "extracted from the Records of the Heralds' Visitations of London, anno 1634, and 1687 to 1703; and of the Visitation of the County of Dorset, anno 1677; remaining in the College of Arms, London." In a "Visitation of Sussex," article "Devenyshe," the shield is of the more ancient pointed form, with the same contents.

† Another proof of your Mother's thirst for knowledge and methodical cast of mind, from early life, remains in a manuscript, dated in her 18th year, entitled "The books I have read," consisting of a list beginning nearly with the completion of her 12th year. There is no certain clue to the date of the termination of this list, but it was constantly receiving additions, evidently during a great many years; for though your Mother was always a careful reader, and not a mere devourer of books, it contains upwards of 500 publications of various sizes and extent, from pamphlets of a few pages, to works of several

Another friend thus writes: "On the completion of her twenty-first year, I had the pleasure to receive Miss Devenish, at Bath Place, Reading. I found that she had been educated at Mrs. Elliott's, at Devizes. She now wished to pursue a course of reading with me. Never shall I forget the happiness of that year. She read very diligently, and would then give me a summary of fifty or perhaps a hundred pages, with her own remarks: her power of attention was very great. She would sit with me during classes, learn lessons with much humility, and I felt benefited and instructed, where I was expected to teach. Her attention to religious duties was exemplary. The disposal of her time, and of her ample pocket-money, was all that could be desired; for her heart was full of generous sympathy. She was my constant companion in my walks on summer-evenings, and those of winter we passed together. She delighted in improving conversation. Her beautiful countenance would glow with delight, when she met with a new thought. She was greatly admired—but she never became vain; her care was not for the approbation of men, but of God only. She was continually intreating me to tell her of her faults, a difficult task where there were so few to be found. I shall ever remember her with grateful affection, and with thankfulness that I had the privilege of her society. May her children follow her example on earth, and share her blessedness in heaven!" *

volumes; occasionally four or five, or more. The books consist chiefly of history, biography, science, poetry, and theology. Among them are many of the most approved Treatises of the day, with a very moderate proportion of lighter reading. I find also, of early date, a kind of little scientific dictionary, apparently made as her reading furnished the materials, from time to time, on chemistry, natural philosophy, and natural history: also a long list of "Latin synonymes," which seem to have been put down as they occurred, and a list of Latin phrases, commonly found in English writers, or used as mottos.

* See note, page 39.

While her heart was always the abode of high-toned enthusiasm and warmth of feeling, at the same time the regularity and activity of your Mother's habits of mind never ceased to be manifested in a variety of ways. Among other traces, I find a history of her health, from her fourth year, when she had the measles: also an almost daily record of her last illness, during nearly three years, and till within a few months of her death. Indeed industry, method, and aims at utility, seemed almost inseparable from her existence, as long as any strength remained. She had a great taste for arithmetic, and great facility in applying it to the purposes of life; and she early adopted the desirable expedient of keeping a strict account of her receipts and expenditure; so that she always knew how to regulate the latter in such a way as to meet the claims of religion and benevolence. From her account-books which remain, for three years immediately preceding her marriage, I find that her contributions to religious and benevolent objects amounted, on the average, to full seventeen per cent. of her own private annual income.

Her system of account-books, inventories, recipes, and memorandums of domestic affairs in general, will furnish you with an admirable pattern of neatness, order, and good management. As the mistress of a household, her plans were the result of a well-organized system, based on her own experience and that of others, and perseveringly carried out. In your Mother's hands housekeeping was a science, and deserved to be so called. Her economy and forethought, however, were not attended with anything approaching to a mean parsimony. She was just and generous towards servants, regardful of their rights, considerate of their feelings, as well as of their health and strength; always rewarding faithful services, and proving her remembrance of them by continuing to confer benefits, when needed, on those who had long since left her roof. And while they were under it, she not only took care

to secure to them sufficient religious privileges out of doors: she sought to aid their right improvement of these, by her private instructions and exhortations, especially on the Lord's day. I find, among her papers, a list of all who were in her service, with various particulars respecting them. She preferred taking them when they were not too old to be trained by herself to become efficient servants; and the regularity and nicety of her own habits, telling of the "mind's sweetness," always set them a good example. Her government of servants was a model of wisdom and kindness. I have often heard her say that she did not mind the *temper* of a servant, provided this was the main fault. The fact was that her own good sense, her calm and reasonable manner, her dignified gentleness, her freedom from haste and irascibility, her self-possession and tact in management, offered no opportunity for that familiarity which is said to "breed contempt," and no fuel to a flame which it generally requires two parties to kindle.

Though your Mother discovered tastes and ideas which were eminently domestic, she did not fail to take a deep and characteristic interest in all public events; and especially those which related to the advancement of knowledge, freedom, and religion. On coming to reside in London, she became a communicant at Tottenham-Court Chapel; and the circumstances which afterwards occurred in connexion with this sanctuary, much engaged her attention. She no sooner perceived the nature of the controversy, than she at once warmly sympathized in that view of the question which was taken by the Minister and the bulk of the Congregation; being convinced that the right was on their side. She united with them in public worship, at the Burton Rooms, during the time when they felt themselves compelled to withdraw from the Chapel; and she witnessed with satisfaction the final issue of those long-continued legal proceedings which

terminated in the judgment of the Vice-Chancellor, favourably to the interests of a church first planted by that apostolic man whom she truly designates, in her papers, the "immortal Whitfield."

Throughout her life, your Mother ever aimed at what was practical. She had a great deal of what is familiarly termed "gumption"—the prompt and ready use of common-sense, and a good deal of it: a quality this, of no small importance in human life; and for which no amount of learning, and no accomplishments, can prove a substitute. Indeed, it sometimes happens that learned and accomplished persons are remarkably destitute of this enviable quality, and always to their cost. Unfortunately it is not one of those things which are taught in the Universities; and it does not rank among the sciences, though it really is of at least as much importance to happiness as any one of them. It is supposed to be the gift of nature; but no doubt it may be very much increased and improved by habit and training. Your Mother discovered it in various ways, such as seizing *opportunities;* doing to-day what is better not deferred till to-morrow: but especially when any emergency arose, in domestic life, demanding immediate attention — such as accident or sudden illness. Instead of being thrown into bewilderment and helplessness on such occasions, she was prompt, self-possessed, and active in the use of proper means; though the exertion, and the excitement of feeling might, of late years, be evidently too much for her strength. I remember, among such instances, that of one of our servants who met with a serious accident, and, after being attended to by her mistress at home, was conveyed to the hospital. On minor occasions, such as a cut finger, your Mother was always ready with her fine needle and thread, to sew it up, when practicable, by the scarf-skin. She was ever aiming at some beneficial end; and she exercised much forethought

and ingenuity in providing against evils, and for their alleviation if they occurred. Indeed she could not have been happy, without believing that she was continually useful.

In her position as head of a family, your Mother had the opportunity, for many years, of exercising an important influence on the minds of my Pupils, who resided with us as Students attending the Courses of the Professors of the University College, in the Faculty of Arts and Laws, preparatorily to Degrees in the University of London, and to various professions. She took a genuine and animated interest in the success of their studies,* and was occasionally requested by them to give her judgment on certain of their performances. She aimed to stimulate them to persevering diligence from the highest principles and motives, encouraged them to self-reliance and hope, and rejoiced with them when they obtained the distinctions awarded to merit in the Examinations. Her enlightened and well-informed mind, her conversational talents, cheerfulness, and uniformly attentive kindness, and her watchful superintendence of the health and comfort of the family, admirably adapted her for a sphere in which female influence might be so advantageously exerted; and she often said how much she preferred the special duties and interests of the position she thus occupied, to their absence. She endeavoured to avail herself of the many suitable opportunities which presented themselves, of leading those who successively resided with us, to take right views of human life, of passing social and political events, and of the essentials of religion. In many cases she sought still further to promote their best welfare by epistolary correspondence, chiefly after

* Witness the following memorandum which I have found, in your Mother's handwriting, dated 1849. I have not examined to which Academical Sessions of the whole number during which Students had resided with us, it refers, but no doubt she was accurate. "Fourteen of our Pupils, in eight Sessions, gained twenty-three Prizes, besides Certificates of Honour; thirteen Pupils, in seven Sessions, gained twenty-two Prizes."

they had finished their studies; and she was gratified to know that not a few were already filling stations of honour and usefulness, in the church and in the world.

Your beloved Parent was especially distinguished by one quality of mind which is in little danger of becoming too common among mankind. I was often struck with her freedom from personal selfishness. It really seemed hardly to belong to her nature. I can scarcely suppose any human being more really superior to it. She thought and cared for everybody but herself—self seemed the last object of her solicitude. She carried this principle too far for her health—not from pride, much less from any Pharisaical sense of merit: it seemed born with her—the result of a noble nature, aspiring to a lofty and magnanimous superiority to everything that stood in the way of any call of duty, benevolence, and usefulness. She had much of that disposition which has induced some noble-minded Englishwomen freely to undergo the toil and hardships of nursing the sick and wounded heroes of our country, in the East; and I can easily imagine her, under other circumstances, to have had enterprise and self-denial enough to follow their example. Even to the last day of her life she continued to manifest the same unselfish spirit; being reluctant to give trouble; thinking of the comfort and convenience of survivors; and lamenting, as she frequently did throughout her last illness, that her own attention, and that of others, was now necessarily so much absorbed in her wants and requirements as an invalid.

I do not intend to attempt such a delineation as might be given, of the character of your departed Parent, as a daughter, a sister, a wife, a mother. In all these relations she was most exemplary. To her own family she was what these pages will best testify:—to myself the choicest gift of a gracious Providence; the most incalculable of earthly blessings—her "price," indeed, "far above rubies;" the minister

of nothing but good, all the days of her life, from that morning when our vows were plighted at the altar of Salisbury Cathedral, till her eyes were closed in death:—to her children the fondest, but most judicious of parents; ever manifesting the most watchful and intense maternal interest: of which one memorial, not here contained, consists of a detailed narrative of the progressive development of her daughter's mind, and notes of her sayings, up to the completion of her fourth year: and it is evident, from remarks in the Letters, that had health permitted, she would have recorded, not less fondly, the infancy of her boy. Especially did she express to me, during her illness, her solicitude that your minds, my dear Children, might be carefully guarded against evil influences, and formed to all those pure and useful habits which are profitable for the life that now is, and for that which is to come: but, of this, you have the best evidence in some of the following pages.

For many years previously to her last and fatal illness, your dear Mother's health had not been firm, for long together. In the year 1838, she was very much from home, with a view to its improvement; staying successively at Salisbury, Hampstead, Tunbridge-Wells, and Hastings. In 1840, we removed from Alfred-Place to Camden-Town; and this change seemed attended with decided benefit. She was, however, still obliged to be always careful, refraining very much from visiting; and reserving her strength for such exercise as she could take, out of doors, without fatigue; and by so doing she was able to enjoy a comfortable existence at home. Of late years, a considerable part of the summer and autumn was always passed on the sea-coast or in the inland country; and the latter seemed generally to suit her best. In the early part of the year 1850, she took a cold which never left her; and her health began more sensibly to be affected. Yet, in the summer of 1851, her interest in the great public event of that year induced her to pay

two visits to the Crystal Palace, in Hyde Park; and to accompany a young friend who was visiting us, to other remarkable places. Soon after this time, the threatening disorder of the lungs had developed itself in those organic symptoms which the faculty had, hitherto, failed clearly to detect. The insidious disease was now no longer doubtful; and, from this period, notwithstanding all that the first medical skill, aided by an artificial temperature in the winter, and by the most careful attention of those around her, could do—nothing was effected beyond retarding the advance of the decline, and procuring a considerable degree of comfort to a late stage of its progress; so that she often remarked how great an interest she still continued to take in the "affairs of life;" and that she could contemplate "with as much pleasure as ever, the beauties of nature and art."

Your Mother was always willing, even to the latest period of her illness, to make use of all the means prescribed by the physicians, as tending to her benefit and relief. She never allowed herself to be influenced by inclination or fancy, in regard to medicine, or diet and regimen. She was the most tractable of patients. She had thought and read much about her own case, and recorded with much exactness her experience of the effect of particular medicines and treatment; and it was only at my earnest request that she consented to give up reading medical books, when I thought her mind was likely to dwell too much on the symptoms of her case. For the debility which preceded the commencement of the cough, various remedies, such as wormwood, the sesqui-oxide of iron, and other tonics were prescribed. At an early period of her illness, by the advice of one eminent physician, and with the permission of another, she gave mesmerism a trial. One of the most noted manipulators was employed; and, subsequently, a woman who operated at the Mesmeric Infirmary, came daily, for three weeks. No effect,

however, was produced—not even a decided tendency to the comatose state, on any one occasion. Your Mother's natural self-command, and freedom from liability to be wrought on simply by the force of imagination, or by mere nervous susceptibility, may have tended to prevent effects which are credibly said often to have ensued, where there was as great a want of faith as she herself felt, in the experiment, as applied to her own case. She gave it up at last, from finding it fatiguing rather than useful. For some time, she was induced to try homœopathy; but was obliged to relinquish it, in consequence of one of the most eminent of the homœopathic physicians acknowledging that its pharmacopœia supplied no further means of assuaging the cough than he had already prescribed, and which had proved quite unavailing. On recurring to the *linctus* (of morphia,) she immediately again received the alleviation and comfort which always attended the use of this valuable preparation. For nearly the last three years of her life, she steadily persevered in taking large quantities of the cod-liver oil, which was strongly recommended by the faculty; and she persisted in so doing until within two or three days of her death, when the stomach would no longer retain it. No doubt this, and other remedies, were the means of considerably retarding the consummation of the disease.

As I knew that your beloved Mother lived in an habitual state of preparation for another world, I resolved to do all in my power, to the last moment possible or proper, to prevent her knowing that the physicians apprehended the worst: but her own bodily feelings, as well as her judgment and good sense, anticipated any such disclosure, and spared its necessity. I well remember the painful day when she, first, and at once, seemed fully to realise the mournful truth that the hopes we had cherished of her recovery could no longer be reasonably entertained. She wept much, under the conviction that she

must inevitably part from us; and the thought of not living to see you, her dear Children, "grow up," deeply affected her feelings at this crisis of her illness. But the utmost that I can recall of anything like apprehension at the certain prospect of the last solemn event, was when, on one or two occasions, about the same period, her mind appeared to dwell on some of those circumstances of death which are most naturally apt to strike the imagination; as though we could really be affected by them, after the functions of our present faculties of sense have for ever ceased: and she spoke, with sadness, of the contrast between the warm and living interests and sympathies of home and kindred, and the "cold and gloom of the grave;" a sentiment which I remember her expressing in regard to her Mother, whom she lost in 1841. But all such feelings, severely as they are apt to put faith and resolution to the test, were but temporary. She soon rose above them; and contemplated with her usual calmness a prospect so trying to human nature, and so calculated to shock its strongest sensibilities. There was nothing like murmuring or repining at the sovereign will of God, during her whole illness. Her calmness and acquiescence seemed to rise in proportion as she dwelt on the absolute certainty of its final issue; and she now manifested, on the grand scale, that collectedness and presence of mind, which had habitually marked her conduct. For though her delicate health had been chiefly characterized, previously to the supervention of phthisis, by a deficiency of that *nervous power* which is essential to good digestion, and to the comfortable exertion of body or mind—she was remarkably exempt from what is commonly called by the name of *nervousness*, so far as this real or imaginary malady discovers itself by irresolution, by confounding the want of power with want of will, shrinking from painful or unattractive duties, capriciousness, the absence of self-reliance, vacillation of mind, and negativeness of character.

Her temperament and spirit were perfectly feminine; but her native strength of mind carried her singularly above this kind of infirmities. She never acted from mere impulse or waywardness, nor pleaded simply for her own will or fancy: she was ever guided by reason and reflection. With a woman's heart, and a woman's tenderness, and a woman's trust and self-devotion—and these in an eminent degree, there are perhaps few of the sex who have shared much less in what are commonly supposed to be woman's foibles.

Scarcely sooner did she believe her case to be hopeless, than, in accordance with her usual attention to domestic life, and her habits of order and practical sense, your Mother set herself, whenever she felt able, to make a variety of arrangements which might be of use and convenience to survivors, after that event should have occurred which she now regarded as inevitable. This revision of all domestic and family affairs was extended over many months, at intervals, with the assistance of those around her, mournfully rendered, but in conformity with her decided wishes; which were not to be diverted from their purpose, even by the plea of the necessity of sparing her strength. This self-sacrifice was characteristic; and it was made with the dignity of a self-command which did not shrink from meeting realities, however sad and painful. During this period she revised many of her Papers, with the view, as I have before stated, of rendering them as useful to you as possible, after she should be taken from you.

Of the final consequences of death, your dear Mother betrayed no anxiety, and seemed to have no dread, throughout the whole of her illness. She looked on death with solemnity—not with fear. It was evident, from all she said, that her steadfast confidence in the paternal character of God, manifested in his Son Jesus Christ, was the source of that calmness and serenity which she habitually maintained; with a mind never wandering or beclouded, but

always perfectly clear and collected, retaining all its characteristic forethought and method, and its regard to the feelings and convenience of others, even to the last. Exemplary as she had been in all the relations she had sustained, the basis of her hopes for eternity ever remained as expressed in a letter written, some years before, to one of her sisters: "In all our afflictions, and in death itself, nothing can bring peace to the mind but the consciousness that we are resting alone for mercy on the Saviour; and 'not on works of righteousness that we have done.' This is all our safety—all our comfort—all our hope."

During the last year and a half of her life, I occasionally noted down, without your Mother's knowledge, some things which she said, as illustrating the state of her mind; and it did not appear that her peace was ever once invaded by any thing amounting to anxiety or fear in regard to the question of her acceptance with God, and her safety for eternity. She continually spoke only of the "peace" and "comfort" which she felt; and often repeated that she could "only think of God as the God of love." The state of her mind was so uniformly placid, and exhibited so little variation, that these notes are not numerous; and, for the same reason, they occur at intervals, sometimes very distant. As no lessons can be more instructive and impressive to you, her Children, than your beloved Mother's views and feelings in the certain and near prospect of death, I will rehearse to you the substance of my brief memorandums, in a few examples; which, but for your sakes, would probably not have seen the light: and it gratifies me to believe that the time will never come, when you will cease to regard them as precious fragments of her memory. To *you*, they must ever prove interesting, devoid as they are of what is novel or exciting. Indeed, the simplicity of her remarks, and their perfect consistency with her general character, in view of the solemn change, con-

stitute their principal charm, and their most satisfactory testimony.

1852. Jan. 12. "I feel very comfortable in my mind. I feel often love to God. For the first months of my illness, I did not think so much on this subject; but I do now: I can look into heaven." (31.) "I have had such agreeable views of God to-day, I am not able to realise any fear. I think only of God as love, and as forgiving. I have no fears of death." She asked me "whether such feelings might not arise from the *linctus?*" (acetate of morphia; which, however, was free from the disagreeable effects of opium.) But this state of mind was habitual. Nature had given her no small share of the enviable quality of equanimity; and to this, religion had set its seal.

Apr. 14. This day being remarkably warm for the season, she sat and walked in the garden for about half an hour; and seemed much to enjoy it, saying: "I love the sight of nature so much, that I could almost shed tears of joy at seeing it again."

1853. Jan. 16. Sunday evening.—Cheerfully sang part of Pope's Ode: "Vital spark of heavenly flame," etc. Often repeats hymns with much feeling and satisfaction—such as, "Lift up your eyes to the heavenly seats," etc.

Feb. 6. Sunday. Did not like to hear some verses of the hymn of Dr. Watts read: "Lord what a wretched land is this," etc., saying that some of the sentiments appeared "too complaining, and not sufficiently grateful." On my return from Tottenham-Court Chapel, she spoke of the comfort she had derived from the thought of our being engaged in the Lord's Supper; and from feeling that she was with us "in spirit." She had herself attended, up to quite as late a period as was at all prudent: indeed it was only on my dissuasion that she had sometimes given up going. The last time of her being at the communion, was on the first of June, 1851.

Mar. 19. On her daughter repeating the Psalm: "O that the Lord would guide my ways," etc. she said that, when a child, she "used to *pray* that hymn as well as say it;" and that she had "always been in the habit of *praying hymns.*"—Said that her first waking moments, every day, were "employed in thanking God for his unspeakable gift."—Expressed

much interest, this morning, in some remarks that were made, at family-worship, on the apostle Paul's account of his rapture in the "third heavens."* (28.) Though the progress of the disorder is often attended with feelings which she describes as "dying sensations, indescribably distressing," so that she has repeatedly expressed her desire, if it were God's will, that he should speedily take her to himself—yet, at other times, she is comparatively free from suffering; and has said to-day that she never felt more able to take an interest in the domestic, social, and political concerns of life. (29.) On occasion of the 63rd Psalm being read before family-prayer, she afterwards remarked, in reference to the sixth verse: "I have known many delightful hours of peace and comfort, by night as well as by day, from my thoughts being filled with Scripture-passages, and hymns;" and she spoke, on this and other occasions, of the "great importance of children having their minds early stored with these resources against temptation, and for the time of affliction."—Again uttered a sentiment often repeated by her: "If I am sure of any thing, I am sure I have given honour to the Saviour."—Often expresses the great consolation, and support of mind, which she experiences in family-prayer. The temporary illness of one of the servants has caused some anxiety; but she still retains her composure.

April 3. Suffers much from weakness and exhaustion; and sometimes says: "How can dying be different from what I feel? I long to be at rest." When I was going to Tottenham-Court Chapel, she wished to have the prayers of the Pastor, (the Rev. J. W. Richardson,) and of the church, on her behalf; saying that she "thought much of the prayers of God's people."—Expressed a desire that she might be spared as much bodily suffering, as should please God; and added: "I feel grateful that my *mind* does not suffer." Spoke to-day of the comfort she derived from one of the Olney hymns: "Begone unbelief, my Saviour is near," etc.—Last Sunday, she dwelt on that of Toplady: "Rock of ages shelter me," etc. (5.) Expresses the support which religion gives her, more strongly than ever. Said, between two and three o'clock, this morning: "O I certainly do derive great

* 2 Cor. xii. Acts xxii. 17.

comfort from religion—it is my support. Though I wake, hour by hour, in the night, scriptures and hymns come to my thoughts with great pleasure; and never anything at all fearful presents itself to my mind."

The illness, from this period, was attended with considerable fluctuations of bodily feeling. She would repeatedly say: "if it were the will of God, I should like soon to be taken; but God's will be done." Again, she was sometimes apparently so much better, as almost to inspire hope in those around her that she might for a time partially recover: but on lying down, and falling asleep, she would wake very faint and ill. Even then, however, she seemed in a very happy state of mind, repeating how much she felt the "comfort of religion;" and how "illness is adapted to make us more spiritually-minded than we scarcely can be, in health and activity." She would, at these times, utter such sentiments as: "well—I know that this tabernacle must come down, this poor frail tabernacle; but all will be well." At other times, as she lay on the sofa, she was able to occupy herself agreeably with needlework, etc. To a late period of her illness, she read the newspapers and magazines, regularly; and, on one occasion, about this time, reading some intelligence from Australia, she said: "weak as I am, I feel as much interest in life, and in the events of the world as ever." Indeed she continued more or less to make entries of domestic matters, in her almanac-pocket-book, till within a fortnight of her death.

April 17. The venerable Dr. Bennett, (formerly President of Rotherham College,) a friend of the Devenish and Aldridge families for three generations, being engaged to preach in the neighbourhood, came to see her; and, in reply to his kind inquiries respecting the state of her mind, she said: "I only fear, because I have no fear."

May 1. "I do think that heaven is mine—I have not entertained any fears of it." (4.) She lay awake a great deal, last night, but said she was perfectly comfortable in her mind, respecting the issue of her illness. (5.) Said, this morning, that she was now reading through the Gospel of St. Matthew; and had "never read it with so much pleasure before—never was so much struck with the dignity, grace, and benevolence of the character of Christ." On alluding to the great comfort she had derived, during the two past

winters, from the warming-apparatus by hot water which had been employed to aid in securing a mild temperature in the rooms she occupied, she added: "but it has kept me long out of heaven." (8.) "I hope I feel my sins. I don't know, but I think I am much more irritable than I was." Spoke again of the edification attendant on the silent repetition of hymns to herself; and especially referred, on one occasion, to Robinson's hymn, "Come thou fount of every blessing," etc.; and said: "If there be salvation, I shall surely enjoy it."

The last visit of her sisters could not but be deeply mournful to us all; and your dear Mother afterwards said, "how kind it was in them" to avoid taking a formal leave of her, and not to let her know the precise time when they proposed returning into the country; adding, "it was all for the best." During the last interview, she had expressed to one of her sisters the idea of the possibility that her "comfort of mind might arise from mere natural feeling;" but she afterwards dictated a message, to the effect that she was convinced that it ought to be ascribed to religion, and to her hope being based on Christ as its foundation.

Our beloved invalid, though at so advanced a period of her illness, expressed her willingness once more to resort, under medical sanction, to change of air, at some short distance from home; and, after exploring several other places, I succeeded in taking a house for the summer, pleasantly situated in Sydenham-Park. She bore the journey well, and seemed at first to enjoy the change; but it soon appeared that she was no longer able to take the exercise to which she had hitherto been constantly accustomed, during the summer months, of riding out in a Bath-chair; though one had been brought down for the purpose. She could still, however, recline on the sofa, and partially employ herself; and was not confined to her bed, till within about a week before her death. Even then, her medical attendant thought she might still continue for

some weeks longer: but, from this time, she began to sink more rapidly than we had anticipated. Her mind, however, remained in the same state of tranquillity and calmness; and, as had been the case before, some of her observations on little passing occurrences were sometimes quite mirthful.

During several days previously to the last scene, your Mother's composure became more conspicuous amidst the decay of nature. "I am very peaceful" expressed her habitual state of mind, and was repeatedly uttered. Once only she spoke to me, in the night, though in a cheerful tone, of having had some "strange and unpleasant thoughts," (perhaps a momentary dream,) but they did not seem at all to distress her, and I did not ask what they were. The immediate prospect of death seemed to inspire satisfaction and joy. She had been accustomed to take much pleasure in singing, especially in earlier life; and, on one or two occasions, she wished to make the effort. Once, on not succeeding, she said, "I cannot sing; but, as Mr. Charles of Bala said, 'whatever there is of peace and joy will be mine.' Yes, I have peace and joy now." She had, through life, always felt great interest in all theological questions; but her mind was of too practical a cast ever to allow of their disturbing her repose. Whether or not in allusion to the differences of opinion that have been held respecting the "intermediate state," I know not—as I always avoided any inquiry that might by possibility divert her mind from the grand basis of human hope, to anything approaching speculation—but, on one occasion, she said: "I do not know where heaven is: but even were I to be unconscious for a thousand years, I should have all that is good. God will give me all that is good. I have no fear of *that*. I rely on God for all that is good for me." This was evidently the expression of a pure and absolute faith in God—implicit confidence in his will and power to secure for her what was best: it marked the

highest and most entire reliance; and it was, eminently, walking "by faith and not by sight."

Once, when speaking of her peace of mind, in view of the solemn change which awaited her, she said: "but am I deceiving myself?—no, surely not. I am, indeed, a poor miserable guilty sinner; but I come to the cross for salvation! Christ has saved others, and why not me?" On another occasion, she spoke of the great blessing which she now felt it to be, that she had been the child of pious parents, who had trained her up in the ways of religion. Once or twice, with genuine Christian humility, she said "I hope you will forgive all the faults you have seen in me"—overlooking the more numerous faults which she had to forgive.

She frequently expressed much gratitude to God, as well as to those around her, for the "bodily comforts" and many alleviations with which her affliction had been attended; only fearing that she had "thought too much of them"—"too much of the mercies of the journey, apart from the great end." She once remarked that the increased power of attention and thought which she often felt, after having had such food as she was able to take, strikingly proved to her "how surprisingly the mind depends on the body, in the present life." Once, alluding to all her temporal mercies, she added, pointing upwards: "Thanks to thy name for meaner things; but these are not my God!"

Her ordinary thoughtfulness, presence of mind, and regard to the convenience and comfort of others, manifested itself, in various ways, even in the last few days of your Mother's life. When any of us appeared dejected on her account, it pained her. She wished to give as little trouble to servants as possible; and often warmly repeated her gratitude for their services rendered to her. She especially acknowledged the unwearied attention of an old and valuable domestic who acted as nurse; whose "faithful services" she had specially noted in her

memorandum-book, and whom she repeatedly thanked for her "kind, soothing, and diligent care," adding such expressions, at different times, as: "God bless you, C——, I am much obliged for all you have done for me." "May God bless you! I have tried your strength very much; but it will soon be over." "My work is all done. Keep up—bear up, C——, it will not be long."—"I shall sleep in Jesus." "Remember I am only a poor sinner like you; but the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin—you, as well as me."

Our dear invalid was quite satisfied with her removal to Sydenham; and she admired the quiet and agreeable situation of the house. The thought of dying away from her usual abode, was so far from being painful to her, that she seemed gratified with it, saying: "you will not be reminded of my poor body; the house will not be so gloomy to you all." On the same account, she even desired that her remains might be taken straight from Sydenham to Abney Park, without being first deposited at her own residence. Such was her refined consideration for survivors, at the eleventh hour of life; and such her thoughtful anticipation of their possible feelings. This concern for others, induced her to regret that she had not been able to look into some domestic matters which she had hoped to direct; but she felt "reconciled to the will of God," that it should be so. She calmly conversed with her old confidential servant, respecting the laying out of her remains, and named to her the undertaker for the funeral; on whom she wished to confer benefit, only as being a worthy tradesman who had long been employed in other ways in the house, and whose character she respected.

Her farewells to us all were most affectionate, full of instruction, and even cheerful. With her characteristic forethought, she preferred repeating them, to delaying what she had to say, to the last moment, when no opportunity might

occur. On these final scenes, I can only trust myself to say, that though flesh and heart were rapidly failing, she still continued to manifest the most intense interest in the welfare of her dear children. Within two days of her death, she said much to me on this subject, in the night; expressing her earnest desire that you might both be guarded from all evil companionship, and your minds preserved incorrupt and pure; for which momentous object, the early fear and love of God are the only sure guarantee. On this occasion, your dear Mother spoke of the gratification she felt in knowing that I should look over her papers, and bring them before your minds for your future instruction; though the idea of printing any of them, as I have already said, was not then thought of.

Her desire to "depart" had repeatedly been expressed before; but it greatly increased as the solemn hour drew nigh. During the last two or three days, her emaciation and exhaustion caused her much discomfort and suffering. She often expressed her wish that God might speedily take her to himself; adding such language of submission as: "I pray that I may be reconciled to his will."—"I trust I am not wrong in wishing to be taken." She hoped that, if it so pleased God, her last moments might "not be attended with delirium, or with much increase of suffering;" and this desire was, in the fullest sense, mercifully granted. She would often utter such expressions as, "I am safe."—"I believe that God has prepared my soul for himself."—"Oh yes, I am safe as ever!"—"I feel very weak, but God is the same—he will not forsake me—he is the same in all ages."—"I wish to be resigned."—"Yes, glory and immortality are mine."—"I am not in pain for my soul—that is safe: it is only my poor body." She appeared to hail with delight any symptom which she believed to be a presage of approaching dissolution, and thanked God for it. On one occasion, observing the increased swelling of the lower extremities, (a usual pre-

cursor,) she said to the nurse, "beautiful!—it will soon be over, C——." On the morning of the day before that on which she died, she seemed rather to regret, than otherwise, that she felt somewhat better after a more comfortable night than usual. In the course of the following night, she repeated, at intervals, many passages of scripture—a practice which always gave consolation to her mind.

Some of her last hours were marked by renewed maternal affection for her children; but I shall best describe this by quoting, almost verbatim, the short paper which the elder of you wrote, at my request, soon after your dear Parent's death: "Dear Mamma sent for me, the day on which she died, into her room, and prayed with me, that I might be good, and obey my dear Papa, and love babe. She prayed that we might meet her in heaven. She told me to be good, and to love my dear Papa, and little brother; and that I was to love God and Jesus. Mamma often used, in her illness, to pray with me and dear baby. She used often to pray that we might be 'little lambs of the Saviour's flock.' At other times, she has told me to mind what you said to me; and that I was to teach babe to be a good boy. Dear Mamma often told me to obey my dear Papa. Once when I went into her sitting-room, at Sydenham, she said she was glad she had loved God when she was young; for she could not have begun then. I do not remember anything more; for though Mamma often talked to me, she generally repeated what she told me before, lest I might forget." May you, my dear Child, ever bear in mind this dying charge of your beloved Mother!—May you, in the fragments which she has addressed to you, listen to the voice of her who, "being dead, yet speaketh!"

On this the last morning of her life, she said cheerfully, "O, how I could sing!" but felt herself unable. Afterwards, having said she was thirsty, she immediately repeated

the word "thirst," adding "I am glad I thought of that—my Saviour said that." Yes, I said, on the cross. Her smile, at this moment, as she looked upwards, will never be effaced from my mind, while memory lasts. Later in the day, she expressed her resignation and hope, in parting from her beloved children; and said she could "leave them in the hands of God." Her serenity remained undisturbed. It may be said, literally, that she "smiled in death:" for, during the last two or three days, smiles attended her words, continually; and she hailed the "last enemy," joyfully, as the herald of deliverance from the burthen of the flesh. In the course of the day, she repeated, "it is only the poor body that is suffering." She quoted, with cheerfulness, the words of the Olney hymn: "Begone unbelief, my Saviour is near;" and said: "blessed be God, he will soon come now." At a later period, she alluded to the lines:

> "Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long,
> And, then, oh how pleasant the conqueror's song!"

Whenever she spoke, her mind appeared perfectly clear and collected, even to the last: but the evening sun no longer gave light to her eyes—she thought it was night; and asked for a light to be brought up. Sight was evidently gone—yet, within, all was light. Her last words, faintly uttered, were: "victory—thanks—thanks, through Jesus Christ." Not long afterwards, she quietly ceased to breathe, about half-past six, in the evening of the 20th of July, 1853.

Your beloved Mother, in her days of youth and health, had finished the second volume of her Journal with the aspiration: "May the last look of life be directed to the cross of Christ!"—and thus literally was that desire fulfilled, at the hour of her great and solemn change. The cross of Christ

had been, habitually, the anchorage of her soul; and the sense of this, my dear Children, caused her always to speak of death with calmness during life; and to rise above all dread of it when her appointed time was come.

> " She smiled in death: for happy visions bless'd
> Her latest hours of life; and, hovering round,
> Alighted on her soul, giving presage
> That heaven was nigh!"

Some years previously to her last illness, she had visited the Cemetery of Abney Park; and was much pleased with the beauty of the spot, connected as it is with memorable associations, recalling to mind by its former proprietorship the period of the Commonwealth, that great crisis in our national history: but chiefly interesting for its more hallowed connexion with the life, character, and friendships of Dr. Watts, that bright ornament of the Christianity of our country; on whom Johnson, in his exquisite biographical sketch, has pronounced such a brilliant, and, in most respects, candid eulogy, declaring the subject of it to be worthy of imitation " in all but his Nonconformity;" whose muse first taught the Nonconformist churches the higher strains of sacred melody; whose writings have inspired many of their youth with their first love for polite literature; and whose residence, here, (commemorated in some of his "Lyric Poems,") and his death, in 1748, have consecrated this locality, and made it classic ground. Your Mother early admired the productions of Watts's genius; and had fully entered into the history of his friendship with the Hartopps, the Gunstons, and the Abneys. Such associations were quite congenial with her tastes and feelings; and she remarked to me, at the time of our visit, that she should prefer this as her last resting-place, to any other. Not long before her decease, she repeated the same wish, and seemed gratified to know that it would be fulfilled; as it has been by her remains being deposited near to the cenotaph of Dr. Watts, and to the tombs of not a few

whom she had either personally known, or whose characters she had long revered for their eminent piety and usefulness. A beloved Sister has since been added to those who inhabit these mansions of the dead.*

Your lamented Parent was interred on the 27th of July. The Rev. J. W. Richardson officiated at the last solemn rite. On Sunday evening, August the 7th, the Rev. Dr. Campbell, her former Pastor, preached a funeral sermon, at Tottenham-Court Chapel, and paid an affectionate tribute to her memory, from the last words which she attempted to utter; 1 Cor. xv. 57: "Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

And now, my dear Children, I have fulfilled a task which, however imperfectly performed, I could not conscientiously have omitted. This duty has been attended both with solace and with sadness. I have lived the past over again. Its various scenes have been recalled in busy imagination, reviver of bygone happiness, and of anxieties issuing in an event which, to us only, was *loss;* and which, even to us, was so divested of everything fearful and gloomy, as hardly to seem like death. But for yourselves, the past would be to me almost as a dream: you are its living images—you give it reality; and for your good, these pages are designed. I address you, throughout, by a kind of fiction, while the opportunity occurs, as though you had both arrived at an age when you will, I trust, through God's blessing, be fully able and willing to profit by this little book.

I wish you to regard these brief Memorials as a tribute to the memory of that admirable woman, whom you knew by the endeared name of mother, and who truly loved you with all

* Note, page 56.

not occur to her own mind. It would be folly in me to hold up your Mother as a faultless and perfect character: freedom from sin and error belongs not to this world. But as an example for you, I consider that the spirit and conduct of her life, as a whole, approached so much to what it ought to have been, that I do not know that there is any trait of character in which you may not safely follow her, with the exception of her too great forgetfulness of her health and strength, in the pursuit of knowledge or duty. Her soul was too ardent for its mortal tabernacle, and did not spare it. She carried the maxim, that it is "better to wear out than to rust out," even into illness; and she still remained nobly superior to mere selfish ideas. Above all things, my dear Children, follow the example of Christ, in all those respects in which he can be regarded as our model: but next, I know of none more worthy to be imitated by you, in the daily conversation of life, than that of your departed Parent. She had, in her character, elements of greatness as well as of goodness.

I trust you will, through life, imitate her in never losing sight of the culture of your hearts, as well as minds; in making happiness out of *present duty;* in finding equanimity and satisfaction in being "content in every state" with the lot assigned to you by Providence; and in seeking to be a benefit and a blessing to those around you, and still more extensively, according to your power and opportunities. Be assured that if you are decidedly guided by the principles and the feelings which animated your Mother's conduct, from her early youth to her latest hours, you will not fail of enjoying substantial happiness even in this life. It is true, indeed, we often see exemplified the words of the royal preacher, that "under the sun, the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong—but time and chance happen to them all." In nothing is this more evident than in the positions of men in society;

and this, independently of the accident of mere hereditary distinctions. Spheres beyond their powers or claims, may be occupied by some men: even an excess of vanity may be no barrier. Minds of a different order may sometimes fail of carrying the sympathies of the many, and may seem neglected by society; the fact being that, like vessels of greater tonnage and deeper draught, they are not adapted to the creeks and shallows. But amidst all that is uncertain in the lot of human life, be assured that constant perseverance in the fear and love of God, in prudent conduct, and in the path of duty as far as known, is the road to peace of mind, and to solid repose in Him who is the unerring arbiter of our destiny in this world. And with regard to the life to come, all is certain: here, there is no casualty in the issues. Here, you cannot truly run the race, without obtaining the prize: you cannot "strive lawfully," without receiving the "incorruptible crown."

You will find, on perusing what follows, how earnest were your Mother's desires and prayers, that you might possess discretion and wisdom to guide you in the affairs of this present world. Such is the uncertainty of life, that you may be left wholly without parental care—orphans, in your early days, while your own judgment and knowledge of the world are not sufficient to guide you. Should this prove to be the case, may God grant you the advice of the most upright, the wisest, the most disinterested friends! And remember that in order best to secure or retain friends whose friendship alone is to be desired, your disposition and conduct must inspire respect: you must be evidently actuated by the spirit and the principles of Christianity. Your welfare will also greatly depend on your always cherishing a deep interest in each other's welfare, on your setting each other a good example, and watching over each other as far as your years and other circumstances may allow. Since all to whom

Christianity is presented, and who are of an age to be responsible, ought to be Christians; and the virtue which sanctifies their whole being, is "to love one another;" and nature itself spontaneously testifies to the claims of the fraternal bond: how great is the love which children of the same parents should feel and manifest towards each other!

In regard to Religion, the rising youth of our country, in these times, are likely to have two grand and opposite forms of delusion to avoid; from both of which, I trust in God that his grace will ever keep you safe! One of these is the setting up of man's authority, and the other the rejection of God's authority, in the Christian religion: so identically do these contrary errors meet in one point—presumption!

Human authority in the church, has longest and most flagrantly been manifested in Romanism; but it is also seen in that connivance and tampering with the *spirit* of the great apostasy, which has to a greater or less extent infected Protestant Episcopalianism, in our day, to the just regret and alarm of all true Protestants, in the Established Church, as well as out of it.* That there have been, and still are, many genuine Christians in that church of which such men as Fenelon, Pascal, and Quesnel were ornaments, cannot be doubted: but Rome has hardly tolerated these and others of her most Christian sons; and when you become acquainted with the history of Romanism *as a system*, you will find it a gigantic growth of corruption, a "mystery of iniquity"—a strange compound of antinomian

* While writing this, I have learned that, at Yardley-Hastings, the scene of my Father's truly disinterested, and most successful labours, as a Congregational Pastor, for thirty years, (between whom and the then resident Rector there was always a friendly agreement of views,) high Tractarianism is now preached in the parish church; and that, after the administration of private Baptism to sick children, *the basins used for holding the water are broken!*

license and mortified pharisaism, of superstition and presumption, of allurement and cruelty, of changeful and inconsistent policy with never-changing claims to infallibility—a system which substitutes rites, and ceremonies, and penances, for the religion of the heart, and even for morality—a system of "lying wonders," of absurd pretensions, of remorseless despotism. Politically, it is, at this moment, as it has been for many ages, a vast conspiracy against the liberties of mankind; adapting itself, with consummate skill, to times and circumstances: now appearing as an angel of light under the guise of liberalism, and advocating "charity," and "liberty of conscience," forsooth; then, unmasking itself and acting the relentless tyrant. It knows how to consecrate any action which may suit its object; and no one, on the principles of common sense, can doubt even from its own showing before the face of Protestantism, that, as a system, it is unchanged and unchanging; and that if it could by any means once more gain the ascendency in England, and feel itself assured and consolidated in power, it would unhesitatingly re-light the fires of Smithfield, and refrain from no persecution that may be found to have marked its career in the middle ages.* Against Romanism, and everything that tends towards it, be ever on your guard. Carefully cherish the sentiment recorded by your Mother, who says, in her Journal: "I have been reading on the Roman Catholic religion: and O how grateful should I be to the great Author of the true religion, that I have been taught the doctrines of the Bible!"

But you will not only, as you grow up, have to avoid being drawn into the vortex of strange dogmas, fantastic devices, and superstitious practices, unknown to the

* See some Numbers of the *Tablet*, during 1851: also reported statements of Cardinal Wiseman, in justification of coercion in religion.

New Testament, but which human authority has presumed to set up in the church of God, "teaching for doctrines the commandments of men:" you will also require to shun the opposite rock of Infidelity; a rock of *many peaks*, of which the loftiest and most imposing to contemplate—that which would seem to point nearest to heaven, is a form of Deism, clothed with much that appears devout, spiritual, experimental, and benevolent, which it has borrowed and metamorphosed, without acknowledgment, from Christianity, while it repudiates Christ. The special claim of his religion to be from heaven being denied or evaded, it was consistent to deprive the hope of eternal life for man, of its basis in the testimony of the Christian Scriptures; where it is first expressly and formally brought to light, as a special object of belief and confidence. You will live, if it shall please God, fully to understand this subject: and may He grant that you may never, by any sophistry of man, be induced to think lightly of Christ, and of his revelation of the Father's will to mankind! If there be anything certain in historical evidence, anything significant in the facts and monuments of eighteen centuries—if there be any meaning in human language, anything in human experience that can be relied on as illustrating the truth of principles: the conclusion is inevitable, that God himself has commanded all men to whom the offers of the Gospel are presented, and who are capable of understanding them, to seek after eternal happiness through the mediation of his Son Jesus Christ; and to regard his death on the cross as a solemn and merciful expedient, by which it has pleased God finally to deliver all who "believe" from the dominion and the consequences of sin, and to raise them to a nobler state of being: and there are a multitude of actual facts, in the history of human nature, which cannot be adequately accounted for, but on the principle that Christianity is supernatural and divine.

With the New Testament in your hands, may you never for a moment be tempted to imagine that, for those who have had the Gospel fully made known to them, there is any rational ground of hoping for a blissful immortality, but by submission to Christ as the Head of the church; or any fitness for that blessed state, without the influence of the Spirit of God, to be obtained by prayer! Rely with your whole hearts on Christ, "by whom we have received the atonement:" daily and earnestly seek the grace of God to arm you against sin; and you will have peace now, and heaven hereafter.

Without these principles, it surely must appear plain to every considerate mind, that death is a leap in the dark, eternity a vast ocean without anchorage—a shoreless, hopeless, unknown—a gloomy, fathomless abyss! But O how consolatory—how tranquillising—how delightful, in the view of whatever may befall you in this world of trial, is that sense of security which arises from the contemplation by faith, of Him who, fulfilling the Fathers's will, and manifesting the Father's love in human flesh, "gave himself a ransom for all," and freely died to save! With these principles and this faith, realised in your hearts and lives, you will have nothing to fear whatever be your lot in the present scene; or even though the heavens and the earth should pass away, amidst the wreck of nature and the dissolution of worlds!

Never forget, my dear Children, that these were the hopes by which your now sainted Parent was enabled, calmly and without fear, to view the approach of death; so that death at last reached her devoid of his "sting;" and instead of falling a prey to him as a monster, with alarm and terror, or with paralyzing despair, she met him with cheerfulness and smiles, as the friendly messenger of her Heavenly Father's love.

As compared with these principles and hopes, the differences

which exist among Protestant Christians are of subordinate moment. Yet I would not have you fail of making them a future object of your unprejudiced and conscientious attention. In so doing, you will again be following the example of your Mother; who says, in her diary: "While charity leads me to extend the hand of Christian friendship to all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth, still I see no occasion to sacrifice my convictions to the opinions of others; nor can I adopt the idea, that anything which is connected with religion is immaterial or unimportant."

Like her, while you are first, and chiefly familiar with the revealed will of God in Holy Scripture, make yourselves acquainted with ecclesiastical history—that instructive and indispensable guide to the understanding of the relations subsisting between the several branches of the Christian Church. Study especially the history of the Reformation, its struggles and its consequences. Read of the Puritans and their successors: read of those holy men who, by their imprisonments, their exiles, their privations, their tortures, and their blood, vindicated Christian truth, and preserved the last sparks of English liberty. Read of the martyr-bishops, whose ashes were the glory of the Protestant Church of England. Read of the Nonconformist Confessors of the next century; who, by their enlightened conscientiousness, and their passive endurance, laid the solid foundation of that religious liberty which in our times has grown to so noble a superstructure—still advancing, we trust, to its completion, when every vestige of man's usurped dominion over the rights of conscience shall have ceased, and have given place to love. So far as this, the true spirit of Christianity, shall prevail—so far will party-strife diminish and decline; and, to the same extent, will Christianity appear in its true character before the world.

On the subject of religious parties, I must quote one of

Dr. Arnold's sermons, all of which, I trust, will one day administer greatly to your instruction: "Be of one party to the death, and that is Christ's. Every other party is mixed up of good and evil, of truth and falsehood. If you act with any one party as the least of two evils, then watch yourselves the more, lest the least of two evils should by any means commend itself at last to your mind as a positive good. Join it with a sad and reluctant heart, protesting against its evil, dreading its victory, far more pleased to serve it by suffering than by acting; for it is in Christ's cause only that we can act with heart and soul, as well as patiently and triumphantly suffer. Do this amidst reproach, and suspicion, and cold friendship, and zealous enmity; for this is the portion of those who seek to follow their Master, and Him only. And then you will understand how, even now, there is a daily cross to be taken up by those who seek not to please men, but God: yet you will learn no less, how that cross, meekly and firmly borne, whether it be the cross of men's ill opinion from without, or of our own evil nature struggled against within, is now, as ever, peace, and wisdom, and sanctification, and redemption, through Him who first bore it."

I now conclude this Dedication, by commending you, my dear Children, to the care and blessing of Almighty God, in life, in death, and for ever!—with earnest prayers for the fulfilment of the words already quoted from the letter of one of your Mother's most attached friends: "May her children follow her example on earth, and share her blessedness in heaven!"

J. H.

DECEMBER, 1855.

In childhood, I learned the idea (from myself I apprehend) that the keeping of a Journal of occurrences in which I was personally interested, even sometimes trivial ones, would have a good effect on my mind. By this means, a testimony is borne to ideas and feelings the correctness of which future years might indeed revise, but which would hold up to my view a picture of myself from day to day. In maturer age, I found that this was one means which Madame de Genlis adopted for the benefit of her pupils—the present King of the French, Louis Philippe, then Duc de Valois, afterwards Duc de Chartres; and his brothers the Duc de Montpensier and the Comte Beaujolais, and their sister the Princess Adelaide. She thus sought to teach them how to regulate their own minds and conduct.—*Memorandum dated* 1847.

EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL.

1816. Sept. 29. This day completed another year. How imperceptibly does time glide! These years are gone, never to return. O may my succeeding years be more improved than the last!

Nov. 15. Composed a Theme—the first attempt of the kind: subject the "Character of Alfred."

1817. Jan. 21. Again visited the much-loved Devizes; and was amused at beholding the woful countenances of my schoolfellows.

Dec. 19. Took a farewell of my beloved friend S. S., and of all my dear schoolfellows. Returned home.—Reading Joyce's "Scientific Dialogues."

1818. June 24. The famous triumvirate for the County of Wilts—Mr. Methuen, Mr. Bennett, and Mr. Long Wellesley, commenced canvassing.

1820. July 3. Took a walk after tea—overtaken by a tremendous thunderstorm in Lady Pollen's park; the trees afforded the only shelter from the pitiless pelting of the rain, while the notes of the tempest were sounding around us. The mild arch of promise soon shone fair in the evening sky; but seemed an emblem of the frailty and brevity of man's most enlivening and animating prospects, which vanish ere

he can grasp the delights which he so much desired. Learn then the vanity and weakness of reposing confidence on terrestrial things, and lift thy thoughts to more substantial bliss. When the luminary of day had long sunk below the horizon, the glimmering landscape faded on the sight, and the air wore a solemn stillness, the beetle had ceased to wheel his drony flight, the harmless sheep were lulled to slumber by their own drowsy tinklings, we closed the day with a hymn.

4. "The day was fine, the air serene,
The firmament without a cloud;
The bee humm'd o'er the level plain,
Where many a lovely flowret bow'd."

The soft evening tempted us to enjoy its delights; and, our dear cousin accompanying us, we walked to Ablington, a village three miles distant. Interesting to us was the recollection that here, in this sequestered hamlet, the great though humble Mr. Jay delivered his first sermon. Within the mud-walled cottage, this eminent minister of evangelical truth commenced his arduous and useful labours. Here he sought to instil into the minds of the people the doctrines of truth; here he instructed them in knowledge which will sink all Roman and Grecian lore to insignificance, and which will survive the wreck of nature; here he taught the unlettered inhabitants to speak the language of Canaan; and here he inspired them with the love of melody in singing the songs of Zion. Great was the gratification I derived from visiting this spot. Though remote from grandeur and renown, yet it acquires a higher reverence—hallowed by the exertions of good men to promote the best interests of mankind.

Aug. 4. Brother drove us to Devizes—read "No Fiction" on the road—which proved more pleasant than gazing uninterruptedly on the never-varying scene of Salisbury Plain. As here was no feast for the organs of sight, we provided a mental entertainment.

16. Took our leave of Mrs. Elliott and all our old friends, and returned home—home, sweet source of all our pleasures and delights, "thou giv'st a treasure all our wealth excelling."

19. Again returned to my charge of teaching the poor children of our village. Surely the religious education of the

poor should not be neglected as it is. True are the words of Shakspeare:

"Ignorance is the curse of God;
"Knowledge the wing with which we fly to Heaven."

But a greater than Shakspeare has said: "They shall die without instruction, and in the greatness of their folly shall they go astray."

Sept. 7. Agreeably surprised by Mrs. Randall calling on us. In consequence of her husband's death, she has returned from India. Her narrations interested us highly. What disinterestedness have such missionaries as Carey, Marshman, and Ward displayed! What can equal their perseverance, which has surmounted difficulties almost insuperable—their discreet arrangements, and their circumspect conduct? These men stand on incontestible ground of excellence; they have shown to an admiring world their indifference to selfish aggrandizement: these champions of truth have relinquished all in the service of their Master. Some natives are preaching the tidings which the holy angels announced to the Shepherds—"glad tidings of great joy, good-will to men." What a glorious and animating prospect appears to arise in the Eastern world!—how paralyzed and dead to every good feeling must that heart be, which does not heave with ardent aspirations for the acceleration of this good and divine work!

8. "The world has nothing to bestow,
From our ownselves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut, our home."

Miserable, indeed, must be that person who possesses no resources from within—who derives no pleasure from intellectual sweets! What are mere modish attainments? trifling and vain in the extreme.

29. May I, from this period, more earnestly endeavour to acquire that knowledge which is better than the merchandize of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold. Why should the sordid gratifications of time and sense—O! why should the amusements of this insidious world monopolize the time and attention of immortal beings? Sixteen years of my short life are gone for ever—irrecoverably gone! Time, with what velocity dost thou fly! Behold him when passed by us; what then is seen but his broad pinions, swifter than the wind! Who can estimate Time's wondrous price?—and

yet what spendthrifts do we prove of Time's inestimable blessings! How are art and invention tortured to devise amusements, to cause the fleeting moments to pass with swifter speed, and to rid us of the dreaded monster *Thought!*

"O ye who deem
One moment unamus'd a misery!
. . . . . who call aloud
For change of follies and relays of joy,
To drag you patient through the tedious length
Of a short winter's day—say, dreamers of gay dreams,
How will you weather an eternal night,
Where such expedients fail?
Time destroy'd
Is suicide, where more than blood is spilt!
Time flies, death urges, knells call, heaven invites,
Hell threatens! Moments seize, heav'ns on their wing:
A moment we may wish, when worlds want wealth
To buy!"

Nov. 13. Oh may we toil, with unremitting attention and diligence, to cultivate our reason and enrich our minds. May a day never pass without the inquiry—what progress have I made in knowledge? May we ever preserve in memory the admirable maxim of Apelles—"no day without a line."

25. Enjoyed a rich repast—read the whole day.

Dec. 31. [In Dorset, on a visit.] Went to chapel at Sydling. Dined at grandmamma's. We spent the evening very delightfully in reading, prayer, and praise, as the close of a year ought to be spent.

1821. Jan. 1. The light dawns on another year. A year is gone! What a sad consideration—that while the stream of time is carrying mortals to the boundless ocean of eternity, the great bulk of mankind appear fast asleep in a spiritual sense! Thousands, it is to be feared, will not awake from their stupor and infatuation, till the summons of death arouses them. "We take no note of Time, but from its loss," said one of our poets; and daily observation convinces us of the truth of this aphorism. Ought we not to mark these divisions of life, which remind us of the brevity and vanity of all terrestrial objects, and teach us to note the progress of our journey? O may we not persist in wasting a treasure so inestimable as Time, and may the consciousness of a lost day afflict and humble us!

5. Winter, in our temperate zone, is not so desolate and

gloomy as in the arctic regions. Here no avalanches roll down our mountains, nor do hordes of ravenous beasts commit depredations on the abodes of man. How wonderfully is every thing preserved! Herbaceous plants, which die to the roots every year—how safely are they concealed underground, and how admirably are trees and shrubs, which bear the rude inclement blast, protected from the effect of frost by their tender parts being wrapped in a texture which resists the influence of cold.

7. If a man possessed the riches of the famed Lydian king, if the wealth of Potosi's mines were at his command, what would these avail if he were destitute of *good sense?*

> "Something there is more needful than expense,
> And something previous e'en to taste—'tis *sense*,
> Good sense, which only is the gift of Heaven,
> And, though no science, fairly worth the seven."
>
> POPE.

13. Called on Mrs. Petty. Eliza could not leave her father—dear girl, she has watched with unremitting attention her much-loved parent for eight long weeks.

14. His earthly career is terminated, and he is now, we trust, in the regions of blissful immortality—another memento of the universal frailty, and of the certainty of an end to life. How indifferently are we walking on the precipice—the shore of the boundless ocean of Eternity! O that we were wise, that we would consider our latter end!

21. How much of our peace do we destroy by framing so many ideal difficulties; by anticipating troubles from such improbable causes!—"We look to distant storms, and hear the thunder ere the tempest lowers."

24. Grandmamma and Eliza D., fancying I should pine away in solitude, kindly spent the day with me. Enjoyed pleasant converse with my dear uncle in the evening, when—the world shut out, our thoughts called home—we talked the time away. Rogers, a servant of uncle's, taken in the typhus fever.

29. Alas, how uncertain is life! five days ago I inquired of poor Rogers from his sister—he is now sleeping in the cold arms of death!—how fares the disembodied soul?

Feb. 2. The funeral procession of poor Rogers has moved along; all that remained of his once-animated form is now deposited in the dark, the dismal tomb—dust to dust, ashes

to ashes. O may he rise to a glorious and joyful resurrection! Many seem to suppose the unlettered poor destitute of natural feelings; but this family presents indisputable evidence to the contrary. The father, with Jacob of old, says that this affliction will bring down his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave; and the mother weeps in agony—"my son the prop of my declining years is gone—he who, I fondly hoped, would have closed our eyes in death!" Ye aged couple, may you receive consolation greater than human kindness can afford! May you apply to the great Physician, in your heart-rending grief!

28. The Misses —— of —— came this evening. Could not a few hours be enjoyed in rational conversation without flying to resources which seem a waste of time? I choose the amusement of chess, considering it much better than cards. Reading "Rokeby," an interesting work by the Genius of the North. Finished Hayley's "Life of Cowper," a work which has proved to me a richer feast than the finest novel. The hero, here, is indeed interesting; for in him were the scholar, poet, and Christian happily united. How often are great talents devoted to the worst purposes—to the subversion of morals and every virtue! How delightful to every good mind, to behold high mental endowments employed to stem the torrent of vice, and promote the cause of Christianity!

April 2. How exceedingly just is the remark of Miss Taylor: "Though a woman speak with the tongue of men or of angels, and have the gift of eloquence, and understand all languages and all knowledge, and bestow all her time to feed her vanity, and have not humility—it profiteth nothing; she is truly 'sounding brass, and a tinkling cymbal.'"—Remember this!

5. What weight is contained in that delightful thought of Cowper: "The darkest day—live till to-morrow, will have passed away!" A thousand times have I mused on this idea with delight; and a thousand times has it dispersed many impending clouds of dread, and caused the sun to shine again.

7. Accompanied the Misses S. to Old Sarum. I felt a great desire to visit a spot so celebrated in the annals of fame. "The ploughman now plods his weary way, o'er fields where armies whole have sunk." Here noble warriors have bravely fought and fallen; their ashes repose beneath the verdant turf, unhonored by epitaphs and elegies. No animated

bust or sculptured monument rises over their remains: but the scene compels reflection on the frailty of man.

9. Mamma came to take me home from Salisbury. Found dear cousin E. B. of Winterbourne at Bulford on my return. An age appears to have elapsed since I last beheld our dear family-circle, and our much-loved village. How altered is the face of nature! When I left home the trees exhibited their "naked shoots barren as lances," and winter held absolute authority, in the pinching cold: but now spring again dances in the mead; smiling nature is arranged in her robe of gayest green; the sweet warblers of the grove carol their gratitude and joy in sprightly strains; the modest violet in the shade is now diffusing its fragrant smell, the graceful snow-drop bends on its stalk, with the gold-like crocus—the harbingers of flowers of every hue.

14. This day has been an emblem of life—the glorious luminary of day rose in dazzling splendour; but, alas! clouds soon appeared and darkened the gilded scene: then the shower fell and obscured the fascinating landscape, and the wind increased the storm—but soon the bright rays returned, and hope smiled again. Oh, how transient are the fair prospects of life! every sweet is mixed with bitter, and every pleasure is alloyed with pain: "sunshine and shade, shade and sunshine, are indeed a picture of our experience."

26. Rose at five, and reached Fordingbridge by ten. The dews spangled on the green blade like pearly drops, and nature awoke drest in one of her loveliest garbs. The grateful lark had risen from sleep, and was carolling in a higher region her song of praise. The busy world was scarcely stirring; all was serene, and every thing tended to inspire tranquil and sweet reflections. How many never behold the delicate shades of grey-eyed morn gradually declining to usher in the bright luminary of heaven:

> "Falsely luxurious will not man awake,
> And springing from his bed of sloth enjoy
> The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour?"

May 2. O the blessings of fraternal and sisterly love! every pleasure may by it be augmented, and every care alleviated. Who can describe the sweet blissful feeling—the glow of pure affection which is felt by sisters whose words

and thoughts harmonize—seeking to fulfil the nameless offices of love!

5. How many bitter moments may we prevent by exercising *firmness of mind!*

9. Reading the beautiful tale of Rasselas. I rely on age and experience doing great things for me, that the deficiencies of to-day may be supplied by to-morrow; that I may one day make greater advancement. Deep is the mine of knowledge: even after the source is discovered, how much research, investigation, and indefatigable exertion are required, ere the rough material can be converted to use and service!

11. Be this my maxim—never, never to obtrude myself on notice by mere externals, which are vain and empty; but by intrinsic virtue and excellence to deserve the esteem of the wise and good.

16. How lovely is sincerity!—it gives to every action inimitable grace.

20. Mr. —— preached at Sarum to-day. We felt extremely desirous to hear him, but duty whispered that our inclinations ought not to be consulted. [*Self-control*, blessed be thy memory!—*Note of later date.*]

27. I feel assured that the ignorance of the lower classes is not generally known. How many thousands of children are there in our villages who have never spelled the letters of the alphabet, or received any religious instruction—scarcely heard of a compassionate Saviour, who embraces in the arms of his love even children who seek him! Much has been done in populous towns, and even in some retired hamlets; yet how necessary for more labourers to be sent forth into the harvest!

30. How important is application—unless diligence and perseverance be exercised, there is no progress in learning. Even great talents can prove of service only by habits of industry and activity. What happiness is provided for future days, when in youth ample materials are collected for rendering age pleasant and agreeable! If the mind has been richly stored with treasures of knowledge, then when the vivacity of our youthful spirits is gone, we may find pleasure in intellectual pursuits. If our minds be not cultivated, instead of yielding fruits of wisdom they will soon be overspread with error—if good is not planted vice will spring up,

and weeds occupy the place of flowers. How can we expect to reap in future years, if we neglect to enrich the soil and to cultivate it now? With all our getting may we get understanding, knowing that "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." From the fountain of celestial truth may we receive that knowledge without which "All arts and sciences beside, will do us little good."

June 3. Sunday. How desirable to possess the talent of considering every object and circumstance as capable of affording some useful moral lesson—"tongues in trees, books in the running stream, sermons in stones, and good in every thing"—to seize every opportunity of gaining or imparting instruction.

4. Though we seek not the artificial graces of behaviour, still how necessary to observe the proper courtesies of life; to possess that politeness which results from the pleasing combination of good sense and good temper, and which ever leads us to be courteous to all. This is preferable far to more refined and graceful manners, if under this specious garb there lurk pretence and hypocrisy. Nothing can supply the place of sincerity.

5. If we would wish to possess friends we must "show ourselves friendly." This lesson wisdom has taught us; and oh what evil has arisen from neglecting this unquestionable principle! How sweetly does Cowper say:

> "Who hopes a friend, should have a heart,
> Himself, well furnished for the part,
> And ready on occasion
> To shew the virtue that he seeks;
> For 'tis a union that bespeaks
> A just reciprocation."

Inexpressibly delightful are the sweet words of friendship—unity of sentiment and feeling—to cheer the chequered scenes and the ever-changing vicissitudes of life. "Friendship is the return of mutual benevolence." Thought full of joy and blessedness—there is friendship on earth, and the rainbow of mercy in the storm!

8. The pulse of sensibility always throbs at the tale of woe, and answers responsive to one we love. The heart is touched by looks as well as words, elaborate or eloquent as they may be.—Do I wish my eyes were dry to the claims of

the unfortunate, and my heart as adamant? No—I am assured that I can say—"O may the feeling heart be ever mine!" Let those speak sarcastically on this subject, who never felt an enjoyment or knew a pain but for *themselves;* who never experienced a glow of delight at the happiness of others; and, as Mrs. Hannah More remarks: "Who call romantic every finer thought, conceived by pity or by friendship wrought."—With what emphasis and exquisite beauty does the sacred historian relate the friendship of our Saviour to Lazarus! Does not the narrative intimate that Christ regarded Lazarus not only with his general benevolence, but in the strictest sense as his personal friend? The strongest personal attachment was not unworthy of being cherished in the sacred bosom of the Son of God. We have a decisive proof of this at the moment when his righteous soul was bearing the sins of the whole world—when he was enduring the most excruciating agonies, he endearingly recommended the beloved object of his friendship to *her* who, he knew, would prove a mother to him. And are there not real friendships still subsisting? Yes, there are these bright, sunny spots of verdure, in the wide dreary waste of this cold and heartless world.

10. O how necessary to furnish the minds of children with scriptural ideas of the character and perfections of the Supreme Being, of the nature and extent of the divine law, and of the great essential truths of the gospel, and to impress on them a deep sense of the evil of sin! As we talk to the children, we must be looking up to heaven for the aid of God's Holy Spirit.

11. This day we have been extremely gratified in visiting Wilton House, the residence of the Earl of Pembroke. The sculptures and paintings are mostly by the best masters, and the collection is acknowledged to be extremely good. The cedars in the grounds are some of the finest in the kingdom. The pleasures of the day were increased by the party we met on the occasion—our Winterborne friends, and Mr. and Mrs. Whitty of Sherborne. We all went to Mr. Thring's, and the day was one of the happiest I have ever spent. We seemed to enjoy sweets unmixed with bitters, pleasures unalloyed with pain, if such things are found in this world.

13. Some people appear to be too greatly actuated by

curiosity. This desire, like other natural affections of the mind, is very apt to conduct us wrong if it be not well-regulated; and it often requires a strict hand to prevent its fixing on improper objects, and running into pernicious channels. To a certain extent curiosity may be indulged—so far as it stimulates to the acquirement of knowledge that is useful and good.

20. The orb of day has sunk below the horizon—the guardian of the night is "walking in her brightness." At this season "the wakeful bird sings darkling; and, in shadiest coverts hid, tunes her nocturnal note." How exquisite is a moonlight scene! the earth appears to our view, though not arrayed in the vivid colours of day, in more delicate shades, and possesses softer charms. The lamp of night sheds her silvery beams over the clear azure of heaven, and tips every hill and every tree with her own mild tints.

22. The firmament is studded with ten thousand stars which may not only be worlds, but the centres of magnificent systems like the solar! Every star may be a sun, and have planets, moons, and comets moving round it at immense distances—all lost to our view in the infinite space of ether. The immensity of the empyrean arch of heaven, the silent and uniform motions, the immeasurable spaces, the perpetuity of the innumerable hosts of stars, cannot but fill the mind with reverence and devotion towards the eternal, omniscient, and omnipotent Author of these sublime and incomprehensibly glorious works! "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handy work."

24. Some persons have so exalted an opinion of themselves, that, were their pretensions well-founded, "they are the men, and wisdom must die with them." They enter on a subject with confidence and decide with authority, as if they were endowed with the attribute of infallibility. Solomon speaks of this character very plainly: "Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit, there is more hope of a fool than of him."

25. Sunday. How lamentable to fear that many do not enter the sanctuary with right motives and principles! How many join the worshippers because custom paves the way, or to gratify curiosity—how many meet to pass an irksome hour; whose heart exclaims: "When will the sabbath be

over?—what a weariness is it!"—How different is the standard of fashionable religion from that of divine truth! Instead of exercises of holiness and preparation for the temple of God, on the morning of the Lord's-day, it is evident that many seem as though they imagined they were going to some public meeting where only fashion was to be displayed—and, when there, instead of seeking to "mend their ways," they only seek "to please the ear," and attend to the sound more than to the sense—"to church repair, not for the doctrine, but the music there," as Pope expresses it. Some hear the truth with a mind full of prejudice; and listen with the minutest attention to every sentence that flows from the preacher's lips, in order to exhaust their uncharitable and often unfounded pretensions to criticism. O when shall the command of the Most High be attended to: "My sabbaths ye shall keep holy—I am the Lord your God!"

July 9. I can say "solitude is sweet;" but, like the Frenchman Bruyère, I love to have a friend to whom I can say: "how sweet is solitude."

20. How much more influence over the heart is gained by kindness than by austerity. Gentle looks, and gentle sounds penetrate to the very springs of feeling, and work on the best passions of the soul. The effect of kindness is beautifully described by Pratt:

> "Kindness can woo the lion in his den,
> (A moral lesson to the sons of men;)
> His mighty heart in silken bonds can draw,
> And bind his nature to sweet Pity's law.
> Kindness can habits—nay the *nature* change
> Of all who swim the deep, or forests range."

23. Young people are too apt to be rash in their friendships. They meet and pass their ideas, sympathize in a few common points, and then resolve to be one for ever—whereas friendship should grow out of a knowledge of character, and spring from tried and real worth. Nevertheless, if you select a friend, you must expect to find frailties incident to humanity. The most correct understanding has its prejudices, and the best temper its irregularities:

> "For even in the gentlest climes,
> Light breezes will ruffle the flowrets sometimes."

Aug. 3. Uncle B. not expected to survive the night: but

he says: "All is well," and oh how delightful and consolatory is this declaration!

5. Sunday. My uncle is gone! He has left these nether climes for the regions of immortality. The light of eternity has burst on his astonished soul, and from the celestial world he may perhaps be smiling at the trials which afflicted him while inhabiting mortal clay. O who can imagine the unspeakable ecstasy of one released from the shackles of mortality—one whom the Lamb that was slain ushers into the heavenly city, leads him to living waters, and wipes away all tears from his eyes—while his enraptured sense beholds cherubim and seraphim, angels and archangels, and the redeemed among men assembled round the throne of the Eternal, and ascribing to Him all glory and honor, in one universal concert of praise! O may we improve the means afforded us of producing immortal fruits of holiness, which may flourish in the celestial Paradise! What are the illusive and transitory pleasures of time, when balanced with the ineffable joys and glories of Heaven!—May the God of comfort pour the balm of consolation into the bleeding bosoms of the bereaved family, and in silent submission may their hearts reply: "Thy will be done!"

9. We have this day been to Radfin to follow the remains of our dear departed uncle to the tomb, with a large circle of sorrowing friends. The mourning attendants, the promiscuous crowd of sympathizing spectators, the gloom depicted on every object, and the emblems of mortality, conspired to render the scene most mortifying to human pride, and full of instruction to heedless unthinking mortals. Oh that we were wise, that we would consider our latter end! "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

19. May we study Theology, not for mere speculation, but to subdue the corruptions of our nature, and to attain to pure principles in religion. May we study the Scriptures, not merely to increase our knowledge and form our creed, but to mould our character and direct our conduct.

21. I admire, and shall ever admire the character of one who listens with careful attention to the dictates of duty, and resolutely determines never to swerve from the path which reason whispers is the only road which we ought to pursue.

If we follow heedless rambling impulse, and all the vain chimeras of our fancy—if we are guided across the ocean of life by our fluctuating feelings for our pilot, we shall inevitably be driven on some rock or quicksand. We must acquire firmness, and power over ourselves; that, when principle and duty call, we may be able implicitly to obey their commands. This is a leading article in my creed. Many live under the government of their feelings and passions, instead of following the convictions of the judgment. The remonstrances of reason are silenced—reason is sacrificed at the shrine of feeling.

26. Sunday. What an extended field of action is opened to those who wish to chase the mists of ignorance from the minds of the illiterate poor—to scatter rays of light over the gross darkness that surrounds the whole lower class of society—to raise their moral condition, to aim in humble dependence on the Author of all Good to impart to them that religious knowledge which may lead them to forsake sin, and make them happy here and hereafter.

28. Most fortunately we are acquainted with the happy art of spending a wet day, in the country, without feeling *ennui*, and the fashionable languor and lassitude which fine ladies experience; and when "the sun scarce spreads through ether the dejected ray," I hope "we are cheerful if not gay."

Sept. 6. Sad intelligence respecting poor Miss E. O how many hours have we spent together in innocent mirth—and now there appears no probability of ever again enjoying her society! Even around the brow of youth is the cypress-wreath wound. Earth is not the clime of unfading flowers!

9. What wonders is the Bible Society effecting in every quarter of the globe! Nations are opening their hands to receive the book of inspiration. Narrow must be the mind that does not expand with benevolence at the delightful prospect which is now presented, and cold the heart that does not glow with rapture!

22. In the evening, I accompanied cousin Martha in one of her visits of mercy and benevolence. We entered a cottage as neat in the interior as in the exterior. In each corner of the comfortable fire-place sat the aged father and mother; and, at a little distance from the cheerful blaze, sat as lovely a young woman as I ever saw nursing her infant.

Every countenance beamed with satisfaction, and we left under the conviction that neither wealth nor the honors of the world, were essential to happiness; and that, even in a mud-walled cottage, more solid comfort may be known than in the showy mansion.

26. Went into Sarum to hear Rowland Hill preach. All our party drank tea at Mr. Winzar's with Mr. and Mrs. Hill. Endless St. Chapel was crowded even to the pulpit-door.—Returned to Winterbourne. We all had so much to say as to prevent our thinking of sleep till past midnight—conversed on angels, spirits, witches, necromancers, etc.

29. My birth-day.—Seventeen years are gone, and gone for ever—who can assure me of *seventeen* years to come? I sigh that so little worthy of my attention has been done. Oh! may my future days be spent to higher and holier purpose, more worthy of my time, my powers, my affections!

Oct. 20. May I ever pursue objects that are really good, for their *own* sake. We ought strenuously to follow that which we believe to be right, *because it is right.*

21. We must not value every thing that sparkles, nor must we despise the metal that lies hid in the ore. Much goodness and worth may be covered beneath the plainest attire; whereas much vileness may lurk under the seeming garb of virtue. There are those, alas! who always appear in society, masked, and dressed in false colours.

Nov. 1. My sprained foot has confined me to my bed the whole day, but the hours have passed very pleasantly—far, very far from irksome did a moment appear.—Read the "Demonstration of the Existence of God," by Fenelon.

2. May we ever remember that habits of extravagance are easily acquired, especially by the young. Being aware of this, we should seek to form those habits of economy which are so beneficial in future life. Never let us imagine that because we now possess a sufficiency of money, we may allow ourselves to be profuse and extravagant in using it; for many who once had great fortunes have, by acting on this principle, been brought to know the want of those sums which they have expended in waste. Evil habits take their rise from inconsiderable beginnings; and, if not checked in trifles, they will extend their influence, by degrees, to dangerous consequences.

3. Though the country is not dressed in the charms of summer, yet even amid the rigors of winter we find many, many delights. The social pleasures of a winter's evening are not to be despised. I hope we shall ever encourage a taste for rational gratifications, and pursue only harmless pleasures; which afford a satisfaction far preferable to the false joys, and the vain amusements of the world.

Dec. 6. [Visit in Hampshire, Nov. 17 to Dec. 21.] Mahomet prohibited the juice of the grape; but I have seen that it is by no means forbidden among *us*. Though the openly professed votary of Bacchus would be branded with opprobrium, yet I must confess I think many of my new acquaintances approach rather near to his altar.

25. I attended the school, and service.—Busily employed in writing questions for the Sunday-school till a very late hour.

31. Another year has fled.—What have I done that is worth the doing? What real knowledge have I acquired—knowledge worth the knowing? How little do we prize present possessions—but when on the eve of departure, "why then we wreck their value; then we find the virtue that possession would not shew us."

1822. Jan. 17. Aldridge accompanied me to the Barrow,* in search of the skulls etc. that were ploughed up a few days since. We satisfied our curiosity by having them again dug up. On these plains the valiant have fallen, and how do these ancient relics impress us with the ravages of time and the frailty of man!

Mar. 1. Establishing a library for the use of the poor.

17. This morning I dreamt a most impressive dream, which I might have considered a prelude to impending evils; and notwithstanding all my efforts to exclude it from my recollection, it has deprived me of anything like peace and comfort.†

23. Anne and myself took a ramble in the evening, and

* One of the *tumuli* found in the neighbourhood of Salisbury Plain.

† A marginal note to this entry, and evidently written many years after the above date, is as follows: "In one night I dreamed the same dream several times—three times at least; but it never prove1 a reality. Such dreams are caused by an excited state of the brain; but that good moral effects may follow is the testimony of reason and revelation."

called on several of the villagers. Some were cultivating their gardens, and from their simple pious remarks were evidently at the same time endeavouring to improve the soil of their hearts, and to eradicate the weeds of sin which choke the growth of heavenly virtue. How much genuine piety may lie concealed from the eye of man in the thatched cottage, and under the mean attire of the labouring poor!

April 28. Mary and myself took a walk by the sweet light of Cynthia's beams.

June 11. Rose at two o'clock this morning, with sister, being on the tip-toe of expectation of seeing dear Miss G. Brother returned from Amesbury with our esteemed friend about half-past three. How impossible to perceive an elevated and refined mind without loving and venerating its possessor! And how unspeakably delightful to meet with a lady not the mere creature of fashion; but one who has been formed in nature's pure and artless mould, and is adorned with solid sense and piety.*

12. Miss G. walked with me into the village, we called on William Swallow, and on Shepherd. The old man welcomed us to his humble cot, and expressed his grateful thanks for our call. His locks white as the driven snow, and the simple artless manner in which he related his own history, forcibly awakened Miss G.'s interest. When we entered the other cottage, the whole family were reading aloud, alternately, the lessons their parents had selected from the Bible. These quiet and delightful scenes pleased my friend more than the "pomp of princes or the pride of power." Sweetly did she level her expressions to the comprehension of the untutored poor, and stooped with such humanity and kindness to the feelings and characters she addressed as evidently to manifest her greatness of soul.

13. In the evening we walked to the Duke's Hill. We sat down under the tree, perhaps on the identical spot, to which Gay resorted in order to indulge his Muse; and our dear friend sang at our request a soft pathetic song: after this we all joined in singing. For the first time in my life,

* "Miss G.—not a creature of merely modish attainments; but a young woman with a soul and with a heart—with a good mind, and sanctified affections—simple, natural, intelligent, and good—a model." *Marginal note of much later date.*

I left (on the Chinese temple) the lines of my pencil; and as I am not partial to these vehicles to immortality, I selected a fictitious name.

20. The fineness of the evening tempted us to bend our course to Syrencot. The noble elms were in their richest verdure, and screened with their umbrageous foliage the house which appeared just peeping at the eye of curiosity. The rooks were cawing their evening song, the stately peacocks with their glories expanded were turning their steps homewards. But nothing gave me such pleasure as the conversation which so freely passed. Our moments so blissfully flew, that we had reached home ere we were aware. We passed through Milstone, the birth place of Addison; and we tried to fix on some cottage, but no one could we see worthy of such a genius.

24. Took a walk alone with Miss G.—conversed on physiognomy, temper, attainments, mind, etc.

July 1. In the evening I took a solitary walk, and read Watts's "Improvement of the Mind."

30. Spent the morning in reading Milton to Miss G.

Aug. 2. An eclipse of the moon happened to-night. We walked out of doors till past twelve: I then sat up alone to see the end; and the grand phenomenon afforded me great satisfaction, which recompensed me for all my pains.

7. "Boast not thyself of to-morrow," said the wisest of men, "for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth." The scene of to-day may be bright, glowing, and apparently secure—to-morrow totally reversed, changed to gloom and darkness. How dependent are we on the Giver of all good! There is an amount of important truth in the sentiment "Whatever is, is right;" for God is "too wise to err, too good to be unkind." Walked to Amesbury with Miss G. to take our final farewell, perhaps for ever! Dear amiable girl, she has gained our love and highest esteem by her goodness, her conciliating manners, her real worth.

30. Reading some of Hannah More's works; from which I hope to derive lessons of instruction—rules which may influence my conduct, lead to a systematic improvement of character, and to vigorous application.

Sept. 26. "Oh lost to virtue, lost to manly thought,
Lost to the noble sallies of the soul,
Who think it solitude to be alone!"

27. Brother and myself left home by six in the morning, being seized with the universally infectious fever of curiosity to visit the wonderful, the far-famed Fonthill Abbey. The "gales of morn" were not zephyrs of spring or summer; yet at last Phœbus kindly smiled, and warmed us with his genial rays. We were delighted to meet many friends, all come from their own counties, to ascertain the truth of the wonderful reports now so widely circulated.*

29. Sunday. This day I have completed my eighteenth year. I have been planted in a rich vineyard, where much fruit might have been reasonably expected; but have I not continued, from year to year, as a cumberer of the ground? and perhaps I may even have proved detrimental to the spiritual advancement of others. O may the future prove an era of reformation, in every good word and work!

Oct. 30. Once admit the truth of Revealed Religion, and it becomes the most awfully important subject that can possibly engage the mind; for, accordingly as we are interested in it, will be our condition—not only for Time, but for Eternity.

31. Is it reasonable to expect all men to agree in opinion, when we consider the variety of minds and of their capacities, the varieties of feeling, of association, of habit, the difference of attainments in knowledge and science, the bias and force of education and prejudice?

Nov. 1. Religion is the only firm foundation of *virtue*. The force of religious principle ought to be seen throughout the whole deportment. Thus we have the most dignified and durable basis of action. No doubt the power of habit and early education is very great, but the force of sin is stronger; and when I see a virtuous character surrounded by temptation, and every facility lying within his power for joining the giddy votaries of dissipation, I must conclude that it is a higher influence that prevents his following such a course: for O! what is human nature when left to itself?—do not

* A glowing description of Fonthill Abbey follows, occupying from seven to eight pages of the Journal.

Scripture and the history of mankind show its frailty, depravity, and vileness?

2. I have long endeavoured to obtain clear views and right opinions on Dissent, and on Baptism; and I am now "fully persuaded" in my own mind of the propriety of the sentiments I have held. We freely extend the right hand of fellowship to all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity; but we need not in so doing sacrifice our principles: nor must we follow the mere bias of taste or inclination in our religious concerns. Our principles and practices must be the result of inquiry and conviction.

3. Could any cause but God have originated the universe—any of the causes alleged by atheists? Consider the stupendous machinery of nature, continuing from age to age its regular motions—the order and harmony in which the planets revolve in the immensity of space, the magnitude of these worlds, the rapidity of their motion—our earth turning on its own axis at its equator at the rate of 1000 miles an hour, and flying at a still greater rate per minute in its course round the sun. "Lord what is man that thou art mindful of him!" Who can speak of the power of the Almighty? In an instant he could cause our planet to burst out into one universal flame; he could break up the foundations of the earth, or annihilate it altogether. "With God is terrible majesty. We cannot find out the Almighty, excellent in power!"

Dec. 25. What powerful and heartfelt associations does the meeting of friends awaken! Though nature may be all desolate, friendship and sociality make "even the desert look fair." The bleak elements would chill our bodies; but these family sympathies and household pleasures rouse to an animating glow every kind and generous feeling. The flame of affection burns with a blaze which is enough to warm the heart of any one almost unacquainted with the charities and sympathies of life. What can be more delicious than the society of friends in unity of sentiment and feeling?

1823. March 30. Held long arguments this evening on the heathen world; and what the Scripture might allow us to suppose with respect to their responsibility.

May 30. I have heard that dear, dear Miss G. is going to enter the matrimonial state. The world is certainly marrying faster than ever since the days of the flood. I hear of

sunshine and verdure, and blossoms and flowers; I have heard likewise of buds of hope blighted by the cold air of indifference, if not destroyed by storms and tempests of discord and strife and hatred—and of thorns which inflict ceaseless wounds. This shows the vast importance of that period when connexions of this nature are formed, and the closest of all relationships is sealed for life.

June 10. May I make every possible improvement of my time, for soon life's verdant spring flits by, with all its flowery and gilded scenes; summer's bright season will follow in quick succession: then comes sober autumn, soon fading into the winter of age.

11. We are on the tiptoe of expectation of seeing my dear sisters, and I am sure that emotions of pleasure seem to enlarge my heart.—Wednesday evening—We have met—we have experienced all the delight of an affectionate sisterly interview. May we never see the day when our mutual esteem and love shall wane or grow chill! "True—changes may befal, and friends must part; but distance only cannot change the heart." May no unpropitious occurrence ever diminish our affection for each other—our fraternal and sisterly love! Our pleasures are heightened, and our trials alleviated by mutual participation. We are now fast entering on the world's great stage—"beset with snares on every hand, in life's uncertain path we stand." Scripture and the experience of ages, as well as our own reason, loudly tell us that worldly things are transitory and illusive; they leave a vacuum in the breast, and are all vanity and vexation of spirit. Solomon in view of taking the reins of government, applied for strength and ability—not to himself, not to his statesmen or counsellors; but to the Almighty, who has graciously said: "if any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God."

23. Among luxuries, not the least is having a room of one's own—to *oneself*. This luxury I have often wished for, and it is now *mine*. It is certainly favourable to a retirement within our own bosoms, and to enjoying the society of our own thoughts.—Reading Watts's "Lyric Poems."

27. Reading Mr. Hall's great sermon on "Modern Infidelity." Enjoyed a laugh this evening in conversing on the fine speeches of a lady we have the pleasure of knowing, who indulges in that senseless contempt for *trade* and *tradespeople*

which is so prevalent. She appears not to know that many of the excellent of the earth, the truly noble—many persons of superior understanding, of respectable information, and even of real taste, are to be found standing behind a counter.

July 8. Friend after friend departs—another friend has left earth for heaven!—the thread has snapped asunder, she is emancipated from the fetters of mortality. She has flown from these regions of sin and sorrow to the abodes of eternal life and love. What if the grim monster Death does stand before the soul in all his appalling terrors, Hope lends her anchor, and Faith directs the eye of the dying saint to the distant horizon—the land of eternal rest!

11. Reading Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope," and "Gertrude of Wyoming." Just finished Geoffry Crayon's "Sketch Book," and some of Lord Byron's works.

30. Reading the "Church-Member's Guide" by Mr. James. His remarks on some people who are strangers to order are very just.

31. From my long silence, I hope my dear friend will not infer that I have been drinking of Lethe's stream. A long, long period has elapsed without my conversing with my esteemed friend. "I do remember my faults this day;" and, relying on her forgiveness, I have determined to bring my promise to speedy fulfilment. Hope led me to expect a letter from her a long, long time ago; but I have found that hope raised too highly is sure to bring disappointment; which Solomon experienced to be very bitter, and which the whole world knows, and not merely in a speculative manner. Let us learn always to exercise the desirable grace of patience; which produces wonderful effects, and may be resorted to with great expectations of its virtue in many cases besides the gout.—I have been reading in Lavater the opinion of Winkelmann, that "what pleases at the first moment is apt to cease to please afterwards—that what a rapid glance of the eye seized in haste, disappears before the attentive look of the observer, and there is an end of the illusion." There may be instances in which this is correct; but I am *sure* I have seen objects very lovely at first sight, and to my satisfaction they have appeared more lovely every succeeding time I have viewed them; and they please daily after the scrutiny of years.

Aug. 8. The age of the patriarchs, as given by Moses, would seem very favourable to the important purpose of transmitting divine revelation by tradition; which might have been corrupted by passing through numerous hands.

Sep. 2. Patience and perseverance are noble virtues, and effect wonders! This often makes me determined not to give up my objects through despondency of success: "unwearied diligence my point will gain"—"an ample recompense for all my pain."

6. I rose this morning ere Aurora had opened her pearly gates, or streaked with her rosy fingers the fair East; and as the darkness gradually retired before the approach of the glorious orb of light, I could not but desire that spiritual illumination might chase away the darkness of my reason in things divine.

7. Reading Scott's admirable "Essays on the Most Important Subjects in Religion."

26. Met with an elderly matron at Figheldean coming out of the church, with her brushes and brooms, who courteously asked us to go in and see it. Among many other things, she told us that all the Methodists, and indeed the whole set of the Dissenters, were the Pharisees spoken of in the New Testament! All our arguments were insufficient to convince her to the contrary.

Nov. 1. [Visit at Christchurch, Oct. 28, to Dec. 5, detailed in nine closely-written pages of the Journal.] Bitterly have our hearts ached at visiting and actually beholding scenes of wretchedness and misery. Never may I cease to pity the unfortunate; and may emotions of gratitude ever warm my heart for the many mercies I enjoy, both spiritual and temporal. What more do I deserve than others? Wherein does my character rise in the scale of merit above those whom we have this day seen?—perhaps I am far less deserving. "Then let me love Thee more than they, and try to serve Thee best."

2. Attended the Sunday-school—very much pleased with Mr. Gunn's examination of the children and the monitors. It is surprising to see the influence he has acquired over the minds of his congregation. None fear him with slavish dread—they respect him, they love him. At one o'clock the children were examined in the chapel, and again in the afternoon, and evening—every time by Mr. Gunn.

9. We attended the prayer-meeting, and all the services of the day—admired Mr. G.'s great and singular talent for exciting the desire of mental improvement, and his excellent method of imparting instruction.

10. Some of the party played at chess this evening, and I beat Mr. ——, though I ascribe my victory to the garrulity of a loquacious lady, and to Mr. and Mrs. ——, who alternately kept us in a peal of laughter.—I have written to-day to my good brother. O Bulford, dear Bulford, my loved natal hamlet! "though lost to sight to memory dear"—nor can all changing scenes, all objects of art or science, nor all the fine *beaux* and *belles* that have as yet blest my sight, cause me to forget the sequestered spot of earth—our *home*, "a sweeter spot than all the rest." No,—on the tablet of my heart are engraven the names of my nearest friends: here they stand in characters legible and durable; and what can extinguish and destroy pure love?—Nothing.

15. Reading the interesting Memoir of Henry Kirke White, by Southey. His poetical talents, his various acquirements, his unassuming manners, and the excellence of his moral character, cannot but be admired. He is especially worthy of notice by young men in the same walks of life; and we cannot but close the book with regret that so promising a character should have been so early removed from this world.

16. It is surely unwise to be always foreboding evil, and looking on the dark side of human life. Why anticipate trials, and imagine future calamities? wait till they arrive, do not increase them by previous apprehension. Even should they come, remember that God sends afflictions for salutary purposes. We should therefore be thankful for the storm as well as the sunshine.

Dec. 4. After having made our last calls, we returned in a sorrowful mood; for we felt that we were taking a farewell of many kind friends, and many pleasing sights and scenes. There is something distressing in the very idea of saying *adieu* to friends who have shown every possible kindness. We parted with Mr. Gunn in his vestry. It is hardly possible to take leave of such a man without being conscious that you are losing great privileges and great pleasures, or to look with cold indifference on the sedulous exertions of this eminent minister—his unwearied labours to impress on the

minds of his hearers the importance of the truths of Christianity, and his kind efforts to lead the ignorant to walk in the paths of knowledge. A character so noble, so indifferent to secular aggrandizement, exerting every faculty to promote the best interests of mankind, cannot fail of exciting our esteem and admiration.

5. This morning we said "farewell" to Christchurch; and in the evening found brother waiting for us, and had a late and cold ride over Salisbury Plain; and were not a little delighted when we saw the lights gleaming from the windows of the cottages, telling us that we were arrived at the quiet and sequestered village of Bulford. We found the whole dear family-circle in the full possession of health, and pleasing was the interview we had.

19. Spent a very pleasant evening at Radfin. We enjoyed a feast of melody both before and after supper, and continued singing till the clock announced the hour of eleven.

30. Our family spent the evening at Lady Pollen's—amused by looking through the "Description of Fonthill."

1824. Jan. 1. Eternity! who can explain or comprehend its mighty meaning? What a volume lies in that word! Rise my soul! and employ thy powers, henceforth, worthily of thy lofty origin—scorn to lie grovelling in the low pursuits of time and sense—now trace thy high descent, meditate on the perfections of thy great Creator, ponder the amazing love of the compassionate Redeemer; think of Him who is the "brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of his person;" who came in our humble nature, to suffer privations, to endure afflictions—the scoffings of the wicked, the temptations of the Powers of Darkness, the agonies of death—to bear the sins of a world! Think, O think, my soul, it was for man the Savour died—great is this mystery, beyond the comprehension of men or angels! Learn, then, the direful nature of sin, and seek for strength to strive against its mighty influence, and to walk in the path to heaven!—O may this year find me more devoted to God! more concerned for his glory—may I love the world and all its vain pleasures and follies less, and love God and holy exercises more—be more decided on the Lord's side, attend more to secret prayer, and seek to attain the Christian graces of the Spirit. May I be ever watchful over every avenue of

my soul, over the corruptions of my degenerate heart, and all sin. May I never rely on my own frail and inefficient power—to the great Mediator of the New Covenant may I repair for grace and strength sufficient for me! I write down my thoughts because I hope it may be the means of doing my soul good—that I may exercise more vigilance, and seek to increase in holy consistency of conduct.

2. Oh death, how cruel are thy strokes, thou destroyer of happiness! But why should we speak thus, if the frail bark has outlived all the dangers of life's tempestuous ocean, and has reached the haven of eternal rest—if the disembodied spirit be drinking pure draughts of bliss from the fountain of happiness, on that shore where sin and sorrow are unknown, and where perfect joy is found for ever!

3. How various are my feelings in one short day—how strangely do they fluctuate and change! I often fear that I form my resolutions in my own strength, though I hope I do see my own frailty, my own nothingness. I fear that I do not exercise that faith which is necessary, and I have often wept in secret that I have not been more uniformly religious. I often think I could converse with others on religion, but when the subject is brought forward I cannot utter a word. Conscience, the faithful monitor, whispers in my ear—"What dost thou more than others?—nothing—then profess not till thou really possess this holy religion, till thou shew to all around that the love of God is shed abroad in thy heart." Solomon has said that "he that ruleth his own spirit is better than he that taketh a city." Many, who are unacquainted with the human heart, may think this conquest no very desirable performance; but who that has commenced this mighty warfare can for a moment think it of no importance? Our strength is from above; to Omnipotence we must apply for power to overcome—for the aid and support of the Holy Spirit. I find my temper a continual source of uneasiness to me, but I will yet wait. God has subdued spirits equally proud, and caused those of equally impatient dispositions to exercise the fruits of the Spirit—love, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness. Lord, is not thy grace sufficient for these things? I believe it, and therefore resolve to persevere.

11. Sunday.—Rose early and devoted much time in seek-

ing to hold communion with heaven, and I found it not tiresome or laborious. O how delightful when the soul enjoys such feelings! I sincerely hope I found myself more fitted for the sacred duties of the day. The world did not engross my thoughts so much as formerly. I hope this morning is an earnest of the holy duties and holy pleasures of the day. O may I make a good "Sabbath-day's journey" towards the city of Zion. The soul is either found advancing in the way of righteousness, or in the road to destruction. May this serve as a stimulus to my dull and lifeless spirit, that I may press on with increased diligence.—Sunday evening.—I have found the day truly delightful to my soul. I trust I have felt that sweet repose which the Christian only knows. I have, in answer to prayer, been kept from drowsiness and dullness in the service of God; and I hope much has not fallen from the preacher's lips, this day, unheard or disregarded by me.

20. When shall I be favored with yet clearer evidences of my interest in eternal realities, and that I am walking in the way which leads to life? I think I sincerely wish to love God, and to keep his holy commands; and it seems that I could relinquish all the honors, and pleasures, and wealth of this world, to obtain the durable riches of righteousness—but am I deceiving myself? have I only the lamp and not the oil? If I am deceiving myself, O Lord, undeceive me! God forbid that I should ever basely desert the service I have once delighted in!

"If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find that better way!"

24. Wonder, O my soul, that thou art thus favored, year after year! Why am I yet spared, and why do I still enjoy the privileges of the gospel, and a thousand other mercies? It is owing to the matchless grace of God that I continue to this day—that the thread of my existence is not yet snapped asunder. If I am not concerned to improve my privileges, will not Sodom and Gomorrah rise in judgment to condemn me? O Lord, may emotions of gratitude warm my cold and benumbed soul! Show me, more and more, the importance of self-examination—teach me what I really am—make me to grow in grace, and in the knowledge of the dear Redeemer.

My precious time is hasting away as on eagle's pinions—a few more sands to flow through the glass, and the hour of life may be over. Seize, then, my soul, the golden moments as they fly—improve the transient hour. Alas! that I, an immortal being, should be engaged in trifles! O the many hours in one short day that I spend in useless conversation!

31. This afternoon, I have been round the village with Anne, to enforce on the minds of parents the importance of the strict and constant attendance of their children at the Sunday-school; and to urge them to the duty of preventing their children from roaming the streets, and acquiring bad habits and indifference to every thing that is good. The task was previously dreaded, but—with gratitude I hope I say it—we were furnished with words. May good be done. O that I could but be the means of doing some good! If my humble exertions in instructing the minds of poor children be but blest by the Disposer of all things, great will be my "recompence of reward;" and then I shall not have lived in vain.—This evening I have been delighted with the exemplification of religion in the lowest walk of life. We entered a cottage, with whitewashed walls, but having the air of comfort. The inhabitants were poor, but they were rich in faith. They have laid up treasure in heaven. They could not grace their speech with beauty and taste, but they were well-versed in the language of Canaan; and though unacquainted with the arts of rhetoric, they spoke well on many points of Christianity. These subjects had oftentimes affected them—they felt them therefore; and their words fell with force, for they came from the heart. I left the cottage under the conviction that not many rich, not many noble, not many mighty felt the calm placidity and contentment of these humble Christians, and the holy satisfaction and joy which filled their hearts. Is there not truth in religion—does it not carry with it its own evidence; and are not all the ways of piety pleasantness, and all her paths peace?

Feb. 1. To-morrow is the Sabbath—O may I be quickened and refreshed in the courts of the Lord! If we try ourselves in matters of religion, only by the law of God, we must all feel what sinners we are in his sight; and it is impossible for sinners ever to obtain true hope from the law. Adored be the grace of God that we are not left in this

condition. Christ has appeared in our world, and has paid the mighty debt contracted against the Sovereign of all, and become the "end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth."

3. Religious advantages and privileges have ever attended me; but I often fear my talent lies unimproved. I have heard the words of Christ, but do I *do* them? Jesus, I have heard—I have been told, of thee! but what is knowledge?—unavailing, without its effect on the heart. May I hear thy words, and do them; or else, Lord, it were better I had never known thy name!—for knowing thy will, if I neglect to serve thee, will only increase my responsibility, and aggravate my guilt. Much is committed to me, and much will be required—how much more must be expected from those who have always possessed the means of knowledge, than from the children of ignorance!

6. How important is the office of a Sunday-school Teacher. May ability be given me from above! All secondary means employed to convey spiritual benefit to the evil heart of man will be vain, unless God's blessing ensure success. Neither the zeal of Paul, nor the warmth and pathos of Apollos would avail to save one soul, without God's almighty and quickening influence. "'Tis all in vain till God has blest."

11. I have the impression that many characters are considered to be void of interest and beauty, because they are not *understood*: they are not viewed in the proper light for tracing those lines of beauty which are lost to the superficial observer.

13. The earth is now attired in her chaste and fleecy mantle of snow. The trees, in the bright sunshine, appear decorated with ten thousand crystals. The hills wear a sublime aspect, and improve the characteristic effect of the scene. Nature is always beautiful.

May 11. Much enjoyed conversation on several subjects—the capacities of the human mind, the force of imagination, happiness as not consisting in external circumstances—on foreboding dispositions, on trials, and on resignation to the Divine will.

June 20. Went to Salisbury with Mamma to the Musical Festival. Aunt William, and Emma accompanied us to the

Cathedral. But oh, how shall I express the high gratification I experienced! I was astonished at the strength and capacity of the human voice. I felt the power and harmony of music; and I thought of the rapture, the ineffable delight which it must be to hear ten thousand thousands of voices all united in spiritual worship, and praising the great Supreme. Transporting thought!—redeemed and glorified beings shall be heard filling the courts of heaven with blissful anthems, responding to the angelic choirs, to cherubim and seraphim, in ascribing honor and majesty, and dominion and power unto God and the Lamb for ever!—I had never before heard Madame Catalani, and I could not have imagined vocal powers and talents so truly wonderful. She sang Luther's Hymn with fine feeling, and with great melody and solidity of tone: no doubt great effect was produced by the exalted subject. I much admired her singing "Holy, Holy, Holy Lord God Almighty." Never did I hear the shakes and embellishments equalled. "*Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini*," was sung by Catalani, Sapio, and Bellamy, with great judgment. In the anthem sung by Madame Catalani and Mrs. Salmon, wonderful powers of execution were shown: the most rapid passages were given with the greatest clearness imaginable; and the high, and the loud, and the long note, resounding from side to side, filled the whole place; till only one note was heard, in breathless silence, to rise and fall, till it died away on the captivated ear. "Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously—the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea," was sung by Madame Catalani in the most brilliant style, and produced a very great sensation in the assembly. "In sweetest harmony they lived," (in the Oratorio of Saul,) was sung by Mrs. Salmon with the greatest softness and richness of melody. The same may be said of the air by Handel "Let the bright Seraphim," and the air "From mighty Kings." I listened with delight to these soft and melodious strains; and when the last trembling note had ceased to be heard, I felt grieved that pleasure flew away on such fleet and airy pinions. I was charmed and delighted with all the choruses—the whole seemed wonderful to a country girl who had known but little of the great world.

Sept. 8. Durrington Chapel this day opened. Mr. T. on his return prevailed on Miss R. and myself to play to him,

as we could not refuse so trifling a request from a person of such pleasing affability and engaging manners.

Oct. 7. After the family had retired to rest, last night, we were exceedingly alarmed by sister H. being seized with a violent attack of illness. Aldridge immediately went for Mr. Batho. Never do I remember receiving so severe a shock—my feelings were strained to a painful degree. My dear sister was brought from the height of health, apparently to the verge of the grave—but what is too great for God to perform! he can raise up as well as lay low, and we have had a proof of his almighty power and infinite love.—Dr. Fowler and Mr. Batho both lead us to apprehend no danger respecting sister H.; but consider that it will be some time before her health is re-established.

10. Sunday.—Very wet, and as the weather prevented our going out, brother was our chaplain, and read one of Lavington's sermons.

14. Officiated as charioteer; but I fear my driving was not much approved of.—Lady Pollen and Miss Southby called to invite us for the evening: we accepted, and spent some time in looking over the Hundred of Heytesbury, in Sir Richard Hoare's "Modern Wiltshire."

31. Went to church [On a visit in Dorsetshire] in the evening with Miss Kent, cousin Emma, and Anne. We heard Mr. H. from "Cease to do evil; learn to do well." The discourse certainly did not run so much on good performances being the ground of a sinner's acceptance and justification before God, as many sermons I have heard from ministers in the Establishment. I endeavoured to divest myself of all prejudices, but the responses were not so uttered as to inspire me with solemnity and devotional feeling.

Nov. 2. I admire Mr. R. much more in the parlour than in the pulpit. There appears so much kindness and feeling and susceptibility of character about him. He has a soul, and does not view creation coldly and unreflectively. He has a tear to drop over the miseries of his fellow-mortals, and a smile to bestow on their happiness. We spent a long time in the library, trying his patience, or rather exercising his kindness. In the evening we accepted an invitation to look at the moon and Saturn, with the telescope.

4. During this visit, we met, one evening, at a tea-party a young lady of great beauty; but though her personal

attractions were such, we were not at all allowed to judge of her mental charms and attainments. She appeared to be a great admirer of taciturnity. Was it that she followed the example of the Grecian who was silent because "what *was* to the purpose he *could* not say, and what was *not* to the purpose he *would* not say?"

16. Mr. J. A. went with us to the prayer-meeting, and expressed himself much gratified with the prayers of the poor members of the church, the order of the congregation, and the cleanly appearance of the villagers.

Dec. 5. Sunday.—Drs. Fowler and Thomas came to Bulford from Salisbury to see sister Hannah, in consequence of another violent attack of illness. Their opinions are very favourable—they declare they will pledge their lives there is no danger, from their experience of thirty years. Anne and myself have been much alarmed and agitated; and the two physicians strongly recommend change of air for us both.

17. [Visit in Dorsetshire, etc. from Dec. 9, 1824, to Mar. 4, 1825.] How will oppression sometimes dare to insult the generous and forbearing spirit which will placidly endure wrongs! It is lamentable that there are those who seem never to have felt the influences of heavenborn charity, and who delight by their taunts and overbearing to expose the failings and frailties of humanity, and to crush and torture the gentle and unpretending. May I never join those who triumph over the fallen, and trample on the oppressed!—O Friendship, what art thou? Often only an unmeaning term, implying no unison of soul nor kindred of spirit, no simplicity of mind nor pure affection—seldom indeed to be taken in a strictly appropriate sense. O Friendship, *where* art thou? Hast thou plumed thy wings and fled beyond mortal reach?—wearied of earth's grovelling scenes, hast thou soared to fairer climes, to scenes more refined and pure? O tell me, Friendship, where dost thou dwell?—but why these sentimentalities? which are prompted by the long, tiresome, and varied accounts, the erroneous and shameful reports that reach me day by day—and by the actual follies which meet my own observation, and which almost tempt me, with Cowper, to sigh for a—

> "Lodge in some vast wilderness;
> Where rumour of oppression and deceit
> May never reach me more!"

Delightful information to-day from Bulford respecting sister H.'s heath. We have waited in sad suspense to receive some dear communication from our home, but to-day Hope's "gay visions" have been realised. O, may her affliction not only be sanctified by Heaven, but may renewed health be sweetly enjoyed!—Mary has returned from school to the liberty of home, and with fresh cheerfulness and hilarity to enliven the whole household down to our dear little dog Flora. O, how delighted should I feel to look at our family group! Fancy has drawn a rich picture, representing in lively colours the loved assemblage seated round the social cheering fire, enjoying home-born happiness—that happiness and merriment may I increase, when once more I join the circle, and recite my adventures and all the tales of joy and woe which I have heard—in full, free, and delightful conversation!

20. My dear brothers arrived this afternoon, and brought us many a cheering report of home; and my dear sister's kind epistle opened channels of pure joy to my delighted mind.

25. This day has been spent jovially. As Christmas is considered the time for mirth and hilarity, we appeared to take it for granted that merriment was to be the order of the day.—Received a letter from good little Mary, containing the joyful intelligence of the great improvement of sister Hannah's health.

27. Personal beauty is not to be laid in the balance with mental and intellectual charms. And what is mere gracefulness of manner, compared with suavity of disposition and the good affections of the heart? What are the external accomplishments which court attention, and rejoice in display, in comparison with those genuine principles of virtue and good sense which obtrude not on public notice, and lie unconcealed in the inner folds of character? The former would lead their possessor to live in public; the latter would tend to more quiet scenes and pleasures, and to the improvement of intellect, moral taste, and every passion of human nature.—The game of chess is innocent in itself; but I think playing for stakes, even for a trifling sum, is attended with evil: I have therefore never sanctioned any such proposal when made to me.

28. It is impossible to form a due estimate of the lamentable effects which may arise from the desire of gratifying pride, and once allowing self-will to usurp the throne of reason.

31. Reached Up-Sydling about eight o'clock, and witnessed a scene to me strange and novel,—the performance of the Mummers. This diversion afforded me no gratification, and was opposed to the reflections and feelings I consider it my duty to encourage on the last day of another expiring year.—O my soul, what advances hast thou made in spiritual improvement—what progress in the road to the celestial city? Arise!—rouse all thy powers to attain thy Creator's aim and design in forming thee. The sands are flitting through the hour-glass of life: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might."

1825. Jan. 6. To-day we rode to Chalmington, to call on Mrs. Scott. I felt much pleasure in seeing here the copies of Raphael's cartoons, and the effect of them made me secretly sigh to see the originals. We returned to Mr. Petty's to dinner; and were afterwards, on walking in the garden, surprised to see the roses blooming in full beauty: we were prompted to wish (though we knew it to be a moral impossibility) that thus in every season, flowers of happiness might deck our path through life.

10. Till the hour of supper we read Dwight's Theology, and enjoyed a mental feast.—Reading an admirable sermon by Robert Hall, on the "Advantages of Knowledge to the Lower Classes."

11. After dinner I visited a poor woman, called with grandmama on aunt James, and walked round the church and read the various inscriptions on the tombs of our ancestors.*

12. Took leave of our good and worthy grandmother, a woman exemplary in her piety and the exhibition of the graces of the Christian character. The influence of religion pervades her actions, leads her to triumph over the vanities of the world, and sets her thoughts and affections on "things above"—making her a bright and distinguished ornament of the religious world and the church of God.

* At Up-Sydling, Dorset, where the family were buried for many generations.

14. Sister Anne has had leeches applied to her chest. It is impossible for me to describe my feelings on learning so abruptly from the medical man that her health positively requires the most serious care, though he says there is no immediate danger: I was almost overwhelmed. I trust that the hand that has afflicted will graciously heal, and that these heavy trials may lead us in sincere earnestness to that God who listens to prayer.

17. The weather keeps us prisoners at home; but one thing we have learned—how to spend a wet day in the country without feeling vacuity, dullness, and other evils known by fashionables.—I have been reading on the Roman Catholic religion. And O how grateful should I be to the great Author of *true* religion, that I have been taught the doctrines of the Bible! I feel for the deluded and wretched souls who are held fast by a church which teaches such unscriptural and debasing absurdities—mortifications, prayers to the Virgin, rosaries, worship of saints and their images, transubstantiation, supererogation, the infallibility of man, authority over the dead as well as the living. O what are fasts, penances, repetition of prayers, mortifications, in comparison with the lowly, contrite heart! While we see in the Romish dogmas and practices such strange contrariety to the Holy Bible, yet would we still hope that many who belong to this apostate Church are under the influence of those truths which are effectual to the salvation of the soul, and that they are no wholly sunk in ignorance and delusion.

23. The remarkably fine weather caused us to enjoy the ride from Taunton to Ashwell, in the evening. The risen moon was illuminating the face of Nature, which appeared so calm, so sweetly chastened, that I mentally exclaimed: "How beautiful is all this visible world—how great the skill and harmony of all God's arrangements! How thoughtless and sinful is man amidst all the favors of Infinite Beneficence!"

27. Finished reading Taylor's "Character essential to Success in Life:" a very excellent work, calculated to prove a stimulus to the youthful mind in seeking to acquire that character which is indispensable in every station.

29. We reached Sherborne about two o'clock yesterday. This morning Mr. and Mrs. M. walked with us to Lord Digby's beautiful park. The warm sunshine was very en-

livening, and invited us to enjoy the scene around us. The sheep were peacefully grazing on the rich pasturage, the lambs were frolicking in the liveliest gambols and skipping up and down the verdant slopes, the deer were herding together, and the whole creation seemed exulting in the goodness of the beneficent Creator. The pleasure-grounds and lawns were decked in living verdure, and the swans were sailing in quiet majesty on the fine and extensive piece of water. Much company was in the park, and presented a great display of fashion if not of beauty. I thought of the Boulevards at Paris, and the promenades in our own country, which are thronged by the gay, as many bows and bends were exchanged among us according to the forms of etiquette; and I then thought of the quiet scenes of home, and the secluded walks of my own native village, where fashion intrudes not, and where friendship is oftener found.

Feb. 15. Anne and I dined at Mr. C—'s. Mr. and Mrs. B—, and Mr. and Mrs. J—, came to tea and supper. The Catholic question, Freemasonry, and "*Foster's world*," were the topics of our evening conversation.*

17.—The company left about nine o'clock. We passed a very pleasant evening, as freedom and conviviality reigned throughout: not one tale of scandal, not one word of scorn—no satirical or censorious invective, no detractive spirit, or party feeling was even offered to be introduced. We wished to derive no gratification at the expense of others; and found nobler and more genuine satisfaction and pleasure in good sentiments, useful remarks, and interesting information.

Mar. 1. We reached Blandford to tea last night, with renewed strength and spirits. Mrs. O. came this morning and delighted us with one of her touching performances on the harp. She has learned music from infancy, and taken lessons from Bochsa the great master of the harp.

* A note added during her last illness is as follows: "Foster's world"—the world of thought in which this original thinker always lived—into which world it may be supposed I have taken a somewhat deeper and more interesting view since the day on which I wrote this phrase in my Journal, and which has never since come under my eye till now.—The interest which I felt in reading the Life of that great and good man, John Foster, in 1846, is fresh in memory and dear to my soul."—The Journal has here copious notices of visits to Ashill, Sherborne, Yeovil, etc., with animated descriptions.

4. We reached dear Bulford by two. The happy group at home gathered round to hear the recital of our perambulations and adventures. Colours cannot paint the emotions which interchanged as we told our varied tales, and gave the contents of our interesting budget. Poor Anne, I am thankful to say, was materially better before we left Blandford. Sister H. finds her health gradually improving. Mary is gone to school, I find, in the full enjoyment of her naturally ardent and exuberant spirits. We retired to rest, and sought "Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," which we quickly found.

6. Sunday.—Very happy to take my old station and office of Sunday-school Teacher—happy in instructing the ignorant to the best of my ability.

8. Brother drove me to Salisbury to attend the Assizes. I remained in court till the business of the day was concluded. I derived great interest from various sources; and one not among the least was studying the physiognomy of the court. I particularly noticed Serjeants Pell and Wilde, Mr. Williams, Mr. Gazelee, etc. Mr. Justice Burroughs presided at *Nisi Prius*. I had the privilege also of hearing several trials in the Crown court.

April 6. Attended the Association, at Salisbury. Mr. Jay preached in a very delightful and admirable manner from 1 Thessalonians, v. 6, 7, 8. I think I never admired a preacher more. His sermon was full of information, pathos, and right feeling, and found its way to the heart. Mr. Elliott gave a very excellent and affectionate discourse from Rom. ii. 29. Mr. Adkins took the chair in the afternoon. Brother and I dined at Mr. Winzar's with Mr. Jay and a party. He spoke in a very delightful manner of the many pleasing appearances of religion in the higher classes of society, and of the growing spread of Christianity.

May 2. This afternoon cousin H. met with a ludicrous accident; the pony uncourteously gave her the benefit of bathing, by lying down in the river.

13. This evening we met the Sunday-school Teachers, to take into consideration the best plans for instructing the children on the Sabbath-day.

June 12. I have been reading to-day an account of the extreme scrupulosity and vigilance of the Jews, in respect to

their sacred writings. A book of the law would be regarded as corrupt if it had one letter too much or too little, if there were a single error in a letter, if it were written with any thing but ink, or not on parchment prepared on purpose, and from the hide of a clean animal—or if it were tied by unclean strings, or not prepared by a Jew. In copying, every word is to be pronounced orally before it is written, and a line is first to be drawn on the parchment; the pen is to be washed before writing the name of God: no letter must be joined to another, and the blank parchment must be seen all around each letter.

July 29. Mamma and Anne went to Winterbourne: thus was poor Martha left alone. But soon my solitude, with all its charms, was taken from me by the arrival of two ladies who came to spend the day with Mamma; whose presence I had to supply, as well as to direct all the domestic concerns. However, all went off very well, indeed; and the day to me proved very agreeable.

30. Wrote to dear Aldridge. Enjoyed, this evening, a delightful walk to Syrencot, and Ablington; and again visited the sacred spot where Mr. Jay delivered his first message of mercy to the ignorant and wretched.

Aug. 8. Mamma, Anne, and myself drank tea at Lady Pollen's, and were much gratified in looking through several numbers of the "Ladies' Scrap-Book."

Sept. 2. This evening I called with sisters at Radfin, respecting the establishment of a Sunday-school at Durrington: many resolutions were passed.

29. The return of my birth-day. To my dear Mamma, my brothers and sisters, (each,) I presented a Bible as a token of my love.

Oct. 11. This evening we were inexpressibly delighted to see our dear Aldridge join our social circle. Should not every warm and kindly feeling be called into exercise, when brothers and sisters meet?

18. Anne and I left alone in the wide house; but we read the "Spirit of the Age," and were in no danger of being listless for want of something to do.

1826. Jan. 1. Another year has dawned. Let me seriously propose the question—am I prepared for that world where time is swallowed up in Eternity? O that my re-

maining days may be more holy, more fit for the pure and happy state! There is an arm mighty to save—may I then flee to the only refuge, the only Redeemer!

2. "Let the young people mind what the old people say,
And, when danger is near them, keep out of the way."

19. Rode to-day on horse-back to Winterbourne, to take leave of my aunt, uncle, and cousins.

24. This morning I called at Radfin, and said good-bye to my friends—also at Amesbury. Took my farewell of many of our villagers, who seemed to me a delightful picture of the comfort and happiness of the unlettered peasant who loves sobriety and religion.—With Mamma, brother, and sisters H. and A., I spent a most pleasant evening at Lady Pollen's; and after our return made some arrangements for our leaving home.*

26. Mary and myself left our maternal home and all the endearments of that dear—that sacred spot, for Reading. An elderly gentleman was our companion the whole way from Newbury. He was very polite and very intelligent; but his ridicule of all that was serious shewed his want of religion. He avowed his abhorrence of every thing that was evangelical; and of the good men who espoused the cause of "methodism" as he called it, especially some of the ministers of the Church of England. Among these "fanatics and enthusiasts," he classed the late excellent Mr. Scott. He told us he had met with two "canting methodists" who advised him to read Scott's "Force of Truth," but he said it would not do him any good; and on my making a few remarks, and strongly wishing him to give it a fair and candid perusal, he said he could plainly perceive that I belonged to the Evangelical class, and that it was useless for him to advance any thing on the subject. He appeared to know no delightful rest or refuge either for the present or a future world; and I felt grieved to think of the perversion of talents

* The allusion is to her placing herself as parlour-boarder with Mrs. Laurie, at Bath-Place, Reading, solely in order to indulge her ardent desire for study and further mental improvement, under circumstances furnishing more leisure and opportunity than could well be secured amidst the visits and engagements of her own family-circle. Many pages of the Journal were written at this period.

which were granted by a merciful God, to be rightly improved. May this teach us a lesson!

Feb. 3. French lessons, music lessons, problems on the globes, Paley's Natural Theology, etc. have been the commencement of study here.—I find that employment gives to recreation its highest charms, and that industry is essential to our happiness—that time never appears long when the mind is fully engaged in some worthy object of pursuit: I then find time fly as on the wings of the wind.

27. As usual devoted the morning to drawing, the afternoon to practising and reading.—I have read that Alexander the Great when speaking of his two friends made this distinction—that Hephæstion loved Alexander, but Craterus the king. A similar remark may often apply in the present day.

28. Devoted this morning to French—Voltaire's Henriade.—Called in the evening with Mrs. L., on Mrs. —— and the Misses ——, and was most highly delighted with such specimens of female character.

April. 1. Some past days have been devoted to French, astronomical lessons, reading Paley, and Mineralogy—gratified by some evening observations through the telescope.

4. Enjoyed the pleasures of an evening party, where good sense and intelligence presided; and where there was cultivated and highly refined mind.

11. Went to the Town-Hall to attend a meeting of the Bible Society. We were exceedingly amused by the grimaces and contortions which a gentleman was pleased to make, to express his approbation or disapprobation of the different speeches. As he sat opposite to us we could not lose any of these expressive indications, which must have amused minds of a much graver cast than ours. Dr. Valpy took the chair.

19. Examination-day (always memorable to the inmates of Bath-Place) in Chronology, Mineralogy, Mythology, Latin, etc.

20. How much is contained in the reply which Locke made, when asked how he had gained so much useful knowledge?—that he attributed his information to his not feeling ashamed to propose questions on any subject of which he was ignorant, and to converse with men on those subjects and concerns which they were particularly acquainted with.

21. Delighted, this evening, in hearing Mr. —— preach on the "Public Character of Abraham." He is one of the best preachers I have ever heard.

25. This morning I attended a Quaker wedding with Mrs. L. The ceremony, the dresses, etc., were all so new to me that I enjoyed the sight very much. Miss S., a most interesting young woman, the counterpart of one of the Graces, bestowed her hand as well as heart on Mr. B. of London. Two ladies addressed the meeting, and one prayed—the whole service was very imposing.

26. Was much disappointed at not seeing my dear, dear brother yesterday: but to-day the happy moment at length arrived, and my dearest brother was announced—dear creature—how kind, how good—how I love him for this fresh indication of affection!

29. The venerable and good Rowland Hill preached, this evening, from Ezek. xxxvi. verses 26 to 29. The sermon was full of weighty remarks; and I heard it with peculiar interest, as I considered it in all probability the last sermon I shall ever hear from this great man.

June 11. This morning I heard Mr. —, I think one of the most rapid speakers I ever heard. His discourse was brilliant—I can only compare it to the splendid meteor which is gone as soon as beheld. We have only the recollection that something did pass before our observation which was very bright and beautiful, but which raises feelings of regret that it did not leave more distinct traces. Thus in the discourse, its splendour is remembered, but no part can be fixed on that came home to the heart with force and power. One brilliant idea followed another in such quick succession, that the practical effect of each was lost.

12. I have had much pleasure this day in studying some of the wonders of the human frame, which show the power and wisdom of the Great Creator—the bones, the muscles, the heart.—In the evening discussed the subject of the organization of Dissenting churches, together with its disadvantages. Of course I advocated the cause of Nonconformity and everything connected with it, as far as conscience and reason would allow, and I hope in a right spirit and disposition.

15. Took leave last night of all my dear friends at Leeds Place, as we were to rise this morning at four. We expected

Basingstoke, walked over Andover, and reached Bulford in the evening. We met our dear Mamma and sisters some way from home, to welcome us. Even those very animated creatures, Dido and Venus, rushed in to hail our arrival. We felt very happy, and talked and laughed till our strength and spirits were exhausted.

17. Our dear little band of sisters began reading Robertson's "Charles V."

18. Sunday.—Attended the School as usual, and realised great pleasure in again seeing old friends, and worshipping with them in a secluded village chapel.

July 14. Sister, Anne, and myself, went to Salisbury. In the evening we walked in the Close, and admired the beautiful Cathedral, an object which never tires the eye, but appears in new charms every time it is beheld.

25. We have known the pleasure of meeting—we must now know the pain of parting. Permanent unchanging bliss is not realised in this world of sin; and it will be well if this knowledge leads us to seek a world where partings are unknown, and farewells are sounds unheard. May all our family meet in that heavenly home.—Took my leave of some of the villagers.

28. Left happy Bulford yesterday. As we passed Stonehenge we mused on the wondrous tales which have enriched legendary lore respecting this now shapeless pile, and we left it with feelings of interest. But as we did not hold any intercourse with its tutelary spirits, we could not ascertain the truth of all the conjectures which have been raised concerning this astonishing monument of antiquity. Mary and I arrived about seven last night, at Bath-Place. Mrs. L. returned from London this evening, and as usual gave life to all around her.

Aug. 15. Mr. and Mrs. L., and myself, walked to the turnpike, this afternoon, to await the arrival of that good man, the Rev. Cæsar Malan, of Geneva. We met there other friends anxious to enjoy so great a pleasure. At length the coach arrived, and it was with no common feelings of delight that I cordially shook his hand; and though the sight was almost momentary, yet it was a lovely glimpse. We then walked on the Bath road, to have a sight of the Royal Duke of Gloucester, who was travelling this way. After this we

were called to see a four-wheeled carriage drawn by the force of two kites, and this completed the sights of the afternoon.—This evening, I have learned the lesson which has often been given me to learn: *La beauté extérieure frappe d'abord; mais il faut préférer le merité intérieur. Les qualités du cœur sont toujours préférables.*

20. Very much engaged in sketching my Bell's "Stream of Time.".

28. What is the intelligence of an angel, without purity and holiness! May the last look of life be directed to the cross—the cross of Christ! *

Sept. 11. We rose, this morning, in very high spirits, in prospect of visiting Windsor. Our party consisted of Mrs. Laurie, the two Misses Ewens, Miss Swain, Miss C. Deane, Miss Tanner, Euphemia Laurie, Mary, and myself.† We reached home in the full sense of enjoyment; and were not much averse to the idea of retiring to rest, to continue, if possible, the dream of delight.

21. Mr. and Mrs L. came in their carriage to take us to Pangbourne. We called on Mrs. ——, and saw her lovely niece—Hebe personified; a countenance all sweetness, all smiles. She is sensible, good, and pious; and consequently happy. This renders her face what it is—not perfect beauty in the common acceptation of the word, but more than beauty according to set rules. Mr. and Mrs. L. kindly brought us home. We enjoyed the pleasure of the day exceedingly.

Oct. 8. Sunday.—Heard Mr. Cooke, of Maidenhead. He appears a man of strong natural powers and feelings; his sermons are faithful, animated, and impressive. Few preachers, I think, produce more effect on the mind. He is very urgent and affectionate in his manner, and is really a very efficient preacher.

26. This afternoon all Mr. Binfield's pupils in music went to his concert. We heard the finest music played by

* This remark was probably suggested by its being the last entry in the second volume of the Journal.

† Nearly eight closely written pages of the Journal, here follow, containing an animated description of the Great Park, the military, the Castle, St. George's Chapel, the journey to Windsor and back, etc. A few days afterwards, follows an account of a visit to Henley.

the most able performers, on the finest instruments—the flute, the piano-forte, the violoncello, the harp, and the violin. We then all played in turn, and were accompanied by different instruments. The song of Miriam, and other songs were sung. The evening was concluded by a hymn, which we all sang, accompanied by the organ.

28. By five o'clock we were ready and waiting for our brothers, who arrived at Bath-Place over night, to take us to see Oxford. We returned to Reading by ten at night. I think I never enjoyed a day's pleasure so much; every gratification being augmented by the delight of being in the company of my dear brothers.*

29. We took leave of our dear, dear brothers, who leave Reading very early in the morning.

"Hearts beating at meeting,
Tears starting at parting."

Nov. 2. With very great pleasure I have sent my table, my Herculean labour, to be varnished.

3. How well it is when we know no will but God's! Then how needful is divine grace to make us act according to the Christian character, and with submission say "not my will, but thine O Lord, be done!"

4. A sun-dial was placed in the burying-ground of the monastery of Port Royal des Champs, bearing the significant inscription *Loquor sed non Caecis.* The lines were often repeated:

Tous ces morts ont vécu, toi qui vis tu mourras;
Ce jour terrible approche, et tu n'y penses pas! †

5. Owing to the rain, I remained at home to-day after the morning service. Mr. Jay's Discourses on the Christian Character are most excellent, and are great aids to devotional feeling.—Lopez de Vega says:

"Books speak
Though dumb; and tell unwelcome truths."

14. Finished my "Stream of Time," my heavy labour,

* Several pages of the Journal are filled with a glowing description of the most remarkable objects in Oxford.

† A long account is here given of Mrs. Schimmelpenninck's Narrative.

and sent it to be mounted and varnished.—Went this evening to the Missionary Meeting at the Wesleyan Chapel, with Mrs. L. and Miss Fox—so Mrs. L. was accompanied by the *fox* and the *goose*.

Dec. 6. In education, more seems to depend on the pains of the teacher than on any particular system. Pestalozzi's success is not merely owing to the order and regularity of his method, or to the docile character of the Swiss; but to his indefatigable exertions in rousing his pupils to activity of mind, and in cultivating their hearts.

11. Probably the last Sabbath-day I may ever spend in Reading.—For ever!—

> "What a volume lies,
> Within those simple words alone;
> How we regret—how dearly prize
> What once was trifling in our eyes,
> When 'tis *for ever* gone!"

12. This morning, Mary and I went into the town to take leave of our friends, and procure different articles for presents. We called on Mr. and Mrs. B., and were much affected by their kindness, and much grieved to wish them a long farewell. In the society of such excellent persons, we experience lasting satisfaction and delight. How refreshing to meet with an oasis in a desert! I am surrounded with moral beauty, though everywhere there is to be found some moral deformity. I hope to be ever alive to the charms of excellence.

14. After taking an affectionate farewell of all our friends at Bath-Place, with a variety of feelings I left Reading. For amusement I read Cicero's Treatise on "Old Age," and "Scipio's Dream." We had the delight of meeting all our dear friends; and truly the endearments of social life, and of a family who love each other, are of no mean order.

23. I have been reading that the reason why Catharine of Russia inspired the Czar Peter with so strong an affection for her, was that she possessed that "soul-refreshing green" an exceedingly good temper, never being peevish or out of humour.

24. Mr. Priestley, nephew of the celebrated Dr. Priestley, gave us a very excellent evangelical sermon. One of the most amiable men who ever walked this earth.

25. How often do we censure and condemn others whom

we see running into one extreme, while we ourselves may be blindly following another; fancying ourselves to be standing on safe ground, while we see many plunging into the vortex of Charybdis—never dreaming that we ourselves may be, at the same time, in the greatest danger of being dashed on the rocks of Scylla!

1827. Jan. 18. Sunday—This evening while I was reading aloud to our family-circle, we were thrown into consternation by finding that the chimney was on fire. By prompt assistance it was soon extinguished, though not till a ponderous beam was nearly burnt through. I felt happy and grateful that the mischief was not greater, and that we were not alarmed in the dead of night. "Surely goodness and mercy have followed us all our days." May such mercies not be "forgotten in unthankfulness."

Mar. 12. This morning, Dr. Thomas came in answer to our application to see our dear sister Sarah, who was taken very ill yesterday; though she was considerably better towards evening. Dr. T. gave us great satisfaction by the opinion of her which he expressed.

April 9. Sister H., Miss Fowler, and myself, drank tea at Radfin. On our return the moon was gliding through the deep azure, and casting her soft and silvery light over hill and dale. All nature seemed hushed to rest—no sound was heard—the silence was broken only by our conversation, and we found sufficient music in the human voice.

18. Our family spent the day at Radfin; and from music and intelligent conversation we derived great pleasure.

29. Biography is a delightful kind of reading. There is a unity in the materials which gives peculiar interest; and the reader as he proceeds is continually thinking of the traits of his own character, and comparing them with those under review. To a contemplative mind the history of every individual is interesting, and especially so the circumstances which formed his character; and they are chiefly important because their influence extends to eternity. The moral history of a beggar, is capable of affording instruction to the mind of a philosopher.

May 1. "Buoyed up on Hope's exulting wing," we left home this morning to see Longford Castle. A most happy day, nothing marred our pleasure.

9. I am still reading Lady Morgan's "Italy," and still

delighted. Her descriptions of life and manners are gay and familiar, full of spirit, variety, and pleasing detail. Character, anecdote, incident, and remark are so rapidly given that the attention is kept fully alive throughout every page. All is drawn from her own close observation, and is pervaded with liberal, benevolent, and generous feelings. Her ridicule may be occasionally keen, but it is always delicate and good-natured. The work bespeaks an ardent mind, and Lady Morgan has endeavoured to cast the light of truth over the whole; which gives to the political discussions, as well as to the tour itself, the strongest interest.

14. The human countenance is, indeed, a book in which men may read strange things.

June 12. This morning, took my accustomed daily walk before breakfast; and enjoyed "the soothing peace of morning's early hours."

16. I long for the Sabbath—and why? I fear chiefly to enjoy that quiet rest which the calm of the holy day, the blessed day of rest, is calculated to give; while the purposes of personal religion are too little thought of. May the coming day be a day of rest in every sense of the word—a rest from sin, a rest in God, not only to me, but to all around me; "and draw from heaven that sweet repose, which none but he that feels it knows."

19. I have been reading of James Watt, the great improver of the steam-engine. He possessed a faculty which I long to possess—from everything he saw, heard, or read, he extracted at once, by a rare species of alchymy, all that was worthy of attention; and reduced it for his own use to its truest value, and its smallest compass.

20. We know that the phantom of perfect happiness recedes from our grasp, and that sorrow is grafted on every enjoyment. Yet there are left to us many sweets, many dear realities, many sunny scenes, and many cheering joys. There are the sweet promises of Hope: there is offered to man—sinful man, mercy—even security for happiness; and by a holy ingenuity we may extract heaven from earth.—"Death is not the limit, but the gate of life."

24. To-day I went to Salisbury with Mamma and Mary. At the Cathedral, we were much pleased with the chaunting, and the soul-stirring peals of the organ as they reverberated

through the arches. We lingered to survey both the interior and exterior of this stupendous and beautiful structure, which gave us exquisite gratification.

25. I have read with great interest Mr. James's "Christian Father's Present." No doubt angels have viewed with delight the blessed effects which have been produced by this book.—Reading Paley's *Horae Paulinae.*

Sep. 4. Blessed are the results which arise from self-examination; when the Christian kneels at the foot of the cross, and with feelings of deep humility and sincerity prays that he may know what spirit he is of, and see his character in its true light. The verdict of conscience should lead us, from day to day, to seek victory over all our spiritual enemies by the "blood of the Lamb."

Oct. 30. This morning, for the last time for some few weeks, I have taken my daily walk round the old tree on the down; having walked here every day, Sundays excepted, since the 12th of January; and how many happy hours have I enjoyed as I have inhaled the fine, invigorating, life-giving air which plays over the downs, and wondered that I should not have delighted more in nature's charms, and enjoyed the pleasure, elasticity, and life, which exercise in the open air generally gives. I hope nothing will induce me to forego the pleasure, still more the *discipline* this walk affords. Anne and I left, for Bath, about eleven o'clock, and met with very agreeable company in our journey. We reached Bath about five: it certainly must be one of the finest of cities..

Nov. 12. Went to Argyle chapel to hear Mr. Jay speak in his easy, familiar, and beautiful manner. After the service, he asked Anne and me if we were become "old women," as he considered himself, on Monday nights, to speak only to such.

13. Dined with a party at Mrs. H's. Mrs. K. much amused us by dressing herself up in a wedding dress of 1774.

20. Reached home comfortably, before five o'clock. We all met in health, and in possession of every comfort; and home, "sweet home," seemed lovelier than ever.*

Dec. 6. This morning we finished distributing the prayers, and have furnished every family in the village with a copy,

* The Journal contains many details of this visit to Bath, and an account of a day at Bristol.

They appear to have been accepted with feelings of gratitude, and we trust they will be received into the hearts of all.

7. With much interest we are reading Anti-Slavery papers. The Negro Slavery of the British colonies is, as Mr. Wilberforce calls it, "a system of the grossest injustice, of the most heathenish irreligion and immorality, of the most unprecedented degradation, and the most unrelenting cruelty."

8. To the art of painting we are indebted for the touching lines "My Mother's Portrait," by the amiable Cowper; and O how many fond eyes have looked on the delineations of the pencil with emotions of delight!—how many hearts have inwardly exclaimed, "blest be the art that can immortalize!" The feelings which are apt to spring up, in this case, bear some relation to that gratitude which is felt towards him who has rescued some friend from death. This art enables us to gaze almost on the actual presence of one we have loved—such a vision, and such moments give an elysium to the soul!

10. The days are dark and gloomy, but yet we would not exchange the pleasures of the country for those of the city; for by contrast we have learned to enjoy the quiet scenes of Bulford, after the perpetual motion we found at Bath: "O there is not, in this wide world, a valley so sweet as is ours:"

> "And the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
> Ere the bloom of our valley shall fade from our heart!"

1828. Jan. 7. Finished "Fashionable Amusements," a book calculated to be of great use. The author has discussed his subject in a fair and liberal manner—in the spirit of inquiry rather than of opposition; and allowing full weight to the arguments on both sides, has laboured for morality and religion.—Again I have read "The Last Man," by Campbell. Some of the ideas struck me as very similar to some in "Cato's Soliloquy on the Immortality of the Soul," by Addison. I admire the poetry exceedingly, both for the sublimity and the piety which pervade it. It is a heart-reviving thing to find talents rendered subservient to religion.

12. We have been speaking of Societies formed among the poor, on the principle of Mutual Insurance; by which a provision for sickness, old age, and infirmity, may be secured by small contributions. It is very desirable to excite among

the labouring classes that feeling of self-respect and independence, which would lead them to make some provision for their families and for themselves.

July 18. Reading Payne's "Elements of Mental and Moral Science."

31. I received to-day Mr. Jay's answer to my letter, informing us of his consent to preach at the opening of our Chapel;* which has given us no small degree of pleasure.

Sept. 16. Brother went to meet dear Mr. Jay, and returned with him to tea. Mr. Jefferson of Andover preached at Durrington, from Philippians iii. 8; and showed us the necessity of decision of character. On our return we were delighted to find arrived from Bath our friends Mr. and Mrs. King, and Mr. Griffith. Mr. Jay prayed in the family this evening in a most affectionate manner, and delighted us by his entertaining, serious, and useful conversation.

17. The day was brilliant and serene, which added to its pleasures. This morning Mr. Jay read a few verses of the 86th Psalm, and spoke on them in a very affecting manner, and prayed. At eleven o'clock we moved to the Chapel, which was thronged. Mr. Jay preached from Isaiah ix. 3, a discourse which I hope was heard with pleasure and profit by every individual present. After the service, Mamma and I had the pleasure of walking home with dear Mr. Jay. A comfortable party of about fifty of our friends took their dinner at our house; and a few other friends increased our tea-party. In the evening, I walked to Chapel with Mr. Jay to hear Mr. Elliott; who gave us a most affectionate and faithful discourse, from John i. 36. The services appeared to be much enjoyed by the congregation. The Chapel was not consecrated by a Bishop; but I trust the place was sacred by the presence of Almighty God, and the prayers of many Christians. May it be a nursery for God, and the gate of Heaven!

18. Mr. Jay spoke this morning, at family-worship, from the words of our Saviour, "Peace I leave with you," etc. John xiv. 27. I think I may say that his words touched every heart; all who heard them felt their force, their truth, and their goodness. After breakfast, my brother drove Mr. Jay to Radfin, and then to Deptford Inn. We have much

* Erected by the family, at Bulford.

reason to look back on the past days with real pleasure and sincere gratitude.

Oct. 1. Wrote to Mrs. L—, Miss P—, Mrs. B—, and Mrs. C—. Writing to friends is no common pleasure: letters are the messengers and interpreters of love.

23. This morning I called, with Anne, at every cottage in the village, to take leave—which was attended with varied feelings both affecting and interesting.*

26. The last Sabbath at Bulford—gave my last instructions to the Sunday-school children: may they be productive of good.

27. This morning I took my last sad walk to my old favorite elm-tree, round which I have walked every day for twelve-months, Sundays excepted. It is painful to take leave of old places, and even of old trees and shrubs, when they are connected with interesting associations. There is such a thing as local attachment—yes, a place dear to the heart is enchanted ground. O how varied, how tumultuous have been my thoughts this day!—it has been a bitter day. On such an occasion, who can forget past joys and sorrows? Dear Aldridge returned to Bulford, after Mamma and I and Elizabeth had arrived at our new residence. The word *Farewell* seemed to absorb my mind—I dwelt upon it till sleep lulled my uneasy feelings to rest.

28. There can be no philosophy or religion in discontent with changing scenes. *Here* we may enjoy society, friendship, and love; and *here* we may hope for the favour of that God "whose lovingkindness is better than life, and whose presence makes a Paradise."

Nov. 15. Sunday.—With pleasure I resumed my old employment of teaching Sunday-school children. For our consolation, we know that divine grace can render feeble attempts mighty to the pulling down of the strong holds of the great adversary.

Dec. 25. To-day, prompted by curiosity, we went to the Roman Catholic Chapel with some friends. How much is the church of Rome at variance with the authority of Christ! What unscriptural doctrines, what superstitious observances does she substitute for the gospel! I hope we felt

* On occasion of the removal of the family from Bulford, to reside in Salisbury.

grateful that we had no reason to regret our Protestant Nonconformity.

1829. Feb. 5. [From records of a second visit to Christchurch, Dec. 30 to Feb. 6.] In the evening Mrs. A. had a party, select though numerous. Mr. Gunn, that chieftain of intellect, that observer of human nature, charmed us with his enlightened and good conversation.

Feb. 11. After the illusion is past, we feel that the works of art are not to be compared with fine specimens of human nature. We will not place architecture, or painting, or music, by the side of the being who elevates the human species; and who is as good in morals as he is great in mind. We can only survey the silent movements of grandeur: we must contemplate and watch the living forms of beauty, whose words sound as music, whose deeds are a history.

13. This evening I wrote to E. Aldridge to express our sense of obligation for the much kindness we received from her, and all her family, on our late visit—an acknowledgement, not in words forced from us by servile custom, not mere compliments which often look as beautiful as sincerity—compliments as heartless as they are common—but the expression of genuine feelings.—Even a memory which can boast of no great tenacity, is in no danger of losing what is particularly interesting; so I shall not forget Christchurch. From a tendency of the mind, under certain circumstances, to exist in successive states which are opposed to each other—that is by the "law of *contrast*," I cannot forget Christchurch. When I walk through our streets, here at Sarum, and see groups of children idle and ignorant, I think of the well-conducted schools at Christchurch; and when I see irregularity and disorder, my mind recurs to Mr. Gunn's fine notions of discipline, which is good for families, for churches, and for communities. There can be nothing in this world so worthy of our admiration and regard as mental and moral excellence—and this is the portrait of Mr. Gunn. The revolutions that such men effect, are the chief revolutions to be desired. By such minds, would that we could see nations governed! We know that the nature of man was not made for absolute dominion; history shows us that he is not to be trusted with unlimited power: nevertheless I cannot help wishing that the

whole world was under the influence of such a man as Mr. Gunn—of a mind so enlightened and so liberal. O that his principles and his spirit were diffused throughout the community—throughout the globe!

Mar. 3. This evening, we heard Mr. Philips at St. Thomas's church. The sermon was characterized by the truth of the Gospel. The composition was simple, perspicuous, and elegant. It was the Christian preaching Christ—a spectacle that must ever prove interesting to every mind that feels the momentous importance of an invisible and eternal world.

12. Spent a very pleasant day at my brother's, at Bulford. C. played to us on her harp. We called on several of the villagers, and found it very interesting to revisit the scenes of our early days—scenes that will be for ever engraven on our hearts.

14. Dear Mr. Jay called on us this afternoon. Such visits are like "angel visits"—not merely because they are "few and far between," but because you cannot be near such a man as Mr. Jay without seeing much that is heavenly.

15. Mr. Jay preached at Endless Street Chapel on behalf of the Sunday-school, from James i. 5; "If any man lack wisdom let him ask of God." I think I never heard so good a sermon from Mr. Jay; which will in some measure give an idea with what delight I heard it delivered. Can such efforts of piety and benevolence prove uninstructive, and wholly fail of producing good?—neither reason nor revelation warrant any such conclusion.

16. Dear Mr. Jay called to take leave of us.—We feel towards some Christians a higher emotion than that of mere admiration—they make us love them, they interest our hearts; we feel their benevolence, their gentleness, their simplicity and piety, their heavenly temper, the purity and elevation of their character.

May 24. Mamma and I went to Wilton, and drank tea at Mr. Thring's. We had his testimony (that of a disciple of the Saviour for seventy years) that "the ways of wisdom are pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

26. Attended the lecture, and called on some of my Sunday-school children.—Religion can give happiness in the cottage, as well as in the court; in sickness as well as in

health; and in death as well as in life.—Went to the Infirmary to see Anne Harper: found her no better.

June 1. A most pleasant evening party. We have had the privilege of contemplating a lovely union, the most lovely union we can look on—piety of a very exalted character, blended with high intellectual endowments. How refreshing are such sights, so mercifully given us in our pilgrimage through this world!

4. Mary and I went to the Assembly Rooms. The object of the meeting was good—the establishment of schools in Ireland; but the exclusive, sectarian spirit that was shown marred the beauty of all. There was no soul—no love to be seen, so the meeting was cold and uninteresting.

14. This evening, Anne and I distributed tracts at Harnham. May they be the means of leading many to God and Heaven!

21. Visited the library of the cathedral. It was a highly gratifying sight. We turned over missal after missal, and manuscript after manuscript, most beautifully written. Some of them were exquisitely illuminated—the titles of chapters, the capitals, and marginal notes, being in cinnabar, cerulean, and green; and as brilliant now as the first day they adorned the page:—and to think of the patience of the monks, seated at their heavy tasks from day to day!

30. Spent the evening at Miss K.'s. Our friend Mr. R. does not seem made of the same materials as most mortals; there seems no clay in his composition. We can only think of some pure and intellectual spirit, who has lived in a fairer, happier world than our cold earth. As we look on his beautiful mental and moral character, we feel not only delight, but humiliation at our own distance from anything so great and good. What he said of a saint now in heaven, applies to himself—"a lovely picture of mortality;" and I think it right to feel pleasure and admiration at seeing any thing so beautiful and good: for it is the work of God, and what God and angels love.—The study of character is delightful.

July 11. Anne went with me to the Infirmary to see Anne Harper. Anne and I distributed tracts at Harnham in the evening. They were well-received, and I trust will do good.

Sep. 4. [Visit at Mudiford and Christchurch, Sept. 1 to 13.] This evening, our friend Mrs. Goodchild went with us to hear Dr. Wardlaw of Glasgow. We were delighted with his beautiful discourse, and well repaid for our walk; and should have been, even had we walked barefooted and bareheaded from Mudiford to Christchurch and back.

7. This morning the Miss Halls rode down from Burton to call on us. Elizabeth and Mary Aldridge came to say that the rest of our party were desirous of going to Storefield, if we were agreeable to the plan. Miss Elliott drove me in her pony carriage, and the rest of the party followed in two cars. We reached Storefield, and found nothing but enjoyment, such as belonged to a party of pleasure. The sun stood in his glorious majesty, and cheered and beautified every object around us. All nature looked happy, and we might have passed the day amidst the beauties of Storefield. But man—and woman too, alas! are never satisfied or content with their present condition; and so we thought of distant beauties, and talked of Boscombe Chine, and the West-Shore, and the fine sea: and being prompt in execution, we at once set forth in quest of adventure. We walked one by one through the furze and underwood, through brake and briar, to reach Mount Misery. As we walked on the sandy shore, the heavens became black, the thunder rolled over our heads, and the winds swept angrily around us—the waves rose high, and then dashed and died upon the shore. The portentous clouds soon broke, and discharged themselves on us—and then a fine scene presented itself! One could only imagine a group of shipwrecked creatures cast on some unknown shore, and in a forlorn and destitute condition hasting to find needful succour. It was in no enviable plight that we reached Mount Misery—our bishop-sleeves which had hung in graceful folds when we left our homes were now close to our arms, and hanging as receptacles for the rain. It was a strange sight to see us first in the kitchen at Storefield, and again in the drawing-room at tea, literally in a state of undress, wrapped in cloaks, some without shoes or stockings. It was a day of much instruction—a day of exercise for ingenuity and good sense. We moralized and philosophized not a little, and our conclusion was that this day would do for a seasoning to the ups and downs of life.

We rode home in a pelting storm or rather whirlwind, and soon hushed ourselves to rest after the fatigues and dangers of the day.

11. Went to join a party of pleasure to Hearne Court, the seat of the Earl of Malmesbury. We had a delightful ride; all tried to give pleasure to each other—every thing smiled around us.—About eight o'clock we took a walk on the shore. The moon was brilliant; but the surf seemed agitated by some angry spirit that would not allow the waves to slumber beneath the moon-beams. The fleecy clouds looked like fairy-land—like enchanted islands floating in the sky, and there was something heart-stirring in the music of the sea: it was one of nature's loveliest sights.

13. Permitted to meet my friends at home in perfect health.—We love earth too well—we forget heaven!—Inclination is not to be consulted, in opposition to the dictates of judgment. We must be satisfied in the consciousness of doing right—not indeed from any idea of merit belonging to such a course of action, for there can be no merit in doing only our duty: yet there is a reward in doing what is right—virtue is its own recompense.

21. A day of business.—Wholly employed in mind and body, as may be supposed, when a girl is preparing for a first visit to the metropolis of the world.*

22. Sister Hannah† and I took leave of Salisbury and our friends, at eight o'clock. On reaching London, we proceeded to our lodgings, 54 Great Marlborough-Street. I refreshed myself by writing to my dear friends at home, while the spirit-stirring sounds of music from the Marlborough Rooms inspired me with delight. I do not wonder that I feel excited on my first arrival in London. I am sanguine and susceptible; and I cannot express myself as if I had no feeling, no heart, no soul. I seem to have more life, more energy, more nerve. I have more exercise for my mental

* The Journal contains from twenty to thirty closely-written pages describing the sights of London and its neighbourhood.

† An elder sister—who died in the faith of Christ, July 16, 1855, while these pages were going through the press; and was interred in Abney Park, on the second anniversary of her sister's death. That the sisters were "lovely and pleasant in their lives," is testified by many extracts from the Journal; and "in their death they are not divided."

faculties, and it is exercise that gives strength to our powers of mind. We know not what we are capable of performing, while we sit still with our eyes fixed on the ground. It is by exertion that we rise to all that is noble and good—to all that elevates and adorns human nature. I have this day enjoyed delight; but when conscience dares to act a faithful part, we may ask whether our minds have not been too much fixed on earthly things, on the gratification of taste, and forgotten the love of God?

23. The first day of my life in London.—I did not indeed fancy that I should see palaces of pearl, or streets paved with gold; but I find that London exceeds all my expectations. To gain some idea of it, we walked down Regent-Street; and we must have been blind had we not noticed the splendour, the taste, the ingenuity that are seen in every shop. I put a letter into the new Post-Office, which was opened for the first time to-day. A year ago, I should as soon have dreamed of going to a new post-office in the moon; but who can say what we shall see, or hear, or do, in this age of wonders.—In my first walk in this great Babylon, I noticed Brookes's Dissecting Theatre; a building which looks as dark and dismal as the feelings that came over me when I first saw it—a place frequented by not a few who willingly give up all belief in the immortality of man: but a thought cheering as the sunbeam came across my mind—that religion, like an angel of light, was given to man to dispel the moral gloom of his condition, and to render his character (sullied by impurity and sin) beautiful in holiness.—In the evening our kind friends took us into St. James's Park, as the sun was just setting; which gave us an outline of the palace and other large buildings, but through the haze of the evening, so that we could not judge of the limits of the scene; and the indistinctness charmed us, and led us to fancy that we were almost in a world of enchantment.

25. We were allowed [at the Bank of England] to handle a wedge of bullion of 900 pounds weight, without being enriched; but we did not find that the want of such treasure awakened any feeling of regret, or occasioned one unhappy moment.—Spent an interesting hour in Bunhill-Fields, in walking amidst the remains of the departed—of many holy ministers whose spirits are with God. What a

glorious scene will this burial-place present on the morning of the resurrection! what a multitude of holy souls will rise to everlasting joy, to shine as orbs among the blessed—to be near and like their God! May that bliss be ours! Amen. We also saw the City Road Chapel. How dear, how refreshing are the memories of Wesley and Whitfield! They were men who aroused thousands from their slumbers—from darkness and the shadow of death, to the light and life of the gospel!

26. The Londoners (and no wonder) are well-pleased with their beautiful [Zoological] gardens, and actually call them a "Paradise." 'Tis true I never entered Eden, but I feel satisfied that this Paradise was nothing like that. Though the poor birds and beasts are very well tended, and enjoy the air of heaven, yet they are *confined;* and the delight of liberty which many of them once enjoyed, they now never know—oh no! it is not Paradise, it is only earth.

27. Our kind friends met us in the vestry of Surrey Chapel. We sat in Rowland Hill's seat, and heard a Welsh minister, a preacher wanting in taste and delicacy and nice discrimination, rather than in mind—certainly not the preacher that Cowper and Pollok had in view when they sketched the portrait of a minister of the sanctuary.—We went in the afternoon to the Catholic Chapel, and passed a miserable hour. We were unhappy, because we knew we were doing wrong in thus wasting the moments of the holy day in attending to such mummeries. It was no devotion to us.—We went in the evening to Mr. Irving's exquisite church—so pure, so beautiful, so harmonious, throughout. I could not but watch the varying expression of Mr. Irving's countenance. At one moment, his piercing eagle-eye, and his menacing attitudes, would destroy tranquillity of mind—then, again, his countenance was beautiful, being soothed to rest by love and tenderness. His subject was the instruction which God gives us by visible things; and on the whole I admired the sermon. A few magnificent remarks occurred; and then followed a dearth of ideas, in a multitude of words, spread over an immense surface.

29. The Coliseum is a great display of genius; but we are truly grieved to hear that it has involved Mr. Horner in such pecuniary embarrassments: we can fancy, when we look on

this building, that we see a monument, a mausoleum where lie buried his fondest hopes. The fine view from the upper gallery, of Hampstead and all the adjacent neighbourhood, the green fields, and the cool breezes, exhilarated our spirits and gave us fresh life—for nature we always love.

Oct. 3. Went to Westminster Abbey.—We lingered long with delight, and yet not without painful feelings. We felt that we were surrounded by memorials of departed greatness—of human beings who were great but *not all good;* of whom many sought the interests of time to the neglect of eternity, and loved the praise of men more than the approbation of God.—I was vexed to find how far my gravity was invaded by looking at the waxen figure of Queen Elizabeth, with features the most strained and distorted, surely, that were ever worn on a human face. I could only think of her rising from her grave and tearing down such a strange caricature of herself—an insult to a great queen. From the Abbey we went to New Bond-Street to see Tam o' Shanter and Souter Johnny. These two remarkable statues are executed in a kind of granite, and are the work of a common stonemason, James Thorn, a native of Ayrshire. When we consider that these inimitable statues were executed without the intervention of a model, or so much as a drawing; we cannot but still more admire these productions of an untutored chisel, but of an inborn genius. They are intended for the monument of Burns at or near Alloway Kirk, and are illustrative of a humorous tale. The Souter or cobler is telling one of his queer stories to his companion Tam; who is holding his tankard in his hand, just ready to raise it to his lips, but is checked by his broad laugh. They both seem to live and laugh before you. They are certainly admirable—they are triumphs of genius.

6. Went to the London University—saw the Anatomical Museum, and the skeleton of Chuny the elephant.

8. Enjoyed a ride through Pentonville, Islington, Kingsland, Dalston, Hackney, Homerton, and Clapton the birthplace of Howard. We were much gratified in seeing the Orphan Asylum—went into Loddige's gardens—called at the College at Homerton.

9. Cousin S. B. came to take us to Finchley. We were much pleased with the beauties of Hampstead and Highgate.

10. We took our tea with Mr. ——. As his eloquent sentences freely flowed, I could not refrain from mentally exclaiming: "What a magnificent creature is man"—man refined by education and genius—how immense the distance between such a man and the unlettered peasant, the barbarous savage. We have seen monuments of art—tangible forms of mind, and they are pleasing wherever they stand before us; but the highest specimens of sentiment and reasoning, and imagination and intellect, are more beautiful than any monument which the imitative arts have given to the world; especially when these specimens are consecrated by piety.

16. I passed my time in reading D'Israeli's "Curiosities of Literature."—Went to Paternoster-Row to purchase Tracts, etc.

20. Rose before six. Walked down Regent-Street, before the smoke curled from a single chimney; so that we could enjoy a view of this magnificent street as it was free from all vapour or mist. We went then into Piccadilly, to meet Mary at the coach-office. Walked for an hour; and saw the sun rise on the King's palace, and on the fine towers of Westminster Abbey; and then had the delight of meeting our dear sister Mary in health and spirits, and hearing good tidings of home.

22. Went to Brixton, and called on Mr. T. O. Smith; who kindly ordered his carriage to take us to Clapham. We dined with Mrs. Hacker, walked round the Common, and returned by the stage-coach.

27. Called on Miss Fuce, who with her father kindly took us over Barclay's Brewery; and showed us everything worthy of observation, from the horses in the stables, known throughout London for their beauty and strength, to the roof of the building, where we were when St. Paul's clock struck twelve, with its deep-toned solemnity of sound. Saw the house where Dr. Johnson used to visit Mrs. Thrale—the sites of the place where Bunyan preached, and where Shakspeare acted. Here also are Deadman's fields, where many victims of the plague of 1655 were buried. We then went through St. Thomas's; and over Guy's Hospital and Chapel, in which we saw the beautiful piece of sculpture which represents Guy lifting up a poor wretch reduced to a skeleton, to bring him to the Hospital. Went over St. Saviour's or St. Mary

Overie, and saw the spot where some of the martyrs of the Reformation were condemned.

28. Spent the morning at the Borough-road School, and were delighted with the intellectual and moral instruction imparted to the children; as well as surprised at the development of mind which some of them manifested. In the afternoon we rode to Highbury, and were gratified in seeing the College. Returned to Dr. Bennett's to tea, and went with some of his family to Spa-fields Chapel.

Nov. 1. Miss Fuce and Miss Ducague went with us to the London University; which we were kindly shown over, but did not succeed in finding our cousin.

6. Rose very weak and spiritless; yet went to hear the monthly lecture at Old Gravel Lane, by Mr. Reid, on the "Final Judgment:" but I was ill-prepared to profit by the discourse; as I was so much exhausted, and suffering so much from debility, that I think I could not have made another effort even to hear a sermon from the Apostle Paul.

9. Heard Mr. — at — Chapel,* one of the most eminent of the London ministers. I think I never heard a sermon that contained finer intellect and feeling. If I ever forgot earth, and was lost in abstraction of mind, it was during the hour I listened to this discourse.

10. To day we learned the meaning of empty pageantry, in looking at the procession of the Lord Mayor's "Show"—a scene altogether different from any thing I ever saw before, or care to see again; though many Londoners seem to think it a strangely bewitching sight.

12. This day, after a visit of more than seven weeks, we left London, and all the kind friends we met with in this great metropolis. We left with regret, for we received pleasure and kindness in every direction in which we bent our steps. From my earliest days I have heard of various perils and dangers of London—"serpents with feathers, and dragons with wings;" but I have not met with any such terrible things. It is wonderful to find what power and efficacy there is in *gumption;* mountains vanish at its touch, and a path lies open before you smoother than a macadamized road.—It is delightful to meet with goodness wherever we turn, in this wide world.

* The Journal contains remarks on the discourses of many living ministers.

1830. Feb. 21. This morning, our dear friend Mrs. W left earth for heaven. After a season of infirmity and suffering, she has exchanged this world for a brighter and happier state. She has enjoyed a sabbath in heaven. Doubtless it has been a rest, indeed!—a rest in that God in whom she has believed.

22. Mamma and sister Hannah went, this morning, to look on the remains of Mrs. W. In the afternoon, I went alone to enjoy the mournful pleasure. It *was* a pleasure to look on the face of death—so calm, so placid, so lovely! She died in peace; and the expression of peace and happiness still lingers on her features, though the soul is gone. It can scarcely be believed that we only see the tenement, and not the inhabitant. It would be anguish to think of death as having severed our friends from life and us for ever! Oh, indeed, death is a terrible and appalling enemy! but we rejoice that he is conquered—that Christ has obtained the victory, and has abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light. Death is the gate of endless life: as such is he our foe—is he not our friend? With this belief, shall we not take the last look of those we loved, with composure, with resignation, although we shall never look on them again till the great day of the resurrection? How uncertain is all that relates to our earthly state! Last Monday evening, I sat with Mrs. W. in her room: one week only passed, and at the same hour of the following Monday, I saw her sleeping in death, wrapt in her winding-sheet, and laid in the narrow coffin! Shall I be deaf to instruction—will my heart refuse to learn wisdom? O Lord, teach me so to number my days, as to apply my heart unto wisdom!

Aug. 26. This morning, left home to accompany my aunt Blatch to the Isle of Wight. The sea was too heavy for us to remain on deck; but the storm soon abated, and the passage though rough was pleasant and interesting. To me every thing was fresh—I seemed to be in a new world. I shall never forget my feelings on approaching Cowes; the scenery was so picturesque—so unlike anything I had ever seen before, that my emotions were as varied as they were new; and when we reached the shore, all was renewed bustle, activity, interest, and life.

Sept. 1. We were astonished at the Dockyards, [Ports-

mouth] a world of wonders—the magnitude of the ships of war—the skill and genius manifested in the construction of these vessels, destined to live on the seas, and defy the force of the winds and the waves—the wonderful power and achievements of man! But it is God alone who gives to him this power and wisdom. Why should man, then, pride himself? What has he that he has not received? The workshops for melting and forging the iron and copper—the immense rooms and numerous forges of the blacksmiths—the fierce fires, the dense smoke, the mysterious gloom of this unearthly place, the unearthly-looking beings at work in it, made me fancy I was almost looking at a picture of the infernal regions; or at least of the dominions of Pluto or Vulcan, whom one might easily fancy presiding here, surrounded by their slaves or Cyclops; for whether they had one eye or two we could not tell, so thick were the volumes of smoke.—At Ryde we took in a lady who, on our way back to Cowes, came and took her seat by my side, and her countenance at once made me her friend. I induced her to converse, and was amply rewarded. She was a woman of highly cultivated and refined mind, and she was a Christian; so that I hope my heart was improved as well as my mind instructed. With reluctance, I said farewell. From one hour's acquaintance, I loved her—yes, from less. We met, I fear never, never to meet again in this wide world. Well, I hope to meet her again in a brighter, happier scene.

6. Our party made an excursion to the back of the Island. Left Cowes at 8, A.M., and returned at 9, P.M. The day was brilliant, and every thing contributed to render it one of the happy days of life. It is impossible to view with indifference such beautiful scenery. All who have eyes must be delighted—all who have souls to feel the charms of beauty, must look on with enthusiasm, and sympathize in admiration: and then the conversation of our friend Mr. M. added a zest to every other pleasure. He is a man of observation, of taste, of intelligence, of piety. He has a soul. His remarks as we stood by the flag-staff at Bonchurch, I shall not soon forget. As to Bonchurch, language cannot give any adequate idea of this beautiful and romantic village. It must be seen. The Isle of Wight may justly be called the

Garden of England—a gem of the ocean—the Island of Beauty.*

7. Left Cowes with regret, though it was to go home. Reached Salisbury by five. Goodness and mercy have followed us.

22. The Bible-meeting—the first in our city—brighter days! In the evening, I was cheered to see religion strongly exemplified by a good woman, in the prospect of death. Distributed tracts at Harnham. Collected in my Bible-district.

29. My birth-day. Anne went to Britford, so I was at home alone, and much enjoyed a few solitary hours.—A day of varied and interesting remembrances. Does not time speak to me with a loud voice? It does—I feel it does. My heart tells me more than I can well bear to think of. The infancy, the childhood—yes, even the first bloom of youth are gone. The bright, the important morning is passed away as a dream—and what has it produced? This is the soul-moving question. Here is a creature possessed of rational powers, made capable of doing good to my fellow-mortals, and of reflecting the honor of that Being who has taught me that the promotion of his glory is the end of my creation. What then has been my own ultimate aim and pursuit? Oh, how far below the aspirations of an immortal being have I lived! How little holy ambition has fired my soul—how have I cleaved to the dust! how have I clung to earth! and how little have I looked to a brighter and purer state of existence! Yet I trust that I have applied for mercy at the foot of the cross—for justification through the righteousness of Him who died for sinners; and for renewing grace through the Spirit of God.

30. How greatly does the Christian err in neglecting to pray, with sufficient confidence, for those blessings which God has promised! Through all the pilgrimage of life, let me keep in mind the promises of my heavenly Father and Friend. Since he engages to be my guide, let me implore his continual direction; for it is only thus that I can expect his guidance. No merit, indeed, belongs to our petitions; but

* From an animated sketch, in several pages of the Journal, of the most attractive features of the Isle of Wight.

God commands us to pray—for all spiritual blessings he will be inquired of; and he will impart all that we implore.

1831. Jan. 1. How solemn is the lapse of time! Am I nearer heaven? May the new year be distinguished, in my history, by increased love to God; and by greater zeal to secure the best interests of those around me who are perishing in ignorance and sin—by greater efforts to impart the knowledge of God to my Sunday-school children, and to all who may come within the circle of my influence. On this first Sabbath in the new year, we have sat down at the table of the Lord, and commemorated his love. O that we may never desert the service of our Master; but be faithful unto death, and be presented faultless before God at the coming of Christ!

May 12. The little, entertaining, heart-winning Matthew has left us. An invitation to spend a day at Brighton—wrote a note of glad acceptance.

18. Mary and I rose early, to see the fortifications. Left Portsmouth at nine, for Brighton. At Chichester, admired the old Market-Cross; but the Cathedral excited little admiration, from the comparison we drew between it and ours at Salisbury. Worthing is an elegant place, open to the sea as Brighton, which we reached at three o' clock. The sunset over the sea was more glorious than I scarcely ever saw it before—the moon afterwards revealed new beauties.

19. On our return, we had a very intelligent, good tempered travelling companion; but, alas! he had little sense of religion, and yet he listened and assented to all I said. At Gosport, we entered the chapel where the good Dr. Bogue once preached.—It was delightful to us to find the mind of our companion, Mr. John Everett, so strong and vigorous—so youthful; though it is many years since he was young. We were delighted with his taste for poetry, and the various passages which the scenes of nature brought to his recollection.

20. Reached Southampton, from Portsmouth, by twelve. After dinner, Mary and I went in search of the house of Dr. Watts's childhood—that great friend to youth, who deserves a nation's gratitude. We stayed at the Infant-school till the children were dismissed. Reached our dear happy home by nine.

23. Anne and I attended the meeting of the Bible-collectors.—Dear Ruth accompanied us to the Infirmary. Had interesting conversation with all in the Queensberry ward.

31. Walked with dear Ruth in the retired parts of the Close for two hours, to talk over the most important and interesting particulars of our histories.—In the evening we called on Miss K., that my friend Ruth might see and hear the uncommon Mr. R.—Brought home Mr. Foster's great sermon.

Aug. 1. Visited the Infirmary, and arranged sundry matters preparatory to our leaving home.

2. Reached Sherborne by twelve, on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Whitty and other friends.

16. Rose by five—breakfasted at Mrs. B.'s; and at seven Mr. B., Aunt William, M., and I left for our excursion. We reached Cheddar about six o'clock. After tea, walked to the cliffs; where we remained till the moon shone on the beauty and sublimity of the scene. After singing our evening hymn under the highest cliff (480 feet) by the pale moonlight, we turned homewards. The inhabitants of the caves in the cliffs had begun to light their evening fires, which had a singular effect, from the distance of the caves above the foot of the cliffs. We spoke to one old woman who was returning to her cave for the night, and inquired what reason induced her to leave the habitations of mortals, to live among the cliffs. She told us it was for the sake of being quiet as long as she lived in this world. If this be her purpose, she has attained her object in her sunless solitude.

17. Rose early, and walked to the cliffs before breakfast. We left by nine—passed through several villages beautifully picturesque, situated at the foot of the Mendip hills, till we reached the cavern. Each was provided with a candle, and followed our guide, under ground, to the distance of 160 yards.—We reached Wells by one o'clock, and first bent our steps to the Cathedral. Afterwards walked to the bishop's palace; and, as we were standing by the porter's lodge, his lordship the right reverend prelate rode past us, and bowing most courteously, told us we were welcome to go over his garden and grounds when we pleased. We acknowledged such kind civility, which we gladly accepted. The ruins in the garden, the chapel, and the windows of the decayed

Abbey, much pleased us. Of the rich, beautiful, and varied scenery which was spread before our eyes throughout the day, I cannot give any adequate description—all nature seemed to sympathise in our enjoyment. We returned home to Sherborne about ten; and found dear Mrs. W. better, to our great delight.

20. Dined at Mr. C.'s, with Mr. Durant, of Poole, and Mr. Bennett the missionary circumnavigator.

Sept. 29. Enable me, O Lord, to renew my dedication of myself to thee. Make me entirely thine. How vast a debt of love I owe, and what have I returned! O Lord, enter not into judgment with thy servant. Remember all the dying pains of thy Son. Grant me grace to know Thee more, and still more to obey thee. Preserve me from formality, and from only wearing the guise of religion. Keep me from building on my own imaginary and self-esteemed morality. May I understand why the self-righteous cannot enter the kingdom of heaven. Make me to know the humbling doctrine of the free and distinguishing grace of God, and from this source to expect salvation. Let me not refuse to give up all dependence on my supposed good works, as though they could secure the inheritance eternal in the heavens. Great God lead me to Calvary, to look for salvation alone from thy beloved Son who is mighty to save.

A PRAYER.

O Lord God, to Thee would we offer our evening sacrifice of prayer. Grant that it may ascend from the altar of our hearts as grateful incense, and be heard in the court of Heaven, through the intercession of the sinner's Advocate. May we ask and receive, may we seek and find, may we knock that the door of mercy may be opened to us individually. We adore Thee, O Lord, that the ignorant are directed to the true source of wisdom. To Thee, the only wise God, may we apply, and find wisdom and grace for every time of need. May our supplications be the language

of faith, and be acceptable through the Redeemer. If we have never truly seen the evil and deformity of sin, O Lord open the eyes of our understanding! convince us of the moral weakness which sin has produced. We adore that grace which gives to our souls the knowledge of God; and that in thy word we learn the way in which sinners are brought nigh to Thee, and pardon is bestowed, in full consistency with thy holiness, on rebels against thine authority. Thy mercy reaches to the heavens, and extends even to the verge of hell. While thy holy law compels us to plead guilty, and to acknowledge the justness of its awful sentence, we bless Thee that Thou art a merciful Saviour as well as a Righteous Judge. The sight of Calvary alone leads us to hope that mercy may be extended even to us, vile and sinful as we are; for human merit can never purchase the blessings of salvation. We bless Thee, O Lord, that the plan of redemption is suited to the wants of every true penitent. Make us to lie in the depths of humility, and in deep self-abhorrence for our offences against the Most High God. We have indeed contracted a debt of ten thousand talents, and we have nothing to pay; but we adore thy sovereign love that a great Redeemer is provided, who is able and willing to save all that come unto Thee through Him. O may we then draw nigh to Thee in faith, believing that our prayer will be heard in heaven, and that it will be answered in the bestowment of all needful blessings, through Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen.

PAPERS ON OCCASION OF BECOMING A COMMUNICANT.

PRIVATE REFLECTIONS.

It was my privilege to be the child of parents who endeavoured to bring me up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. I ever possessed a taste for reading, and from childhood had a great thirst for knowledge. I loved to read the Bible, and I derived great pleasure from the catechisms and the many hymns with which my memory was stored; so that I cannot remember the period when I had no idea of divine things. Very serious impressions were produced on my mind from Mason's "Pious Parents' Gift," and Janeway's "Token for Children." These and similar works often brought me on my knees, with many tears and intreaties to God. The prayers and kind conversation of a friend, when I was about seven years old, often affected me; and I often prayed God to give me a clean heart and a right spirit.

I well remember, one Sabbath morning, returning from the sanctuary, when quite a child, and saying thus to myself: "I see I am vile, and exceedingly wicked. It is impossible I ever can be good. I cannot do one thing that my conscience tells me is free from sin. I will therefore cease trying to be good, and at all events I shall enjoy the pleasures of this world." But these suggestions were from the "father of lies;" and thanks be unto God for shewing me the folly and wickedness of such reasoning. For many years I made fresh endeavours to become more religious. I aimed for holy thoughts to occupy my mind; I read good books, and attended to secret prayer. Religious books, and faithful arousing sermons caused me to frame resolution on resolution that I would devote my youth to God. But, alas! these impressions vanished as the fleeting vapour, and left only their remembrance. Every year, I

found the corruptions of my heart were stronger. I knew I did not think of God before every other object. I saw the folly of deferring the most important concerns till a future period, and giving attention to the trifles of time in preference to the the realities of eternity, and the vile ingratitude of offering my last days to my Maker, after spending the morning of my life in the service of the world. I feared lest future years should alter my views and find me careless—lest the day of grace and opportunity should be gone by for ever. I feared the thought of trifling with convictions, and silencing the voice of conscience—of having an evil heart of unbelief, and being left to myself by the Holy Spirit of God.

From the age of twelve to fifteen, I was continually tempted to disbelieve the existence of a God. I could not but think it was Satan's device, in seeking the destruction of my soul; and my prayer was for the removal of this source of trial. Now, I trust that not only my judgment leads me to perceive the truth of religion, but I hope that my conscience is awakened to the power of the truth, and that my mind is enlightened by the Holy Spirit, and my heart savingly imbued with the love of God. I trust that sin is held in abhorrence, and that I see the exceeding evil of my own heart. But I still find that sin intrudes into my every prayer, stains my every duty, and my every action. On the review of my slight conformity to my religious vows—my coldness and stupidity in the service of God, I have sometimes been induced to give up all for lost—all hope of an interest in Christ, and to conclude that I had been awfully deceiving myself. I know that my sins are more in number than the sands on the sea-shore, but my debt can still be forgiven: I plead free and unmerited grace. There is one mighty to save—Immanuel, Jesus our Redeemer. I see no other foundation on which a sinner can build, than this Rock of Ages.

Prayer I always considered a duty; but I hope I now know it to be a privilege. I have oftentimes poured out my soul at the footstool of mercy, and found fresh supplies of grace. Though often dull and lifeless in God's service, yet I can truly say that at other times I have found it very profitable: I have been led to see the evil of sin, and the perfections of God; and to feel his love. I have experienced great pleasure in studying the oracles of God; and this not merely to

gratify my taste for reading, but to animate and increase my faith, to obtain knowledge of God and the requirements of his holy will. I hope I feel love towards the souls of men, and ardently desire the salvation of all who know not God. I would love every Christian, as beloved of God. I hope I am not deluding myself; but I often fear lest all my feelings should be merely natural, lest I should be led by the force of conviction rather than by the gentle power and freedom of love. Yet I hope I have some love, some faith; and if the glorious day of salvation has dawned upon my soul, may the Sun of righteousness by his vivifying influences perfect the good work of grace. Amidst all, I cannot but resolve to persevere, remembering the promises of the unchanging God. If I perish, it shall be at the foot of the cross.

I trust I do not place Christianity in circumstantials, to the neglect of the essentials of religion; but in dissenting from the Church of England and joining the Independents, I consider that I am only exercising liberty of conscience, and my privilege of thinking and deciding for myself. I hope I am fully persuaded in my own mind of the propriety of adopting the sentiments I hold; and while charity leads me to extend the hand of Christian friendship to all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth, still I see no occasion to sacrifice my convictions to the opinion of others: nor can I adopt the idea that anything which is connected with religion is immaterial or unimportant. Reason teaches us the impropriety of embracing any mode of faith, or adopting any discipline, without previous investigation and research. It is our duty to lay aside every prejudice, every bias of mere taste or inclination. All human authority is fallible, and it is only to the words of the great author of religion that we are called to listen. The holy oracles of truth, the sacred volume of Inspiration should alone be our Directory in faith and practice.

The principles of the Independent or Congregational Dissenters, and the government of their churches, I consider in the main agreeable to the New Testament. Though in the primitive days of Christianity it was the poor who had the gospel preached to them, yet could not the God of Power, who has the hearts of all men in his hand, have caused the

Cæsars to protect and promulgate his glorious Gospel? But, it was "not by might nor by power" that the glad tidings of salvation were known among men. Did the first preachers of Christianity seek the influence of the secular power to establish and support the religion they proclaimed? No; for they knew that the kingdom of Christ was not of this world, and therefore they never attempted to effect the civil union of Church and State. Where, in the New Testament, do I find that civil governors have authority in matters of religion? Who has given them a commission to exercise ecclesiastical jurisdiction? Ought conscience to be bound by human compulsion? Ought the religion of the "Prince of Peace" to be attempted to be promoted by force? Is the method of the Gospel outward violence, or the cogent persuasion of truth, and the mildness of wisdom and love? I know that many consider the connection of the Church with the State to be sanctioned by divine authority, in the Jewish Theocracy: they seem to overlook the difference subsisting between the spirit of the Old and the New Testament dispensations.

Having the scriptural liberty of following the dictates of my own conscience, I cannot approve of the terms of the Church of England relating to communicants. From the New Testament (my only criterion of Christian truth) I infer that credible evidences of faith in Christ are the scriptural qualification of admission to church-fellowship: but, in the Church of England, the Lord's Supper is administered indiscriminately, and often to persons whose characters are in known opposition to the requirements of the gospel. This holy rite has been awfully profaned by being perverted to political purposes; the symbols of grace being made to serve as a necessary qualification for civil offices.—The terms employed in administering the Sacrament of Baptism, I consider as equally unscriptural: for in what page of God's revealed will do I discover baptism to be regeneration, or sponsors to be required?—My conscience forbids me to approve of the office of Confirmation. What evidence is afforded to the bishop to enable him to declare, of persons unknown to him, that they are "regenerate by the Holy Ghost," and that their "sins are forgiven them?"—And is there nothing exceptionable in the offices of Ordination, and the Visitation of the Sick? What minister on earth has power to confer divine authority on another?

What mortal man can "absolve" men from their sins? who can do this but God alone? And yet the words of absolution are often read at the death-bed of the sinner who has employed all his powers in rebellion against the God of heaven—words whereby his immortal soul may be awfully deluded!—The Order of the Burial Service is calculated to delude the living with the notion that all equally die in "sure and certain hope." This is very different language from that of Holy Scripture.—The Athanasian Creed denounces eternal destruction on all who do not accept its definitions, and on all who keep not "whole and undefiled the Catholic faith;" and yet the Infidel, in the Burial Service, has been declared to have been taken to heaven.

In the Ecclesiastical Establishment, the king is acknowledged to be the Supreme Head of the Church; but in the Christian church "Christ is the head over all things." "To us there is one Lord." "One is our master even Christ." We may learn from the expressions of the Founder of Christianity, and of his apostles, the unlawfulness of uniting the inventions of men with the laws of God—"teaching for doctrines the commandments of men." It evidently reflects on the all-sufficiency of the great author of Religion, for the authority of men to be employed in making additions and alterations in what is to be believed and done; while we have in our possession the only revealed and sufficient rule of faith and practice.

TO THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH, ENDLESS-STREET, SALISBURY.

To the Esteemed Pastor and Christian Friends with whom I desire to unite in Church-Communion.—With respect to my views of church-fellowship, I regard it as the duty and privilege of all Christians to profess their attachment to religion by joining some Christian community whose doctrines, discipline, and spirit, appear to them most in accordance with the New Testament. I consider that a regard to the authority and honour of Christ requires the observance of an ordinance that was instituted by the Saviour to be commemorative of his death, a pledge of his love and sympathy, and of his fidelity to his promises—an ordinance which maintains the

public profession of Christianity, and by which believers call the attention of the world to salvation; and which was graciously intended for building up the Christian character: an ordinance which involves intercourse with the Father of Spirits, with his Son Jesus Christ, and with the Holy Ghost; and which produces communion of heart and feeling with the friends and family of God. To neglect the observance of the Lord's Supper appears to imply a virtual renunciation of the authority and testimony of Christ, a disregard to the dictates of duty, gratitude, and love, and to our highest interests.

With these sentiments, I have given the subject much serious consideration, and have earnestly prayed for divine direction; and I now see it my duty to desire admission to the sacred ordinance. I trust I am not under self-delusion; but that a deep conviction of duty, and a sincere concern for my eternal good, have led me to this determination. From my earliest days, I have had a desire to know and love God; and an abiding conviction of the supreme importance of eternal things. The prayers and instructions of pious Parents and Friends, religious books, and the means of grace, have concurred to determine my judgment in the choice of religion, and (I trust) to give my heart some knowledge of its renovating influence. This induces me to hope that a Divine power aids my desires and purposes, and prompts me to acknowledge my love to that Saviour whose dying command to his friends was: "Do this in remembrance of me." If merit were the ground of union with the church of Christ, I should be disqualified to enter the sacred inclosure. I can approach only as a guilty creature, sensible of my sinfulness, and humbly resting alone on the atonement of the Redeemer. My prayer is that all my faculties and affections may be cordially surrendered to God; and that my covenant with the Saviour may be lasting as eternity. Though I lament my weakness and insincerity of heart, I yet hope I desire greater assimilation to Him whose whole life was one act of conformity to the will of his heavenly Father; and that, through the influences of the Holy Spirit, I may reflect more of his glorious likeness.

I pray that the deceitfulness of my heart may not be strengthened by admission into a Christian church; and that I may not be satisfied with the mere observance of the external ordinances of the gospel. Were I to rely on my own

moral power, I should decline from the ways of truth, and bring reproach on that holy religion which I profess to honour; but I rejoice that I can confide in Him who upholds the angels in heaven, and who works in all his people "to will and to do of his good pleasure." I pray that I may conscientiously use all the means prescribed for the destruction of sin, for imparting strength and perseverance in the Christian course, and confirmation in holiness; that thus, through the Divine aid, I may live a life of faith on the Son of God, and give evidence of a spirit of benevolence for the interests of my fellow-beings. I pray that my resolutions may be more stable, and my efforts after the high calling of God in Christ Jesus more determined. After so solemn a dedication to God, and professed allegiance to him for ever, may I be faithful to the end of life; that, having fought the good fight, there may be laid up for me a crown of life, which the Lord the righteous judge shall give me at that day when I hope to join the church of the first-born in heaven, for ever.—That I may obtain an interest in your sympathy and prayers, and that the blessings I seek for my individual good may be enjoyed by my esteemed Christian friends, is the sincere desire of Yours in Christian affection,

M—— D——.

Friday evening.—The close of the most solemn day I have yet known in this world. I have asked for admission into the Church of Christ, and I have been received within the sacred inclosure. May I be "faithful unto death!" I am weakness, but God has said "my grace is sufficient for thee." Here would my faith and hope rely. Lord help me! may I never desert the cause of Him who, I trust, died for me—died that I might live—died to give victory to his followers, and to make them more than conquerors. Lord, I would serve thee; make me willing to sacrifice sin for thy friendship. Be thou the guide of my youth, and my God, for ever, even unto death! Whether I live, may I live unto the Lord; or whether I die, may I die unto the Lord: for

"Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all!"

Saturday.—Think, O my soul, of the important concerns that are to engage thy attention on the morrow. Then, for the first time, I expect to join the people of God in celebrating the dying love of the Saviour, and to profess allegiance to Him for ever. Great God, make me sincere, persevering, and faithful. May thy grace be sufficient for me throughout the Christian course. Be thou my God for ever and ever, Amen.

Sunday.—How soul-stirring the transaction of this day—how solemn the approach I have made to the Lord's table—the profession I have made before God, angels, and men! May I be joined to Christ in a perpetual covenant. May I be faithful unto death. Never may I trust to my own arm of weakness, or dream that danger is far remote. May I go on in the strength of the Lord, and walk in fear. I rejoice that God never calls us to conflict at our own charge. Though we are called to wrestle against principalities and powers and the rulers of darkness, yet God provides the armour. How cheering, how delightful to know that our strength shall be proportioned to the combat—that Christ is with us in the field, and that he will tread down our enemies, and cause us to be more than conquerors! After all the aspirations of my heart, I must finally offer the prayer of the poor publican "God be merciful to me a sinner."

Monday.—Who can be said to possess wisdom, who neglects the chief end of existence, which is to seek after God's favour and glory? Wisdom regards the end: but how many think only of the less, and disregard the greater—give their whole souls to what is passing away, and have no concern for realities which are of more value than worlds! Thus acts infatuated man, because sin has beclouded his judgment and perverted his mind; so that he calls darkness light, and light darkness! The words have stood recorded nearly three thousand years: "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom;" but man will not listen to them. Let *me* ask wisdom of God. May I be more freed from the influence of the vanities of the world—more free from sin, which places the soul at such a distance from God. May I more improve time, talents, spiritual privileges and advantages. I have a hope, an humble hope, that over all the dark mountains of sin and unbelief, I can see the beams of light, love, and

mercy—of the Sun of righteousness. I trust that God has favour for me, that he does deign to pity me, and has led me in his grace to see the odious nature of sin, and to pray against its power. He has caused me to apply for mercy, and for justification, and the sanctifying influences of his Holy Spirit. It is this belief that has induced me to seek admission into a Christian Church—to desire to unite in sacred communion with the friends of Christ at his table. This solemn approach to God I have actually made, under the conviction both of duty and interest. I would be sincere; but the deceitfulness of the human heart requires me to pray against self-delusion. Search me, O God, and know my heart! Lord, increase my faith, and my love. Let me not slumber in the Christian profession. May I be more than conqueror over sin, through our Lord Jesus Christ. May my life be more useful, more devoted. May every day find me wiser, and more advanced in the divine life: and may death find me faithful; that I may win the crown of glory, and with joy behold Him who has redeemed me to God by his blood, and serve him in his heavenly temple, for ever and ever!

APPENDIX TO EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL.*

THE thoughts that sometimes come over the soul in the dim hour of twilight—the musings of the serene summer-evening, are very delicious. In these still, calm, pensive hours, which can be felt but not described, we often think of all that is dearest to our hearts—our communings are more elevated and pure than usual, and we can almost fancy we see good spirits waiting around us, and aiding us to feel the all-pervading influence of the Spirit who fills the universe. But we must not let these feelings carry us away from the imperative duties of relative and domestic life.—What if all the joys and hopes of my own heart were lost to me for ever, in this world—still I ought to follow duty; and I may then expect to know the peace and satisfaction that arise from the consciousness of doing what is right, for its own sake. The young heart is dreaming of a bright and beautiful world. Let its excited fancy still picture for itself enjoyment, sunny landscapes, glowing skies, and halcyon days: I have no wish to overcast nature with clouds and darkness and mourning. But the young heart has yet to learn that every brow must be shaded with sorrow, and every heart know "its own bitterness." It is, therefore, a thought full of consolation that the way of happiness is found in the way of duty and of reason. We are not left to grope in the dark. We are assured, by Truth itself, that, in doing the will of God, we promote our own happiness; and that if we seek his direction, he will be our guide even unto death. With this knowledge, we can believe that all will be well—well under the superintendence of such a friend.

* These Remarks and Reflections, which are not in the Journal, but written on detached papers, are of various periods—some of them early: when without date, the order has been conjectured as probable.

HOME, dear home! How does the heart warm at the thought of the home of our infancy—that dear sacred spot—the place that, to our eye, wears a brighter and lovelier hue than all the wide world besides—there where first we enjoyed life, where we lived our early days, where our hearts knew the spring-tide of feeling! Very deep in the heart is buried the love of our own native valley: nor can time, or distance, or joy, or woe, or exile, obliterate the traces of such early love. We shall still think of the scene—the fine swelling river sweeping through the valley, shining with life, and sparkling with joy. Fancy wanders there; and there affection chooses an abode, though she should see no turretted walls, no spacious halls which tell of the history of ages past. The eye of affection sees more than these—the heart's sympathies, the magic of love, have far greater power to give interest to life. The affections can lend grace and enchantment to what is homely, and give us the only paradise beneath the skies. These are but fancy-dreams, it may be said:—if so, they are as sweet and fair as any dreams we can imagine, by night or by day. May they ever rest deep in my heart—to lend a solace to the cares of life, and to give their influence to all my conduct!

WHY love sleep?—If the character which Solomon gives of the slothful and the sluggard be mine, I then love sleep for the sake of ignoble and idle gratification. But I hope truth—not vanity prompts me to say that I love sleep, because, with Wordsworth, I can call her:

"Dear mother of fresh thoughts, and joyous health."

O LORD! I know that the way of man is not in himself: it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps. The Lord, he it is that goeth before us; he will be with us; he will not fail us, neither forsake us: let us fear not, neither be dismayed. Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation. Be not slothful, but followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises. The heart is deceitful above all things. We cannot do the things that we would. Let us go in the strength of the Lord God, and make mention of his righteousness, even of his only. Cast thy burden upon

the Lord, and he shall sustain thee. He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might he increaseth strength. Without me ye can do nothing. Not that we are sufficient of ourselves to think any thing as of ourselves, but our sufficiency is of God.—Father in heaven, may I speak the truth from my heart, and may I speak it in love; guarding against a censorious spirit, and not judging severely of the faults and failings of others!

WHAT is our destination? Is it not well for all to inquire? We know it must be either death and perdition, or life and glory. God grant that Heaven may be my dwelling for eternity! And what is Heaven? How do our finite minds fail to give us a correct idea of that happy holy place of God—of Jesus our Saviour! And yet this Heaven does not fill our minds, but is too often made subordinate to earth; and shadows and phantoms take our attention from those realities which claim all the deathless affections of the spirit! Let us not thus dream life away, without securing for our undying souls never-ceasing happiness!

WHAT an effect has manner! I have seen a lady, to-day, who exemplified this. Is it possible for familiarity to approach—not such *dignity*, but such stiffness and rigidity? She certainly never could have had occasion to say to any one who came near her, "be a little more '*circumspectious*.'" No:—presumption and adventurous confidence never could have appeared—one look—one word, must have awed persons back, or rather repelled them to the confines of propriety. Again, manner has sometimes an effect which is almost irresistibly persuasive. It is independent of the mere words that are uttered. A treatise might be written on manner. (1823.)

"THE life which I live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me." (Gal. ii. 20.) This was the language of an apostle, and ought to be the language of every Christian. Is it *my* language? Do these emphatic words describe *my* life and character? Do I live by faith on the Son of God? Have I offered my soul and body as a sacrifice to Him who justly "demands my love,

my life, my all"—who has, I trust, redeemed me by his own blood? May I have grace imparted that I may rightly examine myself, and see whether I am in the faith! And how little does God see of that purity of motive, of that holiness of demeanor, which should be found belonging to every disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ—to every Christian who professes to have received Jesus as the Lord and Saviour! How are God, and heaven, and eternity neglected! How are the world, and earth, and time regarded. I can only look to Him who has made atonement for sin, and who is able and willing to receive the returning penitent. I feel that my soul is alienated from God—but yet I would be nigh to Him. I long to be more enlightened in the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord. I long to enjoy greater friendship with the Friend of sinners.

No doubt one of the greatest secrets of happiness is to keep the heart with all diligence—to endeavour to maintain the most determined aim at rectifying what is evil, and strengthening what is good. If we thus sedulously guarded the indulgence of all evil dispositions, how greatly would our happiness be augmented! If we could always appropriate to ourselves the hopes and expectations of the Christian, we should feel no occasion to repine at any of God's arrangements. Let us consider that the wisdom, equity, and goodness of the divine dispensations require us to be deeply satisfied with all of them; and profoundly to feel that "the Judge of the whole earth will do right."

I HAVE merely looked into "The Barn and the Steeple," and therefore I cannot give my impression of the merit of the work: but I am disposed to think that no individual of the Taylor family ever gave to the world any thing unworthy of being read; and from the native humour they possess, and the subject being so capable of being treated humorously, I think the book will furnish entertainment, if nothing more—at least to Dissenters, who attend the homely or even unsightly conventicle, instead of the stately and ornamented cathedral. Not that we have no love of the beautiful—no eye to perceive the charms of our ancient and consecrated ecclesiastical structures—no minds to feel the emotions which

their antiquity, associations, and picturesque beauty, are calculated to awaken—not that we are unable to appreciate the influence of wealth and power and prepossession: but are we deceived in believing that we are substantially right in having separated from the National Establishment, and that we are influenced by the high motive of seeking and supporting Truth? If it be wise, before any thought is carried into action, to inquire what good do I aim at effecting? certainly we cannot be wrong in sacrificing much selfish gratification, if not much secular advantage, in order to maintain those principles which have the approbation of our understandings, our consciences, and (as we believe) our Bibles.

Frivolity in a Woman is sadly out of place. I have heard a woman sing the song entitled: "I'd be a butterfly." There never was a period in my life when I could have sung it with complacency. I always felt it to be outrageous for a woman to be forgetful of her high immortal nature, her relations to society, her influence, her duties, her responsibilities—her destiny! What solace and support can such a woman be to any one, in the difficult passes of life?—a woman who can find amusement in uttering mere frivolous sentiments, and thus trying to please other immortal beings as devoted to vanity and folly as herself. [Since 1832.]

How dark would earth be, did not Faith reveal the glory of the Cross! Could I see no atonement made on Calvary for the guilty, what light could I enjoy from the sun? All earthly things would lose their chief charm. The elixir of life—the anchor of my soul—would be gone. O it is the divine influence of the Saviour's love which can make either prosperity or adversity a blessing; and can bring support and solace in the hour of pain, affliction, and death—at those solemn periods when all the wealth, and honours, and pleasures of life have no power to charm.—When earth recedes, heaven opens glory. O it is only by the light of the cross that we can look into heaven, and see prepared for us, for *us*—even for *ourselves*, the white robe, and the bright crown, and the golden harp, and the glories of the Paradise of God!—Easter Sunday; April 7, 1844.

I AM often inclined to regret that the pleasure, to say nothing of the power of our minds, is so much limited by the operation of circumstances over which we have little control—circumstances which appear all but omnipotent in their relation to association and habit; so that day after day passes away, and the book we intended to read still lies neglected, and we see a picture of ourselves in the door which only revolves on its hinges, ever the same. But if our mode of existence may be thus represented, it will be well if we are acting, day by day, in conformity with the apparent designs of Providence, who has made us what we are, and who "overrules all mortal things, and manages our mean affairs." It will indeed be well if we are found doing what is our duty to do, though it be only attending to the smaller wheels of the social machine.

I THANK God that I believe Jesus Christ to be the Son of God, and the Saviour of sinners—my Divine Lord, my dear Redeemer. Thanks be unto God for this belief—this glorious belief, which I would not part with for the wealth of worlds!—this belief which gives to life its light, its solace, its happiness—which animates our first waking moments with joy, and cheers our last thoughts at night with the hope of forgiving love! O it is faith in the Cross of Christ, alone, which could allow me to begin the day with hope, and to close it in peace—reconciled to God by the death of his Son, and saved by his life! The doctrine of the cross—O glorious doctrine—how has it solaced and supported me in life! I am sure of this—I am sure it has been my foundation of repose and happiness in *life*—the anchor of my soul. And why should I doubt that it will illumine the valley of death, and reveal the glory of heaven! Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift! Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood—to Him be glory for ever and ever. May I love Him more, and serve Him better, day by day; till, with saints and angels before the throne of God, I find in his presence fullness of joy, and pleasures for evermore!—Sunday evening, Feb. 16, 1845.

THIS day, our dear child has been to the public worship of God for the first time. My heart is gratified that the

minister of the gospel she should first see in the pulpit should be her own dear father—that the house of God to which she was first taken should be Tottenham-Court Chapel; the pulpit of which is the very same in which that servant of Jesus Christ, George Whitefield, stood and proclaimed the message of mercy. After the service, I took her into the vestry, and make her look at his picture, and his bust; which furnish additional links of interest to this hallowed place. May the character of such an apostolic man be one day appreciated by our dear child; and may the prayers be heard which have been sent up to heaven on her behalf this day—may the day be auspicious. God grant that when her parents shall lie silent in the grave, she may recal this period; and may she have a mind and a heart to sympathize with the spirit and sentiments which animated the breast of the devoted, immortal Whitefield!—Sunday, July 13, 1845.

I AM at a loss to imagine how some persons can go on with perfect ease, from day to day, without any rule or standard, like mariners on the wide ocean with no chart or compass. With respect to the future, they seem scarcely to have employed their brain; or if a passing thought may possibly have been bestowed on it, they seem to take for granted that little or no thought need be expended as to the manner in which their wants are to be supplied—as though the very fowls would fly about, ready-roasted, crying "come eat me." I am quite sure I have known some persons to act on this principle, who had no reason whatever to believe that success could possibly in the very nature of things attend them, unless they had a secret warrant for exercising faith that their daily supplies would be furnished by ravens. Certainly they expect to be supported in no ordinary way, in no way in which God actually governs the affairs of men. They never sit down and count the cost of their daily habits, and can give no estimate of their means of living; while yet they indulge in any lavish extravagance, or any self-indulgence they may have a mind to. And what are sure to be the consequences of such folly? Suffering for themselves, if not for others also.—It cannot be too strongly inculcated on children, that the waste of any material involves some fault in the mental or moral character—the head is wanting in

thought, or the heart in right feeling. A little common-sense would often suggest ways of well-disposing of materials which might otherwise be useless; and a little good feeling would lead to the avoidance of all occasion of waste.

MUCH advantage may by gained by the mistress of a family strictly keeping accounts. I have proved this by experience. It is likely to be an effectual check to any extravagance; and it can be done without any great sacrifice of time or trouble, if only we adopt a proper method. It will well repay any one who will try it, and is disposed to learn from it. It will often prevent servants from going on carelessly, and more expensively than is needful, even when there are no dishonest intentions. I have never adopted the plan of many mistresses—that of restricting my servants to a certain allowance of articles used in household matters. No doubt, by such a plan, dishonest or wasteful servants may be kept within certain limits; yet I think it is far better for the character of servants, and even for the purses of their mistresses, (at least under ordinary circumstances,) that the servants should be generously furnished with whatever is necessary and proper. But then I am of course supposing that the mistress is judicious, and well-informed as to the nature of all these requirements; and that she has every thing before her in her account-books.

How remarkable are the instincts which God has imparted in a mother's nature, and which cannot be known till there is a sure prospect of becoming a mother. These instincts are brought into being when needed, and die away when there is no occasion for them. It is marvellous how multitudes of mothers live on as mere machines—acting mechanically, and not as thinking, observing, and reasoning beings, notwithstanding all their instincts and their experience, which ought to have made them rich in thought and investigation. I have felt deeply interested in studying these instincts, which the Creator has so wisely and beneficially implanted in our nature. They are purely instincts—they have nothing to do with instruction or experience; and no more belong to reason, in *us*, than in the cat which goes about over the house to find out an appropriate lodging for her young.—Of the feelings and emo-

tions which have their dwelling-place in a mother's heart, much has been said, and will be said as long as there is any poetry in life. My experience has taught me that we must be brought into certain circumstances, and sustain certain relations, before we can really understand and own those feelings which appropriately belong to them. God is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works—over the fountains of feeling, which are opened to refresh, and animate, and sustain us.—Jan. 27, 1848.

LAST night, in coming through Smithfield, my dear husband heard a man denouncing Christianity as a "religion of blood," because people calling themselves Christians have sanctioned all kinds of war; not hesitating to shed the blood of their fellow-men, to answer their own selfish purposes of aggression and conquest. He felt he was called on to deny such an assertion, and to make some effort to convince the audience surrounding the man that the statement was not true in fact; and he appealed to the precepts and spirit of Christianity in proof. He argued with the socialist orator for nearly three quarters of an hour, as, when about to leave off, several people called out for him to go on. Men who have powers of body and of mind fitted for open-air preaching, in London, need not be silent for want of a congregation. The advocates of evil are not asleep. Indeed the whole world seems waking up to a great moral conflict.—June 26, 1848.

I LOVE to hear a sermon which is full of thought, and powerful in application. As rational beings, let us think of the end of instruction. Let us inquire as to the aim, the design we ought to have in view. Does God offer to teach us?—are we learning? Does he send his servants to preach?—does their preaching lead us to right practice? Do we only *know* God's will, while we *do it not?* Are we to be classed among the wise, or alas! among the foolish virgins? God grant that we may all be doers of the word, and not hearers only, that we may be blessed indeed! Let all classes—all, of every age, rank, and station, inquire seriously on this momentous point—inquire whether time, wealth, talent, influence, strength, are rightly employed—employed for the uses and ends for which they were bestowed by the Great and Gracious Giver of all?

Even the little child, the dear little child, may be taught to ask itself whether the grand one doctrine of *obedience* has been reduced to practice?—"My dear little hearer, my dear little child, you know that God from heaven speaks to you, and tells you to *obey*. Obey your parents, in the Lord, for this is right. Is your heart ready to say: 'Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth, and waits to do thy will?'"—Aug. 23, 1848.

SOME live to provide for the wants of the body; others live to furnish food for the mind, and to create an atmosphere suited to free, noble, and enlightened spirits, who can breathe it as their right element. They live to give direction and improvement to the general mind.—I am thankful that I am not doomed to live with a mere creature of sense; whose very nature must forbid his knowing any sublime, illimitable range of thought and feeling—whose soul, if he had one, could be well shut into a nutshell; or could find its fullest scope, most satisfactorily and fitly, when fastened down within the limits of a coffer—whose elixir of life, whose *summum bonum*, whose centre of all attraction, is gold—gold!

> "He never was the man who dared to swim,
> Against the rolling tide, or cross the stream.
> For 'twas his selfish judgment from his youth,
> One grain of ease was worth a world of truth."
>
> *Dr. Watts, from Juv. Sat. IV.*

WHAT can prepare us for the duties, the trials, or even the enjoyments of life, like religion? It gives serenity, peace, and comfort, when the world has shown its utter insufficiency to satisfy the mind. It nerves the soul for the most trying seasons, and strengthens it to stand firm and steadfast in the principles it believes to be right. It enables us to abide, with true greatness of mind, the awards of judgment and of conscience. It enables the poor man unflinchingly to follow his convictions, and to dare to act from high principles, so as to occupy a moral elevation far above a rich man of time serving spirit, whose conduct is but the more loudly proclaimed by the position he commands. O the blessedness of having been trained to practice what we conscientiously believe to be right—what reason requires—what God demands! This is the basis of good character. This culture should be the business of our

lives and will be the means of increasing happiness; for to be good is to be happy. It must be personal: it is what wealth can never buy. Is it nothing for the mind to acquire stability and firmness in doing or suffering the will of God—in making constant progress in Christian practice, which is preparation for God's service in heaven? Is no value to be set on the attainment of fortitude, integrity, conscientiousness?—on such a training as shall lead to the practice of virtue, in the school of disappointment and trial?—for who has not to mortify pride and self-will? What rank, station, or condition is exempt from the trials which every day brings to human nature, constituted as it is? Is it then of no value to possess an antidote in the fortitude, the patience, the hope, the joy which religion can and does give to cheer us throughout the path of life?

How important to prevent a child from being *afraid of the dark:* and I know by experience that this can be done, if you begin early enough, and have servants well-trained to your own ideas. *My* imagination, in very early childhood, could only people the dark with all manner of frightful forms; and perhaps some of my most sincere and earnest prayers were uttered in my childhood, on my knees, that God would keep me from the power of hobgoblins!

O HOW much is taken from the gloom of death—from the bitterness of separation—how much consolation, how much ground for gratitude is there, when we know that those whom we have loved have died in the peace and hope of the gospel!—that they are safely gone to a brighter and better world; where there is no night, nor sorrow, nor pain—where there shall be no more death! Faith assures us that they have "washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb; and therefore they are before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night it his temple." They have reached *Heaven*. May we all strive to enter in there. God grant it!

"O talk to me of Heaven!—I love
To hear about my Home above;
For there doth many a lov'd one dwell,
In light and joy ineffable:
And every glad and tearless eye,
Beams like the bright sun gloriously!"

JUVENILE PIECES IN VERSE.*

[FRIENDSHIP.]

FRIENDSHIP, choice gift of Heaven to man,
Who shall thy many blessings scan?
'Tis happy that thou art not known
In the romantic tale alone,
Inhabitant of cloud or sky;
Our world thou dost beatify.
Of fond endearment source thou art;
Thine the sanctuary of the heart,
The seat of joy and sympathy,
Feelings that will never die.
Thus are hearts made one in love,
And all the sweets of kindness prove.
Such boon by mercy is bestowed,
To cheer us on the heavenly road.
Nor Time destroys thy power to charm;
Time, that all things else doth harm,
By age, corruption, spoil, and rust;
That lays proud cities in the dust.
Time conquers all to his domain,
But friendship over time shall reign.
Friendship with virtue intertwined,
And with religion's power combined,
Admits reciprocal delight,
That does not fade, or suffer blight.
Not Lethe's stream avails to efface,
The images which love doth trace.
Well may our hearts be glad to know,
Friendship still dwells on earth below.

* These selections are all earlier than her twentieth year.

[REMINISCENCE OF CHILDHOOD.]

In simple childhood's happy days,
Ere reason taught my mind,
I dreamed of all my future ways
As light and bliss combined.

My heart was young, and only beat
To hope, and joy, and love;
This world to me was very sweet,
And seemed like that above.

Experience had not made me know,
Sorrow succeeds to joy;
Sad truth—that all things here below
Carry their own alloy.

I saw the verdant carpet spread
O'er nature's rich domain;
I danced along the flowery mead,
And sought the fragrant lane.

Heaven's canopy was azure blue,
I felt the zephyr breathe;
And not a cloud appeared in view,
To mar the scene beneath.

I listened to the feathered choir,
Tuning their matin songs;
At sober eve would oft retire,
To hear their warbling tongues.

Imagination's magic wand
Raised all in colours bright;
My views were all from fairy-land,
Were seen in fancy's light.

But where's the rose that graced the morn,
Although the queen of flowers,
That e'er was plucked without a thorn,
Except in Eden's bowers?

Sorrow and suffering here are known,
On earth's polluted ground;
'Tis in the better world alone,
That perfect bliss is found.

Hush, then! my poor repining heart,
Seek not thy bliss below;
Believe that mercy will impart
The balm to every woe.

Be this, my soul, thy highest care,
To improve the blessings given;
Of every murmuring thought beware,
And do the will of Heaven.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

NATURE has run her annual race,
Another year has waned;
How faint within our hearts the trace
Of progress we have gained!

The fleeting days and months are past,
With all their joy or woe;
The present year may prove our last,
Life's tide may cease to flow.

O may we never dare to say,
That youth is not the time
To walk in wisdom's blessed way;
For God demands our prime.

E'en now, ere age benumb our powers,
And chill our ardent love,
Swift let us consecrate the hours
To Him who reigns above.

Yes—now, in life's auspicious morn,
We'll wreathe, without delay,
The flowers of virtue, to adorn
Our winter's dreary day.

Our years with piety be crown'd,
Let praise our tongues employ;
So shall we, when the trump shall sound,
Awake to endless joy.

TO A SISTER ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

AGAIN, my dear sister, has time, in his flight,
Return'd the bright days of July to our sight;
And, uniting with nature, I joyfully sing
Your own natal morn, and love's offering would bring.

The chaplet of laurel awarded to glory,
That holds such a place in the pages of story,
Does wither by age, and soon passes away;
But love's wreath will remain ever blooming as May.

Unaffected by all the sad changes of time,
'Tis destined to live in a happier clime;
Where each flower in perfection will sweetly expand,
And flourish immortal in that heavenly land.

And while on this earth our lot is to stay,
Where so much arises to darken our way,
How sweet to rely on a sister—to lend
Her affectionate efforts our course to befriend.

We now are enjoying life's fair vernal morn,
And cloudless skies shine all our path to adorn;
Yet the rude storms of winter may chequer the scene,
And deface all that now looks so bright and serene.

If sorrow our lot—may we mutually share
Each bitterest draught of pain, grief, or care;
May the stream of sweet sympathy ceaselessly flow,
To soothe our affliction, to alleviate our woe.

Or if it be ours with joy to reside,
And be borne on prosperity's flattering tide,
May our lamp of affection through all changes burn bright,
Till we reach the blest home of more sacred delight.

TO A FRIEND.

My lov'd Serena, though I cannot frame
One single line that's worthy of your name,
Yet true affection prompts me now to send
My simple worthless song to you, my friend.
Believe me, every sentiment I write,
Though my poor Muse can reach no lofty height,
Flows genuine from sincerity's pure spring;
Affection's living stream each thought shall bring.
In strains of truth my heart its tale doth tell;
I love your name and character so well.
Five months have passed, and long ones, in review,
Since last to you, dear Friend, I bade adieu,
The months seem years, ere we shall meet again;
But joy, I trust, will quickly banish pain.
Like rising sunbeams of the summer's sky,
Are the delights I fondly hope are nigh.
When shall we hear again your cheerful voice,
And in your lov'd society rejoice?
How has my ear with pleasing feelings hung
On the sweet silvery strains that filled your tongue;
While wrapt attention gladly stretch'd her powers,
And passed unconsciously the happy hours!
When in the summer's eve we sought the shade,
And lightsome roamed along the woodland glade,
How has my mind with grateful pleasure caught
Your kind and good advice, with wisdom fraught.
Ne'er did the strains of melody more please,
Than your sweet tones, so full of native ease:
The sense of affectation or display,
Your words and sentiments did ne'er convey.
In you, intrinsic, solid worth presides,
Religion fills your soul, your actions guides.
I wish you for my pattern—may I seek
To have a mind so gentle, good, and meek.
Farewell, my dearest, much lov'd Friend, farewell;
O! may we meet, at last, in bliss to dwell:

In that immortal sphere of light and love,
Where happy spirits chant redeeming love!
May the Supreme your way for ever bless,
And crown your future life with happiness!

TO A BROTHER ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

PERMIT a sister's love to frame
An artless humble lay;
A tribute to a brother's name,
On this auspicious day.

Twenty swift circling years have fled,
Since life to thee was given;
And joys and blessings, on thy head,
Were sent by gracious Heaven.

A sister views with busy thought
A brother's future way;
And varied scenes of life are brought,
In fancy's dream to play.

Never may passion be thy guide,
Through life's intricate maze;
By wisdom's rules may'st thou abide,
And walk her pleasant ways.

When we the path of life commence,
We look for flowers in vain,
Unless good nature, and good sense,
Throughout preside and reign.

I wish not fame her wreath to intwine
Thy youthful brow around;
Nor pomp nor grandeur to be thine,
Where perils oft abound.

But may thy name engraven stand
In records upon high;
Inscribed by the Eternal hand,
Where honours never die.

Did annals tell thy noble birth,
Did glory on thee shine;
If proud distinctions of this earth,
If Indian's wealth were thine:

Unless Religion were thy part,
Thy life to guide and sway;
There's nought could satisfy the heart:
All else must fade away.

Seek, then, beyond this vale of Time,
Immortal joys to gain;
Delights substantial and sublime,
Pleasures unmixed with pain.

So when, on Time's swift pinions borne,
Returns this happy day,
Increasing virtues shall adorn
Thy life's advancing way.

May every future year transcend
The one for ever past;
And still behold thee heavenward tend,
With joy to meet the last.

THE HEART'S OWN BITTERNESS.

The word is true, that every heart
The sense of pain doth know;
And every bosom feels a smart,
Conceiv'd by others but in part:
'Tis our peculiar woe.

But let us pause and think again,
  Let us this lesson prize:
That sin is the grand source of pain;
And thus, where happiness should reign,
  The thorns of sorrow rise.

Let us be grateful and resigned,
  For there's a cure for grief;
And all our trials are designed,
To fit the renovated mind
  For heavenly joys—O grand relief!

ON A SISTER'S BIRTH-DAY.

With heartfelt delight do I welcome this day,
And my tribute of love most cheerfully pay;
I hail the return of this morning so fair,
When first my dear sister drew heaven's vital air.

Though untaught the high strains of Polymnia to sing,
Nor inspired from the rills that in Helicon spring;
Yet, prompted by genuine attachment, I frame
My unworthy song to a sister's lov'd name.

May no sun of prosperity ever consume
Our buds of affection, but lend them perfume;
And make them unfold with fresh sweetness, each day,
To bless and adorn and enliven our way.

May adversity's chilling and gloomy night,
Never mar our fair prospects by withering and blight;
Nor the rough storms of discord extinguish love's flame,
Which ought ever to burn among sisters the same.

May the genius of evil that loves to torment,
And only on errands of woe to be sent,
Ne'er inflict upon us his fierce stings and his scourge,
Nor over such friendship rehearse his wild dirge.

May kindness and candour their influence lend,
That in all our concerns forbearance may blend;
For to mortals, perfection, alas! is unknown,
Where so many thorns by sin have been sown.

May our love never know any change or alloy,
But ever remain as a sunshine of joy;
And like the blithe nymphs in their roseate bowers,
May we pass in blest harmony all the long hours.

In affection's strong chain may our souls be still bound,
May this be the bond ever circling us round;
May the love that has glowed in our bosoms—so pure,
Never, never wax cold, but for ever endure!

[THE WORLD UNSATISFYING.]

Our life on earth is but a winter's day;
Its glimmering pleasures quickly pass away.
Not glory, honour, wealth, and power combined,
Afford true satisfaction to the mind.
O may we seek those joys, while here below,
Which none but heaven-born souls can ever know!
May pure religion shed her genial power,
And thus illuminate our darkest hour:
Her joyful, holy, happy influence lend,
And all our earthly pilgrimage attend.
Then, when we leave this tenement of clay,
Our souls shall rise to everlasting day!

[THE SINNER.]

See the sinner in affliction,
By th' Almighty's hand laid low;
Hear him tell the sad conviction,
That in God he finds his foe!

Never did he feel devotion
  Warm his heart with holy love;
Never breathe a right emotion
  Towards the Power that reigns above.

How he dreads the termination
  Of the fleeting day of life!
Fearful is his expectation
  Of grim Death's terrific strife.

Will he cry to be protected
  By the rocks and hills around?
Vain his hope—he has rejected
  Mercy's oft-repeated sound.

Now he waits the awful sentence,
  From his much-insulted Lord;
O might he but feel repentance,
  And believe the gracious word!

Tell him that there is salvation
  Through the Lord that died—that rose,
If alone on this foundation
  All his hopes for heaven repose!

[GOD ANSWERS PRAYER.]

GREAT GOD of heaven, our prayers arise,
Graciously listen to our cries;
O let our earnest plea prevail,
And entrance find within the veil!

It will be so; for God is love,
As all his works so clearly prove:
He deigns to hear our vows, our praise,
Though heaven resounds with seraphs' lays.

The arbiter of earth and sky,
Enthroned in awful majesty,
Bids not the meanest soul despair;
But promises to answer prayer.

Then may a steadfast faith be given,
To us who walk the road to heaven;
That by his grace, and power, and love,
We may attain those realms above.

[THE MEDIATOR.]

JESUS, to Thee we humbly call,
For strength and power divine;
Before the awful throne we fall,
And plead no name but Thine!

Lord give us grace to come to Thee,
And deep repentance feel:
Make us our vile condition see;
Our numerous sins reveal.

Shew us efficient is Thine arm,
That Thou hast power to save;
Canst all our ghostly foes disarm,
Canst cheer us to the grave.

Then, when death summons us away,
And ends the mortal strife,
We shall behold an endless day,
Shall live a deathless life!

[THE CHRISTIAN REJOICING.]

CHRISTIAN, take thy harp, and sing,
Far around the raptures fling;
Let thy loudest, noblest lays
Be the notes of grateful praise;
Praise to Him who reigns above,
The God of grace, the God of love!

Join the harmonious blissful song,
Chanted by yon ransomed throng:
Christian, dwell upon the sound—
Pardon—mercy, without bound:
What a theme for loftiest praise,
Is the gift of heavenly grace!

That God, before the world began,
Should have framed redemption's plan;
To save our earth-born race from sin,
The heavenly crown of life to win:
Christian, praise the love divine,
That made such bliss for ever thine!

Praise thy Lord for rescuing thee
From the abyss of misery;
From shades of darkness into light,
From suffering to glory bright.
Let such thoughts beguile thy sorrow,
Bid thee wait a blissful morrow;
Cheer with hope each coming day,
That heralds immortality!

MISCELLANEOUS REMARKS.*

THE lords of the creation presume to say that the most fabulous of all fables is WOMAN'S CONSTANCY; but may we not believe that the *returned compliment* would be more founded in truth? For where is Love's favourite residence? In woman's heart, surely!—We have one friend who bears an honest and truthful testimony:

> "'Tis *woman* who, with firmer heart,
> Can see all the idols of life depart;
> And soothe the more," etc.

KLOPSTOCK was called by his friends "the youth for ever." He married Margaretha Möller in 1754. She died in 1758. He pleased himself with placing white lilies on her grave; because the lily is the most exalted of flowers, and she was the most exalted of women. Cidli is an imaginary name given to Meta in his odes. Friederich Gottlieb Klopstock was buried at Ottensen, a village near Hamburgh, under the lime-tree planted on Meta's grave, forty years before.

It was said of an ancient philosopher that he spoke more with the gods than with men. It is recorded of Luther that he prayed three hours every day. Who knows the worth and the power of PRAYER? It is the key which unlocks the treasury of heaven. Mary Queen of Scots is reported to have said that she feared the prayers of John Knox more than an armed host.

That FICTION may be an instrument of good, it is necessary that it convey moral truth, and truth only—whereas in

* These papers are detached, and mostly without date; but many are very early. As here arranged, the order of time may not always have been preserved.

most works of the novel kind the sentiment is as fictitious as the tale: such incidents never did happen; or if they did the results would be very different from the winding up of the story. Such fictions give false views, false feelings, and false expectations—false judgments of life and character. They bear no resemblance to the parables of Scripture, which are essential truth—are just relations of existent things; and are exact though unreal representations of reality.

John Bunyan speaks very truly when he tells us that the boy singing his song while feeding his father's sheep in the VALLEY OF HUMILIATION, was happier far, and had more *heart's ease* in his bosom, than many in a court, arrayed in embroidered silk.

Poor DIOGENES, who was content with his tub, his staff, his leathern bag, and his wooden cup, said to Alexander who asked him if he "wanted any thing?"—"yes, that you would stand out of my sunshine, and not take away what you cannot give." This answer might be serviceable to many, who deprive others of pleasure, which they cannot bestow.

The Scriptures of Truth plainly declare that the "LOVE OF MONEY is the root of all evil;" and the records of history, and every day's observation of human nature, confirm the justice of this statement. Avarice has impelled to every kind of extortion, and to every form of meanness. Even life has been counted as nothing in comparison with the accumulation of money. Age, which brings to decay and death many of the vices, often does but strengthen and invigorate the love of money for its own sake. Yet, as age increases, covetousness becomes more deformed and hideous. It may indeed assume the appearance of better qualities, and with some it may pass for the virtue of prudence or economy; but where it has taken strong possession of the mind, its power over a man can no more be concealed from others than his own existence.

If REVERENCE could be excited in the mind of a heathen by the words "Cato sees thee;" what emotions should we feel when we know that God sees us!

The HANDWRITING may be supposed to bear some analogy with the character of the writer, as all actions are characteristic of the individual. This is true when the pen acting without constraint may be guided by the feelings, and is indicative of them. Nature would tend to produce a different handwriting in different individuals; as she has given to every one a countenance, voice, and manner, different from those of others. Hence the hand-writing may well be influenced by the writer's habit of mind—but the pen is often guided by a careful mechanical process.

Remember the aphorism: "The wise man is not dead to the influence and power of NATURE."

The principles of RELIGION do not find the mind in a state FREE and UNBIASSED by previous tendencies and susceptibilities: they do not offer their claims to our unprejudiced understanding. Our intellectual faculty is involved in moral darkness, till it is freed from everything which is unfavourable to the reception of Divine Truth. Religion does not reside only in the understanding—till it engages the affections it is comparatively powerless and uninfluential. No doubt the exercise of the affections will form a grand part of the happiness of heaven.

REMEMBRANCE, how great thy power! Memory is the depository of our most sensible happiness, and of our acutest sufferings. It brings the past to the present, and without it we could never divine the future. It enables us, from the past, to anticipate pleasures or pains to come.

The STUDY OF NATURE is INEFFICIENT, in and of itself, to produce a thoroughly good state of society. It may civilize mankind and improve their character; but it cannot make truly good and happy men. Its discoveries in regard to morals and religion are too limited, and its motives too feeble. The truly good man—the good society of men, must be formed by that knowledge, and that attention to conduct, which belong to just views of Divine Truth; and *this* Revelation alone supplies.

It is very affecting to see the young and the old so much pleased with all that belongs to WAR, if not with war itself: for we have sustained tremendous moral injury when we have ceased to think of war as a dreadful evil—a national curse. From the testimony of God, we learn that the murder of even one individual is a heinous sin. But how completely does evil passion pervert the judgment of man—how does the god of this world blind the understanding of mankind! Let us pray that our minds may be enlightened by the Spirit of God, that we may see things in their proper light—in the light of truth; and that knowledge and righteousness may be the stability of our times; and the period may soon arrive when the sword shall be beaten into the ploughshare, and the spear into the pruning hook, and the nations shall learn war no more.

MEMORY is indispensable as a faculty of the mind. Without memory, of what service would be our other mental powers? Our knowledge would be of no value, if it were forgotten as soon as acquired. Neither intellectual nor moral instruction would be of the slightest advantage, were no ideas retained in the mind. The experience of the past could afford us neither pleasure nor profit. All the past would only be one dead blank:—no bright and hopeful vision—no lovely and endeared objects for the eye and heart to rest upon—no soul-stirring associations. All that the mind luxuriates upon, and the heart loves to live upon, would be lost and gone for ever, in its very birth. It is by the memory of ideas, thoughts, and images actually experienced, that fancy is enabled to revel in the ages before the flood; and to go back to the primeval innocence, and beauty, and purity of Eden. We can thus picture to ourselves the history of nations, and the rise and fall of empires—we can revive in thought the sayings of the philosopher, the song of the poet, the eloquence of the orator, the martial spirit and triumphs of the warrior. Memory can hold communion with shadowy abstractions, as well as bright realities. Memory enshrines within herself the heart that returned her own affection. Memory follows us in our waking moments; and even in our nightly hours she often attends us as a guardian spirit, administering some pleasing dream. It may also be said that

she sometimes harasses her victims, by denying them the sweets of forgetfulness, when their day of toil or suffering requires repose. She keeps them lingering over departed hopes and joys. Yet even from pain, she can extract pleasure and inspire hope. Memory can aid in the improvement of character. When the mind of man is renewed by the Spirit of God, the memory, as well as the other faculties of the soul, is sanctified, and is made to advance the Christian life. And who will say that the redeemed spirits in heaven do not reap unspeakable happiness from memory? Do they not strike their harps in the recollection of that love which drew them from sin to holiness and bliss? But, on the other hand, has not memory, in the breast of a wicked man, often been a burden too heavy for him to bear? It has lighted up a flame of torment; so that he would be glad to extinguish for ever all sense of the past. But this misery attends him not only in time—it follows him to eternity; and there he finds that memory still continues, and that it is as a gnawing worm that dies not.

What is COMMON SENSE? A faculty which consists in the harmonious and effective co-operation of all the rest.

CONTENTMENT and MODERATION, according to the axiom of the poet—"man wants but little here below," appear now in danger of being discarded. A thousand artificial necessities are created by the luxury of the age, and lead us to aim at more than we possess or need. Desire, a general principle implanted by God for wise purposes, is directed to the too ardent pursuit of things of the earth, and becomes the parent of numerous sins. We lose sight of our actual enjoyments, in the eager desire of things beyond our reach. Discontent becomes the bane of our happiness. We suffer from the factitious shame of being destitute of those things enjoyed by others around us. Frequently we covet things not for their own sake, but because of the conventional importance attached to them by society. If we justly estimated our character—what we have received, and what we merit—we should not be found cherishing the spirit of discontent, but learning to be satisfied and happy.

It is desirable that SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHERS should UNDERSTAND EDUCATION in its principles—that we should know how instruction may be most effectually communicated. For this end we must have some knowledge of the properties of mind. Of its essence, as also of the essence of matter, we are ignorant; but we know the existence of mind by the manifestation of certain powers, the developments of which are clearly seen; as we know the existence of matter by its solidity, extension, and other properties. The capacity of knowing, and the powers of desiring and willing, indicate the existence of mind. Before desire can be formed, there must be apprehended some real or supposed good in the desired object—though we often form erroneous estimates of the value of things, and may thus spend our energies in pursuits detrimental to our highest interests.

Desire may be said to be the great principle and spring of all our actions. In order that our actions may be right, our desires must be regulated by knowledge. Hence the danger to which we are exposed by ignorance. Without the light of knowledge, man will never find his way to immortality. How should we rejoice that the glorious light of Revelation shows the path to heaven; and that we are directed to pray for the arrival of that most happy period when knowledge and truth shall prevail, and the will of God shall be done on the earth.

The desire of knowledge calls forth that manifestation of our minds which is called *attention*. Attention is the *eye* of the mind. It must be antecedent to our knowledge, and is the medium through which we obtain it all: for our knowledge corresponds with the amount of attention we have given to its acquisition. We gain information not only from external objects, but also from the operations of the mind; and from comparing the ideas we have gained by observing such operations. Nevertheless those who have given their attention indiscriminately to thought, may understand but little of the practical details of life. If, however, we wish to excel in any one subject, as any branch of art or science, we must concentrate our attention on it. All the diversity of knowledge which distinguished individuals possess, is owing to the varied application of the faculty of attention, stimulated by the desire of knowing. Thus our first care should be to excite

a love of knowledge, to raise attention, to correct any deficiency in it—to guard against those casualties by which it may be interrupted, and to give it strength and vigour by exercise; though we should also guard against overstrained application. Such a process will develope the powers of the mind, and form a capacity which may ultimately contain great stores of knowledge.

Images and notions formed in the mind are called *ideas;* which are the rudiments of all our knowledge, and are obtained originally from attention to external objects. The truth or incorrectness of our ideas, will determine the accuracy or error of our conclusions. *Perception* is an act of mind which we perform, when a material object is presented to our senses. Accurate perception is of the highest importance, whether we are engaged in our own education or that of others. The truth of many of our ideas depends on the accuracy of our perceptions; and it is lamentable to think how much error we may give to others even by one incorrect perception, which may produce false ideas; and one false idea may produce another, till our conclusions may leave us amidst a mass of error.

Conception forms a representation of an external object not under the immediate cognisance of any of our senses: we also have conceptions relating to what is not material.

Consciousness relates solely to internal matters—the operations of the mind, and forms no sensible representation; but knows what it knows immediately, and may exist without the senses.

The erroneous exercise of our faculties produces great danger to us, and may do so in subjects of infinite importance.

Principles of CHRISTIAN EDUCATION.*—The grand principle of action to be inculcated, is the love and fear of God. A reference to God as manifested in Christ the Saviour of sinners, should attach to all our efforts in education. Children can understand this character of God, better than the abstract idea of Deity; and it is of immense importance that they should begin with just notions and habits of thought. Instil the principle of subordination and subjection to God, and to

* These few detached thoughts, like those immediately preceding, were probably noted down in connexion with Sunday-school labours.

superiors. Let children be taught to form their estimate of right and wrong, not from the laws and opinions of men, but from the laws of God. Teach them the obligation to do his will, rather than follow selfish gratification: teach them that we live not to please ourselves.—Obedience to Parents.—Speaking and acting Truth.—Avoidance of Evil Company.—Contentment.—Children to guard against the habit of disputing and quarrelling.—Keep them from the evils attending on superstitious notions.—Endeavour to avoid the evils of a mind unduly excited: promote every thing that is sober, sound, and consistent. Natural temperament and character may predispose to feverish excitability; or to a love of the new, and of change: but education, example, and habit, have almost unlimited power to stimulate and repress.

AMBITION fills the mind with restless desires, undermines simplicity and sincerity, and is as much at variance with our personal happiness as it is with religion. If our hearts do but consent to the world-renouncing requirements of religion, we shall be peaceful and happy. The love of Christ alone, can render self-renunciation easy and delightful. It is when this principle is in vital operation that we are satisfied with the praise of God, without the honour that cometh from men. Religion does not forbid the attainment of any real good; but it prescribes the motive of action, the object at which we are to aim—the glory of Him who is all in all, and the good of the human family. May our prayer daily be that whether our talents be few or many, they may be occupied for God. The motives which lead to an exclusively worldly ambition must be wrong; but the deceitfulness of our hearts supplies many subtleties which promise us much pleasure in the pursuit of pre-eminence. But can a self-worshipper be happy? Can impatience, and irritability, and hatred, and envy—the fruits of ambition, bring peace and rest to the human soul?

How much of brain is necessary to attract considerable ADMIRATION? Often only a very small quantity, provided the aspirant after admiration will but accommodate himself to the popular likings, and the prejudices and fashions of the day.

GREAT OBSTACLES contribute to form great characters. The energy requisite to surmount unusual difficulties, is often called forth by the very greatness of these difficulties; and thus are formed habits of exertion which give rise to extraordinary efforts.

When LOVE reigns in the heart, its power is felt throughout our being. Difficulties which reared themselves like mountains, sink into nothingness. The influence of love can awaken energy which had long slumbered within our minds. We can feel motives which inspire us to pursue duty in the face of untoward circumstances, and to follow a course of self-sacrifice with alacrity because it has the concurrence of the heart.

Must not beautiful and sublime SCENERY tend to suggest many admirable pictures to the mind, even in early life? From individual experience, we can form some judgment of the influence of the objects of nature in calling forth and strengthening the imagination in childhood and youth. Many prospects first known in our early days, are still remembered. Many emerald spots seen in rich golden light, adorn the wide waste of life; and bring to our recollection romantic visions, now past, but once delightful to our souls.

It seems probable that selfishness in the form of COVETOUSNESS, led ELYMAS to withstand the Apostles. He was a pretender to sorcery; and he knew well that his deeds of dissimulation and darkness would not bear the light of the gospel. He rightly calculated that his gains would surely soon be gone, did these heavenly doctrines prevail among men. His heart followed after his covetousness, and induced him to seek to turn away the Deputy from the faith. The same spirit led the masters of her who brought much gain by soothsaying, to accuse Paul and Silas before the magistrates, on the charge that these men, being Jews, did exceedingly trouble the city of Philippi. A principal obstacle to the spread of the gospel among the Oneida Indians was found in the character and conduct of Indian traders—a class of men who employ themselves in exchanging coarse European goods, and ardent spirits, with the Indians, for their furs and peltry. In

their trading, they were covetous and oppressive; and in their lives licentious. The greater part of their gains arose from the sale of spirits; and seeing that their craft was in danger by the introduction of the gospel among the Indians, they arrayed themselves against Christianity and its missionaries; while they themselves, as white men, were considered by the natives to be Christians. Thus the covetous and unprincipled lives of these traders were regarded as the proper effects of the Christian religion.

We might suppose that POETRY was the emanation of a devotional mind offering adoration to the great Creator, and that the heaven-born art was known in Paradise; for the soul of man would necessarily derive exalted feelings and high inspiration from converse with God, and the intellectual beings of a higher world. Historic events were also transmitted in song from one age to another. We may imagine that MUSIC was first employed to accompany the sublime conceptions that were dedicated to the praise of the Almighty. Music and PAINTING would be of subsequent birth to Poetry, and they would require much improvement from time to time in order to attain a high degree of perfection: but Poetry, being the language of nature and of man, could at once speak out the feelings of his soul. Painting can furnish brilliancy of colouring and accurate delineation, and can exhibit the wonderful effect of light and shade, and perspective: still the appeal is more immediately, here, to the senses than to the mind. Poetry is more intellectual than either Painting or Music; and it is more adapted permanently to affect the heart. In order to enjoy it there must be intellect and education. Poetry is, as it were, the combination of Music and Painting —the harmony of the one, and the imagination of the other. Music, indeed, has a magic charm on the human soul —it can inspire joy, or hope, or love, or melancholy, or martial fire; but the feelings which it excites soon pass away. Its influences are sweet, but transient as the rainbow. And though Painting can represent an object more forcibly than words can describe it, yet its power to pourtray the feelings and passions of the soul is limited. Nor can Painting or Music aid devotion like Poetry. Poetry, then, is superior both to Music and Painting.

How desirable to live in patient SUBMISSION to the will of our Father in heaven; to be superior to the fretful and peevish complaints into which our depraved nature is ever apt to fall. While the gourd on which we hung our hopes of abiding enjoyment may have faded and died at our feet, how delightful to realize the soft and benign influences of religion cheering and animating the perturbed mind. O how happy are those who know the high, the ennobling, the heaven-born influences of a disposition humble and resigned to the will of God—a mind in which the turbulent passions of our nature are suppressed—in which there is much of the hallowed temper of Jesus, much of his heavenly Spirit! Here is the secret of happiness—here is permanent satisfaction, tranquillizing the stormy emotions of the soul, and elevating it above the accidents of time. As one means of attaining to this temper, may we learn to take a sober estimate of all this passing scene; and to fix our supreme desires on God, the chief good.

AFFLICTION is as sure to mortals as the laws of nature. History, observation, and experience, all say this; and it is well when we are the better for our troubles. It is well when we can humbly trace our growth in religion, while experiencing them. It is in the day of affliction that we often come to ourselves, are led to think, are brought to consideration—when the heart, under close examination, discovers much of sin which lay latent in prosperity, and which perhaps was never suspected of being fostered, till the character passed the test which affliction offers. It is, indeed, well when our afflictions lead us to mourn over our corruptions more than over our calamities, and make us more desirous that we may be purified in the furnace than removed from the fire. But when do we see no light? when is our path only covered with thorns?—Never! O encouraging thought, there is mercy in every trial! "He hath not afflicted us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities:" He still says: "I will be with thee in trouble, and will not suffer thee to be tempted above that which thou art able to bear." The Christian may triumph as he joins the great Apostle in saying: "our light affliction is but for a moment, and works out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

The REGENERATION OF SOCIETY can only be effected by religion. It is not in the power of any earthly lawgiver or sovereign, however good, to bring back the reign of purity and innocence to our world. It is not the sage philosopher, nor the benevolent philanthropist, that can exterminate moral evil—nor the force of mere civilization and refinement of manners, nor the austerities of the monk and the solitude of the hermit, nor the exhibition of mere virtue however rigid, nor the power of education alone, nor the advance of art and science. All these remedies for evil have been advocated by those who, seeing the depravity of mankind, have desired to restore our race to virtue. But they must all fall short of adequate efficiency if they include only human means and operations, and are not based upon Divine agency and instrumentality.

What faculty of the mind so strange as the IMAGINATION: a power which stretches from earth to heaven, and from heaven to earth—which is endless in its activity and its inventions—which looks with disdain on the cold and dull realities of life, and loves to dwell on all kinds of bright and glowing creations of its own. It seeks to throw into the shade all that is common, and to bring into full view all that is elevated, refined, and beautiful. Time and space form no limit to imagination; it flies beyond them as on the wings of the wind; and, disdaining all bounds, roams beyond sun and stars in ceaseless flight from world to world.

In EDUCATION, the springs of human conduct must be carefully considered. Passions appear to be variously modified, according to the differences of the things desired. Their true end is to prompt and influence the activity of the soul in the production of present and future happiness—to prompt man to act suitably to the object and occasion which call them forth. The culture of the mind tends to correct the irregularity of the passions. The less the mind is enriched by education, the more ungovernable are the passions likely to become; for the passions are controlled by reason, and if not properly regulated they will render us like a ship which is endangered by too great a press of sail. It is the province of reason to regulate the

passions, and to prevent the mischief which must arise from their exorbitancy. "Reason should be pilot, if passion catch the gale." But reason, again, requires the aid of religious education, in order to be properly qualified for this office. Reason must be guided by revelation, which directs that all our desires shall be subservient to the will of God. Fear is one of the first passions which shows itself. It is perhaps the most prompt, sudden, and sometimes the least reasonable of all. One object of education should be to regulate fear, as a means of giving force and efficiency to instruction. The Teacher should inculcate the fear of God's displeasure, as a motive for dreading everything that is wrong. The child must be taught to fear displeasing his Parent or Teacher, as a great evil; and to seek his approbation as a stimulus to duty.

We look on a being possessed of MIND WITHOUT HEART, with feelings similar to those which are excited by what is grand and awful in the scenes of inanimate nature. Powerful talent and lofty daring arouse the soul's admiration: but these commanding qualities, if unassociated with tender and benignant feelings, prescribe unwholesome limits to our complacency. A man may inspire our admiration, without awakening our sympathy—our love. He is destitute of the tender susceptibilities of humanity. We can only look with delight at lofty intellect, when we do not feel that it has sacrificed what is so costly as the best sympathies of our nature. It is always sad to think that the power and intense action of the mind should have destroyed the heart.

Whatever can be effected by arrangement and METHOD, should never be left to accident. Even the best affections and principles of the heart may be made better by system and training. What, indeed, may not be accomplished by systematic and combined efforts to do good?

EDUCATION SHOULD BE GENERAL. It is ignorance or effrontery to ascribe to it the present anomalous and alarming state of things. The schoolmaster alone has not turned the world upside down. The landlord by his high rents, the overtrader, the farmers of large farms have assisted. Corn-laws and poor-laws have had their influence, as well as school-laws.

The present scale of education is too large, because too small—no paradox in reality, but only in appearance. The evils arising from a partially diffused education, would be neutralized by making education universal. While a common education is a *distinction* in society, it will be a disturbing force in the framework of social life. Thus education has operated in drawing many from their proper sphere, and their own pursuits. But to limit education would increase the evil: to render education universal would destroy the distinction.

Ecclesiastical and Political Thraldom are so closely conjoined, that the one can scarcely exist without the other. Thus priests have kept the people in ignorance concerning their civil, as well as their religious rights and liberties. The mind cannot conceive of a more iniquitous system of oppression than that which has been upheld for so many ages by the Romish Church. The papal power made its way and acquired its strength under the semblance of religion, and thus it became the guardian of all the systems of political tyranny which prevailed throughout Europe. Before liberty could be enjoyed, or the highest improvement could be effected in the state of society, it was necessary that the human mind should be freed from this thraldom of the spirit, that intellect should be raised from its degradation, that knowledge should be diffused in order to bring men to think and act becoming their character and position. The Pontiffs of Rome have, as was to be expected, been the patrons of popular ignorance; because ignorance has secured to them their power and influence. It was the Reformation which established freedom of inquiry as the natural right of man; and, then, the enormities of that church which pretended to be governed in all things by the laws of God, were exposed in their real character.

There is great truth in Lord Bacon's well-known apothegm, "Knowledge is Power." This was the saying of one of the greatest and the wisest of men that ever adorned the annals of any country—of the man who broke the fetters which spell-bound science for a thousand years, and opened a revelation both of the past and future which will never be lost to the world to the end of time. It is knowledge whicl

gives man power over the energies of the brute creation; which subjects the elements of nature to his control; which teaches him to provide the necessaries, and comforts, and luxuries of life, by teaching him to advance in the arts and sciences. It is knowledge which elevates the mind, by breaking asunder the chains of ignorance, and error, and oppression. Knowledge not only augments our mental power, but also our moral power. It is when our knowledge is rightly directed and applied, that we are happy and useful in this world; are fulfilling the will of our heavenly Father; and are advancing towards that state where the knowledge of God is enjoyed by every mind, and where perfect obedience is seen in union with this knowledge of his will and character. (1828.)

It is not necessary to be able to explain the rationale of an alleged MIRACLE, in order to prove that it may be according to some law. Our limited capacities and knowledge render us incapable of explaining a thousand things which are not accounted miraculous. We may not be able to understand the connexion between the cause and the effect; but it does not follow that there is no connexion. And we may apply this principle to the moral as well as to the physical government of the creation; so as not to be obliged to suppose, in any case, that there must of necessity be a deviation from laws established by God Himself. We cannot account for the property of the loadstone: we know the fact, but nothing more. We are too ignorant to trace the sequence; but this does not prove that all is not according to hidden laws. It is more becoming to assert our ignorance, than to assert that there is properly a suspension of all laws in the case of miracles. There are doubtless laws which we know not of. We must not deny the abstract possibility of a direct intervention of Divine Power, without any concurrence of second causes: but we know too little of these causes and laws to assert, in any case, that events have happened quite independently of them. With regard to modern alleged miracles in the Church—we have not sufficient evidence of their reality. No doubt the credulity of many has afforded infidels a plausible weapon against the miracles recorded in Scripture; which, under whatever laws they may have been

produced, were deviations from all the laws of nature known to us.

The moral APPOINTMENTS and LAWS of GOD need no repeal—no modification: they are good, and will continue to be good when this earth has passed away. The dispensation of mercy is adapted to every change of time and circumstances. It is the duty of all to obey the laws of God; and to form an estimate of right and wrong from his word, and not from the opinions of men. By sin, man has lost the perceptions of God's law which he originally possessed. He is now ignorant of God; his conscience is secure, his judgment perverted, and his actions are founded in false notions—notions perfectly opposed to the will of God as given us in the Holy Scriptures. We see the world cherishing principles of action which the only rule of rectitude condemns. Darkness is substituted for light, and light is regarded as darkness; and the Holy Spirit alone can dispel this moral gloom; and so strengthen our judgment that we may discard all human opinions, and abide by the declarations of God.

SATISFACTION is FROM WITHIN. The glorious beams of the sun, and the beautiful blue sky transform the face of the earth and the appearance of all earthly things. It is thus that the *medium* through which we take our view, affects the aspect of every object whether material or mental. A healthy and well-regulated mind can be happy on a dark and gloomy day, and not only in the season of sunshine. Such a mind triumphs in the thought that the same actual and highest blessings remain to-day as they did yesterday; and that only the medium through which these blessings may be viewed has varied. The moon shines on the dark and troubled sea—the gloomy night flies at the brightening light of the morning, and the clouds break before the sun. The world is *not* one mere void of darkness: there are many brilliant vistas which present scenes of beauty—let us survey them. To a mind rightly influenced by the spirit of religion, there always will be found sufficient to inspire gratitude, peace, and joy.

No mode of teaching is equal to CATECHIZING, as defined by Dr. Johnson: "To instruct by asking questions, and cor-

wers."—But Dr. Johnson once exclaimed: hee!" (1829.)

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forms us of man, we find him indulg- l compositions. We are told by l verse is due to the gods, and not RY, however obscure its origin, was g a primeval nobility. We may, how- nat it owed its existence to the natural We are told that MUSIC had its origin in the hammer upon the anvil. The fancy is ingenious hint might have been suggested to Jubal, as he s brother Tubal-Cain working in brass and iron. The s well knew the power of harmony over mind, and they gined its power over matter: they speak of its wonder- working influence in stopping the waters in their courses, in causing the orbs of heaven to move harmoniously through the universe, ("for ever singing as they shine,") as well as in depriving the savage of his ferocity. May we not suppose, however, that poetry and melody were heard in Paradise—in that state where all was perfect happiness? The power of melody lies in the heart and disposition. Music is a fleeting pleasure, though it causes such lively and varied emotions—such gaiety, or such pensiveness and melancholy, that no language can well express the effect it produces on the mind while being heard. But even a look can convey to the mind a vivid idea of the feeling within—a look may be poetry, and may enrapture us by its natural charm. Benevolent looks are in harmony with all that we can imagine of human happiness. (1829.)

In reading THE SCRIPTURES, we are forced to admire the beauty of their style, their pure morality, and their benevolent aim. We feel convinced that their origin is divine; and that we are bound, by the authority of their real Author, to receive them as our only rule of faith, and standard of duty. As they are the production of the Infinite Mind, it is not to be expected that finite beings should by their reason alone have reached the discoveries which they make. On this account God has sent us a revelation from heaven, suitable to man in all its communications; and if we attend not to the words of eternal life, if we "love darkness rather than light," we must be

walking in the road that leads to death. That there is much in the Scriptures beyond our comprehension, can excite no reasonable wonder. Even the material world is full of mystery. Of the nature of the relation between cause and effect—*how* one element in the natural world acts upon another with invariable certainty—no philosopher has ever explained. That the flower emits its fragrance—that one fluid will unite with another, and change its colour and nature—we simply know to be facts: and thus only we know that similar causes will produce similar effects with undeviating uniformity. Though we cannot comprehend the agencies of nature, we have undoubted proof and intuitive conviction of them. We ought to expect that mysteries will belong to subjects which are beyond an angel's intellect, and to bow in heartfelt gratitude before that God who has revealed to us all that is needful for our salvation and eternal happiness.

We rejoice that this Revelation shows its truth and divinity in the character which it gives us of God. We see that his sovereignty in giving grace to his people, is in harmony with his natural and providential government, which cannot be comprehended fully by human reason. We see his power and mercy in calling sinners from the way of death to the way of life, and receiving them as his children. Here God is seen reconciling the world unto himself—is seen in his attributes of holiness, justice, and love: for the atonement of the Saviour has provided forgiveness for human guilt. Here we are taught the necessity and the benefits of the influence of the Holy Spirit of God, in sanctifying our character, and leading us to persevere in the ways of religion; till God introduces us into the glories of heaven, where we shall see Him for ever and ever, in perfect holiness. For the purpose for which this revelation has been given is plainly told us: "These things are written that ye may know that ye have eternal life; and that ye may believe on the name of the Son of God." May we be found, then, in the daily habit of studying the records of divine truth: and may our obedience, our comfort, and our hope, increase with our knowledge of the letter of the gospel of Christ!

We have practical proof that IGNORANCE is the parent of folly, vice, and misery. We may hope that the man who is

taught his duty to his Maker, will be led to practise it more than the man who is left in ignorance of God and of his will. Lord Bacon has finely remarked that we might as well suppose that a blind man will take a more correct way than a man assisted by the faculty of vision and the light of heaven, as expect the ignorant man to be a better and more useful member of society than his rightly-informed neighbour. We receive the testimony of wise and good men who have given their observation to the subject of education; but we receive also the higher testimony of inspiration that for "the soul to be without knowledge is not good." Holding these sentiments, we must feel interested in the cause of education; and we should pray that all human science may be subservient to the advancement of the knowledge of Him, whom to know is "life eternal;" and that the day may soon come when ignorance and sin shall be swept from the earth, and knowledge and truth be the "stability of the times." (1830.)

It is of the highest importance that YOUNG WOMEN should have that MORAL CULTURE which shall impress on their minds the fact of that moral responsibility which extends to the innumerable minutiæ of female duty. All performance of duty, indeed, ought to proceed from principle. Right principles, therefore, should be carefully inculcated on them. How, important, then, that we should early come under right influences—that all those nameless and often undefinable agencies which tend to form our sentiments, our opinions, our dispositions, our character, should be of the best kind—that the temper should be regulated, selfishness repressed, motives scrutinized and weighed; so that we may advance in virtue, in happiness, and in usefulness.

How important for WOMAN to know her MISSION! It is more than melancholy to think of the multitudes of indolent, thoughtless creatures, who act as though they had no minds of their own—no moral or mental faculties; and who, as imbecile children, yield themselves up to the guidance of any who will relieve them from the trouble and responsibility of thinking and acting for themselves. And these are the beings who are intrusted with the keeping of the sacred treasures of home!—whose tone of moral character *might* be such as to prove a

source of everlasting blessing to husbands and children—whose influence might tend to counteract the ever growing evils of society.

It would indeed be a glorious effect of woman's influence, could she call back the man of business from pursuing with too soul-absorbing an interest his worldly affairs—could she induce him only to give to them a legitimate care and consideration; and thus secure more leisure for the improvement of all the feelings of his moral nature, and for the service he owes to God. Who is sufficient for these things? Certainly not the woman who prides herself on being a mere learned lady—or one, on the other hand, whose mind has only been devoted to external accomplishments; or whose interest in life has been confined to fashions, and frivolities, and vanities of the world. Can indolence, and selfishness, and vacuity of mind, which seek enjoyment chiefly in sickly sentiment and superficial reading, fit a woman for life? O no!—this fitness can only be acquired in proportion as a woman possesses moral greatness—in proportion as her heart, and all her moral feelings have been disciplined. It surely must be the sacred duty of a mother to give to her daughter that training which will fit her for the discharge of the various duties that may devolve on her, and which belong to a woman's appropriate sphere. Ought not every mother to be deeply alive to this most important obligation?

Whatever relation a woman may *not* sustain, she may be sure she is not acquiring useless or unsuitable knowledge, if she learns the happy and heavenly art of relieving affliction and suffering—if she can bring her thoughts and feelings into the chamber of sickness: for what family on earth is there, that has never known anything of the demands made by the many and various wants of illness? Where is the daughter, or the wife, who has never been called to bring all the aids of benevolent sympathy, judicious thought, and practical skill, to the alleviation of pain and suffering endured by some endeared relative, or some neighbour? And from whom can we expect the fulfilment of this Christian duty? From the well-educated sensible woman, whose mind is regulated by the benevolence which religion inspires. *Her* we may hope to see bringing about these blessed results—exerting all her powers, from a sense of duty and kindness, to be a judicious, kind, good nurse—that she may smooth the pillow for an

aching heart, alleviate the feeling of weakness or pain, cheer the desponding mind—in one word, promote the good and happiness of others.

A woman's intellect ought not to be cultivated, exclusively. This would necessarily produce a want of symmetry in the character. The moral feelings must be rightly trained, in order to give health, and expansion, beauty, strength, and energy to the mind. The woman who has made her intellectual improvement her only or even her chief aim, is not the woman who confers the most beneficent influence on society. It is she who has cultivated her heart as well as head, that commands the highest power, and produces the happiest results. It is moral worth that claims the esteem and love of those around us—not mind alone. Intellectual cultivation may be seeking merely its own aims and interests; moral cultivation withdraws the mind from mere self, to regard the good of others. Not that we should disparage intellectual greatness: we should assign to it its legitimate use—to support moral goodness, and thus make itself subservient to the noblest purposes. Intellect rightly used will give us discernment in what relates to our individual, social, and domestic duty, in many of the minor perplexities of life and conduct, as well as on greater occasions. How many apparently well-intentioned persons, for want of good judgment, good sense, or good taste—having no nice perceptions of the fitness of things, create nothing but disgust in minds which have been always trained to delicacy of feeling, order, and purity—and indeed bring scandal on religion; which they profess teaches them what they are, as well as what it requires of them! How delightful is it to see a high-minded, noble-hearted woman, cheerful, and contented with the lot which God has assigned her—firm in the belief that she is placed where her powers qualify her to act out the gracious designs of Him who doth all things wisely and well! (1841.)

Happy the man whose fireside is lighted by the intelligence, and sympathy of a GOOD WIFE. There may be the contrast to this. There is often seen a poor, morbid, imbecile, mindless creature; who has no hold upon her husband's heart, simply because there is no kindred feeling—no alliance of soul. She is incapable of interesting her husband's mind

by the utterance of thought and feeling. She awakens no answering chord—no harmony—no congenial idea: in short, she is no society for him; and is utterly unable to enter into the states of mind and modes of feeling appreciated by him. (1842.)

A WOMAN whose FRIVOLOUS and INSIPID character testifies no consciousness of the dignity of her nature—a rational and immortal being voluntarily lowering herself in the scale of creation, aiming chiefly at gracing the brilliant assembly—(like those of Paris, where the young men are said to "have nothing to do, and the young women nothing to say")—this is not the woman to whom we must look for true and enduring affection. Alas, that there should be, under heaven, a woman who can only flutter like a butterfly in the sun-beam! Possessing no essential elements of high character, she will not—cannot be more loved and esteemed in proportion as she is known. Fireside virtue, domestic retirement, have few charms for her. A vain and self-complacent spirit induces her to prefer a scene where she can shine; and can hope for the incense of flattery, to satisfy the tastes of her low, earthly, worldly mind.—It is the woman whose efforts are prompted by Christian motives, and are framed to produce beneficial practical results—the woman who comprehends her nature and her relative position, that alone can be expected to perform well the duties of the sphere in which God has placed her, be that sphere what it may.—Choose a woman who can summon sunshine around her, who can give light and warmth to home, who can impart animation and interest to social life—whose well-stored mind will deliver her from *ennui*, and from what would be called dull days and wearisome evenings, according to the capricious and enslaving rules of fashion and folly. (1842.)

"The HEART is DECEITFUL above all things; who can know it?" Ah, indeed, every day's knowledge of ourselves and of others shows us the depth of truth which there is in this inspired, infallible saying! What are the best of men, but men at the best? How possible to be influenced by self-glory and vanity; while, to the eye of the world, men may appear as victims of self-denial, and martyrs to disinterested-

ness! How liable are men to mistake; and to sacrifice to a public good the nearer and more sacred claims of home and kindred. A man may be acting much more wisely—better doing his duty, and more truly serving God, by bestowing a few more hundred pounds on his son's education (for such procedure promises to make him in the highest sense a better citizen of the world for life)—than in forbearing to do so from no other consideration whatever but the amount of expense; while he intends to lay down *at once*, the next day, a thousand pounds for a more public and distant object. (1845.)

A mother is disposed to look on a CHILD of somewhat TROUBLESOME ACTIVITY with a very tolerant eye. She perceives the independence, the enterprise of the child's mind; and she would guard against the evils which must in the nature of things assail such a mind. She sees strength of will developed day by day; but she also dreads crushing that individuality of character which is the gift of God. But is the issue of all this shrouded in darkness or despair? O no!—she dwells with delight on those qualities of head and heart which, under due control, are capable of lighting up her child's path through this world, to a higher and better state of being; where these same faculties and qualities, enlarged and sanctified, will fully answer the end of their bestowment. In such faith and hope may not a Christian mother well indulge, while she seeks divine aid in endeavouring to fulfil her parental duties? (1847.)

We may reasonably ask whether the CHILD who is allowed to reach his eighth or ninth year without being TAUGHT to LOVE and FEAR GOD, is to be expected, in maturer years, to be possessed of those principles which by God's help would enable him to resist the temptations and influences of an ensnaring world? The rich soil of childhood has been neglected, and weeds have sprung up. It is the young mind that is tender and soft to receive any good impressions, ere it has come in contact with the habits and imbibed the spirit of the world. And "of such is the kingdom of heaven." The infant heart can feel the force of a mother's prayers and serious instructions; and yet there are mothers who never

teach their infants—never talk to them of the love of Him who loved little children; and who thought it not too much trouble to take them in his arms and bless them, and to leave with his disciples the command: "Feed my Lambs." Yes, there are mothers who think it too much trouble to descend to the ideas of childhood, and to seek to imbue the young mind with the first principles of love to God; which, implanted in our earliest and most important years, may be strengthened by habit and by time, and prepare us for both worlds.—It appears surprising that any should be found entertaining the notion that it is of no avail to talk to little children about religion. Does profane history tell us of no parents who well knew that childhood was the time to be embraced for kindling a martial or a patriotic spirit?—the case of Hannibal, for instance. No harm can result from instilling moral and religious sentiments too early; but if we begin too late, the summer is ended, the harvest is past, and all is lost.

Believe in the lesson which MARMONTEL enforces: "Secure to yourself a livelihood independent of LITERARY SUCCESS; and put into this lottery only the overplus of means. Woe to him who depends wholly on his pen! Nothing is more casual. The man who makes shoes is sure of his wages—the man who writes a book is never sure of anything." (1848.)

A man of education and learning remarked to us that "our sons might be expected to make their way through the world; but not so our DAUGHTERS—they were SOURCES of ANXIETY and apprehension." But why so?—mainly because their minds are not early well-regulated to self-government, and they are not instructed in the performance of those duties which they ought to be qualified to attend to.

CULTIVATE your MIND and HEART. Use every means which God has put into your power for this purpose. You will thus be fitting yourself for rightly discharging every duty, and for rendering intelligent, rational, enlightened service to Him whom you are bound to serve. Cultivate the habit of industry. Let every hour have its right and appropriate work. Have

no listless moments. Be up and doing in these stirring times. Always have some useful employment at hand—some useful book, or work to engage your leisure moments.

How much importance attaches to a PRACTICAL ATTENTION to what may be neglected as TRIFLES! Mrs. Hannah More well remarks that *trifles* make up the bulk of human things. But you say "these trifles are such common-sense matters—known to all the world, known to our grandmothers fifty years ago." Yes, the burden of my song relates to mere details—trifles in themselves when viewed separately, and known well-enough in theory. But here is the woful point—that practically they are often not so known as to be attended to. Many women despise them; but live to see their folly in the pecuniary embarassments of their husbands, and the descent of their children in the scale of society—perhaps even to *service;* a state of things which would once have been thought of only with horror or disdain.

On whom, in all the middle ranks of life, must devolve the management of domestic details? On servants?—then who are to be their teachers and superintendents, if mistresses are to be superior to such humble cares? Will not Esop's fable of the Farmer and the Larks read, to many, a moral lesson? Women of education, of accomplished minds, of some station in society—those who have rode in their carriages, have yet lived in discomfort all their days from their youth, for want of practical habits. The absence of neatness and arrangement in their houses—nay, sometimes even the want of cleanliness in their persons and their dress, spoke nothing of the "mind's sweetness," which the good Herbert says is sure to have its "operation on the body, clothes, and habitation." I have myself known women whom I have admired for their mental powers, and even for some Christian graces, who have caused my heart to ache when I have observed the sad want of cleanliness and order which pervaded the whole economy of their households. And I have known the effect of this on their husbands, when they could not see in their homes the delicacy and refinement which they admired, and could thoroughly appreciate—and the effect on their children too. Think of their daughters growing up, and transmitting the same bad habits to another generation. Good manage-

ment, without a mean ungenerous parsimony, may render even a scanty income more sufficient than ampler means where there is extravagance and want of plan. The absence of practical attention to trifles may be seen in a careless and slovenly way of keeping accounts, in the waste of materials of various kinds, as well as of time. All this mischief can only be remedied by wakeful diligence, foresight, a just sense of responsibility and of all claims—in short by practical sense and conscientiousness. (1849.)

We may believe—indeed we are fully authorized to believe that ALL is WELL and WISELY ARRANGED that concerns us. This appears, now, to Infinite Reason: and however we may fail at present to realise it—that "He hath done all things well," will certainly at some future time be our own conviction—when, from a more advantageous height, we shall be enabled to take more correct and exalted views of the government of the Great Supreme; who is not only Infinite Power and Absolute Wisdom, but Boundless Benevolence. How can the minds of short-sighted mortals be expected to scan the ways of the Eternal! Surely it becomes such beings as we are to bend in silence and adore; and to rejoice that we are permitted to indulge hope, and to aspire onward and upward. We believe that after the dissolution of our animal organization, there will be a renewal of life—that we shall live again for ever—even if we should not, at death, immediately enter on the highest and ultimate stage of spiritual existence. Is not all well, since all is preparing the Christian for this new life of unutterable bliss? (Oct. 1849.)

LETTERS.

(To Miss Devenish.)

ROMSEY, *Nov.* 24, 1821.

I HAD anticipated the pleasure of writing a long letter to my dearest Sister, but unavoidable occurrences have hitherto denied me this "opinate oblectation"—to quote one of Mrs. Beaumont's "acroamatical" expressions with which she interlarded her common conversation. You well remember her character, in the fascinating novel *Santo Sebastiano* or the *Young Protector*, which we have been perusing, and which has excited great interest, and awakened those feelings attendant on these fervid productions of imagination. When concluding such works I have interrogated myself—"where is the calm and tranquil pleasure which pervades the mind when books of substantial character have been perused?"—and conscience is compelled to answer that this steady satisfaction gives place to feelings of a more excited and turbulent nature. This consideration alone sufficiently evidences the baneful effects arising from the habitual reading of such compositions. The degrees of mischief caused by these writings are indeed various. Minds imbued with very sound and vigorous sense may escape comparatively without injury; but few, I think, are these exceptions. Many novels are finely written—which we cannot but admire; and character is often admirably sketched: but this point, to which so much weight is considered to be attached, says little in favour of these productions; for, as Dr. Johnson has remarked, there are many scenes in actual life which ought never to be drawn.

But not to engross my sheet with ideas and opinions, which, being exclusively from my own cogitations, can have

but little value, I hasten to a few particulars (not very important) relating to our illustrious selves. We are enjoying the comfort of "rude health" in the true sense of the word. The kind invitation to Godwin's-Croft we have declined. I could not help smiling at Mr. J— A—'s remark that he firmly believed he was becoming garrulous. * * In my opinion, Uncle weathers the storm of life much better than does Mr. ——. We enjoyed a laugh, with Mr. and Mrs. M. A——, at the possibility of a man's having a bald pate without the aid of his Xantippe, who is so unwarrantably held to be a type of the female sex. Such you know are the animadversions we are obliged to hear; and Addison observes, "whether women possess a nicer sense of honour, or there be some other cause, they certainly do feel most acutely the aspersions that are cast on the female character." * * *

I have, however, been struck with the effect produced on the mind by unlimited encomiums and exalted panegyric, especially when the outline of character is sketched to us with the pencil of long and intimate knowledge. We are apt to look for qualities refined almost to perfection—manners the most elegant and finished, when the portrait is given us in such brilliant and glowing colours. One might almost expect to see a kind of celestial divinity. However, as I always estimate according to my own persuasion, and not according to the judgment of the multitude, I am pleased with more moderate pretensions, and do not expect to find perfection.

* * * *

I have been thinking how great are the diversities and contrasts subsisting between different individuals, all nurtured by the same hand, reared on the same soil, etc. How different their dispositions—marked so vastly in the various pursuits they choose to follow. * * *

We have accepted a pressing invitation to meet the two Miss Sharps at Mrs. Comley's, on Monday. We are very happy and comfortable, as appears from our tarrying so long at Romsey. Uncle is attending to some Town-business to-day; and I rejoice at this occurrence, because sorry should I have felt not to have written a long scrawl. I could write all night if the paper permitted. I would ransack my brains for ideas, so as not to shorten this chat. I am unwilling to say

adieu. Return in reply a trebly-written letter, I most humbly beseech you. * * *

I am most sincerely concerned to find that Mr. William Blatch continues so ill: it is now a long time since he attended the Chapel at Bulford. Miss Sarah Olive of Christchurch is dangerously ill—indeed no hopes are entertained of her recovery. We have heard three times this week of your welfare—by Brother's letter, E. Blatch's to Uncle, and through Mr. Hall. Give our duty to Mamma; and best love to all the dear Brothers, Sisters, and Friends assembled. Adieu, dear Sister.

M—— D——.

(To her Sisters.)

CHRISTCHURCH, *Oct.* 29, 1823.

Sisters dear.—You see this letter is actually dated from Christchurch. Bulford, though lost to sight, in memory stands as dear as ever. Thither still points the index of the mind with interest and delight: nor can all the beauties of this animated neighbourhood, nor all the works of art either ancient or modern—not excepting the fine church, and the fine ruins overrun with the creeping ivy which meet your view on entering Christchurch—eclipse or bring into oblivion the simple scenes which Nature has so kindly placed around the sequestered hamlet of Bulford. Nor can all the *beaux* and *belles* who have blest my sight cause me to forget our family group—the ever-welcome countenances of those I love—yes even those who dwell "remote from grandeur or renown," on the confines of a plain* which would cause many almost to die of *ennui*. But what are plains, or rivers, or cataracts, or seas, to influence pure affection? Nothing.—Nothing can break the links of love and friendship; and

> "Oft, in Fancy's rich domain,
> Do Friends reciprocally meet."

But why send you a voluminous epistle of my trite and shallow ideas? I will cease, and just venture to open the budget of news—just give you the leading particulars of subjects now on the tapis. To begin—you must know (for why

* Salisbury Plain.

should relatives be kept in the dark) that your cousin Mr. —— —— will shortly lead to the hymeneal altar the beautiful and fascinating young widow Mrs. ——: the decisive day cannot be far distant. * * *

I must say one word relating to our journey. We were driven very safely and well by our kind brother Aldridge to Sarum—enjoyed our ride in the coach. One good lady was our only companion, who spoke neither good nor bad, and we left her at Ringwood bewailing the loss of a newly-purchased silk umbrella, which reminded us of the admonition of our good sister. After getting out of the coach, we only waited five minutes before Mr. H— A— appeared, apologizing for being so late. He pointed out all the beauties of the neighbourhood. We met a party of his friends the first day of our arrival—his sister elect, Miss M— E—, Mr. J— E—, and their good mother, and Mr. and Mrs. S. Poor Anne was haunted by her unwelcome head-ache, and did not join the company till tea-time; but I am happy to say she is now quite well.

Our friends give us a very welcome reception. Whether Mr. Gunn leads his admirers to imitate St. Paul in giving Christian salutations I cannot say; but certain it is they adopt this plan. * * In Mr. A— you are cheered with the sallies of youth, as well as by the wisdom of age. I have not yet seen a sombre cast to his countenance, and he appears unwilling for any of his friends to look sad and sorrowful. * * Our cousin Mr. H— A— is very cheerful, good humoured, affectionate, and feeling. You would say he possesses a feeling heart if you had seen him take a farewell of his friends, this morning, on leaving for London. I think it speaks volumes for any young man to love *home*—"that dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest."—My good sisters, you positively must send me word immediately which of our good cousins at —— has accepted Mr. ——; for this is the question I am assailed with from every individual—my veracity is called in question—for was ever a similar instance known since the days of Noah, for first cousins to live so near to each other, and yet to remain in ignorance of such an affair? * * * *

I wish you could see a Review which I have been reading, this morning, of Lord Byron. I would copy a few stanzas

that are quoted, were they worth it. Alas, poor Byron! How are the mighty fallen! His meridian glory is past. How insignificant whether a name stands enrolled high in the annals of fame, if it be not found inscribed in the archives which endure through eternity! I rejoice that the vile and the pernicious of the writings of Byron are sinking into the shade. It speaks favourably for the morality of the country, that genius cannot atone for what opposes the interests of Christianity. I hope to read Mr. Irving's Orations before I come home; and if I have time the Memoirs of Napoleon Bonaparte by Las Casas. I would write more, but I am compelled to say Farewell. Do write me a very long epistle. Remember me to all friends. I hope you are all well. Send me good admonitions, counsels, etc.; for Minerva will never deign to notice so insignificant a child. Mrs. A— wishes Brother to come and spend a Sunday here, and why not? * * Give our kind love to Mamma, Brother, and every individual of our family—and believe that we feel, and do accept sincere thanks for all your kind services. With affection, I remain, Your attached sister,

M—— D——.

P.S.—O that I could eloquently plead! that I could but prevail on Brother to spend a Sunday in Christchurch. Do, my good Sisters, beg him to accede to my earnest wish.—I should be glad to see even a dog from home.—Good night.

(To Miss Devenish.)

READING, *Aug.* 27, 1826.

My very dearly-beloved Sister has great claims on my affection; and inclination forces me to write a few lines, hurried and unconnected as they will be, from the little time I have at command or which is not appropriated to some particular employment.* You have written me many long letters, and under circumstances when you could echo my words with respect to time—which enhanced their value; I must therefore send something to assure you of my sense of obligation, and my sincere affection.

* See note, p. 39.

I have been reading the *Characters of Theophrastus* translated from the Greek with notes subjoined, by Francis Howell, or to give you the real name, Mr. Isaac Taylor of Ongar. The translation is very good (so say Greek scholars) and the notes very sensible and well-written. I have lately read the "Loss of the Kent." It is one of the most affecting accounts I ever met with, and clearly shows the agency of an over-ruling Providence in the concatenation of circumstances which effected the deliverance of so many human beings from a combination of awful perils. I hope to hear what books *you* are reading—any minute details will be highly interesting to me, and any particulars that respect the welfare of my friends. I find by Anne's letter that our old friend Ruth Hall and her brother have paid you a visit. I regret not seeing them.

One evening all the gentlemen of the Reading-Society met here; and I had the pleasure of contrasting the expression of some of their countenances. * * Mrs. —— very much resembles our dear Miss G., in person and manners. Her profile, in my opinion, is remarkably fine; and her manners very soft and refined. She is sensible, and wise, and good—but has nothing in her constitution like susceptibility or ardent feeling; and for this reason she is not particularly admired by Mrs. L., who has more ardour than is commonly found. Mr. Thomas Everett has lately preached twice at Reading. He is much admired for his talents and character. He has received a unanimous invitation for six months. He is very gentlemanlike and unassuming in his manners; but study and application have not improved his health, as his appearance indicates. I have also heard Mr. —— of ——; and though you cannot call him a great preacher, yet he is so affectionate, so earnest and sincere, that you cannot fail of admiring him. * * I must now wish you good-bye. Accept my very sincere love; and remember to write very shortly to your sister and friend,

M—— D——.

(To Miss Anne Devenish.)

READING, *Sept.* 30, 1826.

My dear, dear ANNE,—I shall tell you nothing new by expressing the very great pleasure I find in conversing with

a beloved friend—in holding intercourse with one who stands in the relation of a friend and sister. I have *heard* that the friendship of a sister is not of the purest and most delightful kind—but *I* think otherwise. It is indeed delightful when the heart feels all the joys and sorrows of a sister; and can participate in every thing that affects the interests of one so near, and one who ought to be so dear! I believe myself sincere when I say that I sympathize in every thing with you and all our dear family; and with delight I give you my opinion that there are few families who love each other so tenderly, so sincerely as we do. And though this opinion of mine may not come with much weight to some of our friends—though it is not the result of eighty years' experience, yet I am sure there is some truth in it; which ought to fill our hearts not only with joy but also with gratitude. But I must stop here, I must leave this subject—ever dear to me and you, and must speak on one more interesting to you, as being now old with me.

On Monday week Mrs. L. took seven of us to Windsor; and among the number were your two sisters. We enjoyed ourselves, as you may suppose, when I tell you that nothing arose to alloy our pleasure. The day was cloudless, the air bland and pure, and our spirits at a very high pitch from the excitement of hope. The beautiful neighbourhood of Reading made us only think and talk of the fine and diversified prospects; and when our exclamations were exhausted, we all agreed to relate some story taken from real life, as fiction is Mrs. L.'s abhorrence.—We first visited St. George's Chapel. Here are three windows designed by West, and painted by Jervoise. One of them represents the shepherds receiving the good news of our Saviour's birth from the angels—one of whom, in Mrs. L.'s opinion, is the very image of our dear dear Brother. You will believe that this remark was music in *my* ears—it has not ceased to echo, and now I wish you to enjoy the pleasure. On one of the ancient monuments is a bishop rudely carved in wood, in a strange posture. This figure is most grotesque and ludicrous; and as you may suppose, there was no danger of our falling in love with this right reverend father.* * * * *

* A long description of Windsor is contained in this and another letter.

I must now, in leaving St. George's Chapel, take leave of my dear Anne, as my paper is exhausted; but I will begin another sheet in the afternoon, if I can by any possible means.—Good-bye—I wish you could hear me speak *vivâ voce*; but, absent or present, believe me ever to remain,

Your very affectionate sister,

M——.

(To Miss Bridge.)

SALISBURY, *April* 30, 1830.

Allow me, my dear Miss Bridge, to offer you the affectionate sympathy of our family. Do not suppose that we only convey the unmeaning language of customary form—we sincerely participate with you in your affliction. It is true we do not know, by sad experience, the loss of a sister—an only sister; but we can sympathize with you who now feel this sad bereavement.

It is, indeed, under such painful circumstances, delightful to know that our friends, when called from the exercise of affection towards us whom they loved, are called to a brighter and happier world; and to partake in those pleasures which the redeemed enjoy in the immediate presence of God. We have many friends who are now glorified spirits in heaven—seraphs *there*—not pilgrims *here*. They sleep in death, to rest with God—they have gained the "victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ." May we meet them there; and with them find death to be only the "gate of life!"

To you and your dear Mother, we give our sympathizing affection, and our kindest wishes that you may enjoy every needful blessing. Believe me to remain, my dear Miss Bridge, Yours very sincerely,

M—— D——.

(To her Sisters.)

WEST-COWES, *Sept.* 1, 1830.

My dear, dear Sisters,—I know how delightful it is to hear from those we love; and therefore I attempt to give you pleasure by communicating a few particulars, uninteresting to all but those who will read them with the partiality of sisterly affection.

I hope my last letter found you enjoying your health, and the society of your kind friends. It left me on the eve of setting off for the Island. We took the earliest coach, and reached Southampton by twelve; and after dinner we took a boat to put us on board the steam-vessel. Unfortunately it rained, but our cloaks and umbrellas preserved us from any material inconvenience; and we had nerved ourselves to meet every difficulty, so that we seemed to have none. It is thus that imagined ills are seen in their true light, and in so many instances disappear. I shall never forget the day, nor the feelings occasioned by the varied scenes that passed before me. I seemed in a new world.

But I have no time to describe my sentiments and feelings connected with my first visit to the Island; and so you will think when I tell you that we were agreeably surprised this morning to see Brother and Catherine, who accepted Aunt's invitation to visit her at her lodgings at Cowes. In one moment we accepted Brother's offer to take us to Portsmouth. We reached Portsea by the steamer before one. As you may suppose, we have been over the Dock-yards. I had no idea previously of the magnitude of some of our men-of-war. The dense smoke and the fierce fires of the forges, (of which we saw forty in one vast room,) and the men hard at work and blackened by the smoke, forcibly suggested to me the infernal regions. The world is full of wonders, and I feel astonished at the many proofs of the ingenuity and skill and power of man. I find myself very worn and wearied to-night from the excitement I have had to-day, which must be my excuse for all defects. I went down below with brother in the steam-vessel to see the engine work, and I think I never was in so hot a temperature. We reached Cowes by half-past five, and were very glad of the refreshment of tea. Brother and Catherine will leave us to-morrow by the steamer, and drive from Southampton and reach Bulford in the evening.

We shall have been a week in the Island to-morrow, and I think it probable that we shall stay another week at least. I think Aunt is better. She has taken warm baths, and now takes cold ones. She accompanied us to Portsmouth. Mrs. W. Whitchurch, and Miss Phœbe W. are coming to-morrow to the house next to our lodgings. We all need rest, so I

must say good night. Surely goodness and mercy have followed us—may we not be unmindful! May we again meet in the enjoyment of every blessing. Accept my best wishes for your present and eternal good, and believe me, ever, Your affectionate friend and sister,

M——.

Remember us to all our Sherborne friends.—Farewell.

(To Miss Sarah, and Miss Hannah Devenish.)

SARUM, *Sept.* 9, 1830.

My very dear Sisters,—from the address of my letter you will perceive that I am arrived at home, the dearest spot on the face of the earth. We left the beautiful Island sooner than Aunt intended, owing to her taking a very severe cold; but which I am thankful to say has now nearly left her. I have taken my visit "on velvet," as Mrs. Jessop terms it. I shall enjoy reading to you the Journal I have written, when we meet once more to form our social circle. O that I could but give you an adequate idea of the beautiful scenery of the Isle of Wight! If you wish to see beauty and variety, go to the Island. I expected much that was picturesque, but all my expectations have been surpassed. An Arcadia could not be more lovely, more delightful than many parts of the Isle of Wight. All who have eyes and souls must be pleased. I envy not the feelings of any one, emperor or philosopher, who could remain unmoved and like a statue with so much beauty spread before him; nor do I think there is any virtue in being dead to the charms of Nature. We know that there are higher pleasures than those arising from poetry and sentiment, and that pleasures purely selfish must be sinful—but I do think that much profit as well as pleasure may be derived from the contemplation of Nature, as all the works of Nature are the works of God—the inimitable productions of his power, his goodness, and his skill. All nature is full of meaning. These works moved the Psalmist to sing, in inspired strains: "O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all. The earth is full of thy riches." And we know

that our blessed Saviour did not look on Nature without finding sources of instruction to man. He has taught us the possibility and the duty of looking through Nature up to Nature's God.

I had no intention of writing thus; but the truth is, I have been holding an argument, this afternoon, on the above subject—not with a poet or a man of taste, I am sure—or with a philosopher. * * Well—now I will endeavour to atone, by giving a few particulars which should have belonged to the introduction of my letter. I am thankful to say that dear Mamma is perfectly well and in excellent spirits; and left, this morning, with Mr. Wells and Aunt, for Radfin. You can easily believe that it seems rather strange to me to find myself alone and quiet, as *one* poor solitary soul must be who has not a friend to whom she can say "how sweet is solitude." Poor Zimmerman! I am disposed to dissent from you just now—while the sun shines, I do not think we should wish to draw around us the black curtain of night: this view is in accordance with Solomon, and must be the right one.

I am afraid the air of Cowes is too keen for Miss W. I sat with her alone the other morning, some time, and was much pleased with her good remarks. She knows that death may be near, and she seems ready for his approach. How delightful to see a Christian, thus prepared to live, and prepared to die!—to see that the businesss of life has been preparation for death! * * I wish you, my dear sisters, could have heard the address which Mr. M—— of Cowes delivered to his young people, last Sunday evening. It was on the importance of joining a Christian church. He stated what blessings he had found attaching to an early profession of religion, and the benefits which Mr. T——, who had preached on the previous Sabbath, had experienced from publicly deciding for God at the early age of fourteen.

The Bible-Meeting is to be held in our city on the 22nd instant—the dawn, I trust, of more auspicious days for the growth of piety and liberality.—I do hope to walk to Britford next week, to distribute Sister's tracts; at least I will make an effort to do so. We shall be glad to see you once more at home; but still I do not advise you to hurry your visits, as we get on very well. You will be pleased to hear that

Anne and Mary are very much enjoying the Society of their friends at Frome. We heard from Winterbourne this morning, and I am happy to tell you that cousin Hannah is able to ride out in the pony-chaise.—Will you try to get more subscribers to the Congregational School? This will be one means of doing good. Appeal to the liberality and benevolence of your friends. * * *

I should have told you that I visited the grave of the "Dairyman's Daughter" at Arreton—the grave of the "blessed."—But I must not return to the Island, or it will be midnight before I conclude. Remember us affectionately to all friends; and accept the love of your dear sister and friend,

M—— D——.

To Mr. B———.

SALISBURY, *July 8th*, 1831.

My dear Sir,—I am joined by Mamma and Sisters, in offering to yourself and Mrs. B. our sympathy under the loss you have sustained; and in expressing our obligation for your kind letter containing the particulars relative to our Cousin's death. You have known a period of trial and affliction—but how is the anguish mitigated, the darkness removed, the bitterness of death sweetened, by knowing that he departed in the belief and hope of immortality! Let us take this consolation—let us rejoice that the friend we have lost has finished his course, kept the faith; and having fought the good fight has gained the "victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." He has merely exchanged earth for heaven, and great has been the gain! Let us, while we give thanks to God for his great goodness, also pray that our death may be that of the righteous — that we, through faith, may also inherit the promises.

To see those we love die in the peace and joy of believing—to see the valley of the shadow of death brightened for them by God's presence—to see them passing through death to enter into life, may surely forbid every unholy murmur, and fill the mind with gratitude and resignation.—

May we who remain still in a world of mortality, ever be mindful of the eternity that awaits us! may we pray more for the realisation of those high, holy, heavenly prospects which belong to the religion of Christ: and may we so run as to obtain the crown of eternal life; that we may bear the glorious image of the Lord, and dwell for ever in his presence!

We all unite in kindest regards and sympathies with you and Mrs. B——; and believe me to remain, my dear Sir,

Very sincerely yours,

M—— D——.

(To Mrs. James Aldridge.)

SALISBURY, *August* 30, 1831.

My dear Friend,—Mamma and Sisters unite with me in expressing our sense of obligation to you and your own dear Friend, for your kind remembrance. I think you can believe that it is not mere etiquette that induces us to offer our good wishes on the intimate and endearing connexion you have formed: most sincerely do we wish you every needful blessing. Memory connects you with ourselves. Yes—memory, historian of our days, tells of our having known each other from our earliest years; and this gives a charm to the past, and an interest to the present.

Oblige me, my dear Friend, by accepting the inclosed book as the offering of friendship and affection. But can "Counsels to a Newly-Wedded Pair" concern *you*, my old friend M—— W——? I can scarcely think it true—it seems all illusion. But yes, "'tis even so!" You have left all your old friends, and this seems very, very sad. When we last parted by the Cathedral, I asked if we were to meet again? I hoped to have a few "last words;" though it is bitter and affecting to speak last words to those we love. In sincerity, I should much regret your absence from our society, did I not hope that your sphere of happiness and usefulness will be enlarged by the sacred tye which you have formed.

We can rejoice that the great Being who manages all

worlds condescends to regulate "our mean affairs;" and that even *we* have a place in the infinite mind of the Great Spirit of the universe. How is every blessing enhanced when we trace it to the God of Love! I could wish, my dear friend, that your pathway through life might have no dark passes, no dreary wastes. When imagination is allowed to picture the future—how bright, how beautiful, how Eden-like, may it appear? But sober reason reminds us that this is not our rest; and that there is much in the physical and moral state of things to check our expectations. Change and decay are inscribed on the face of all earthly things; but the Christian is advancing to a world in which happiness is perfect and unchanging.

But again the selfishness of my nature presents itself; and I feel the sense of loss. In future, I must take my Bible-district alone—you will no longer share with me in the work, and support me by your cheerfulness and buoyancy. When shall we meet again? Will you ever give one look at the friends you have left? I suppose we must wait with becoming patience. Even your present new world will soon be no longer new: time makes all things old; and then we hope you will think of us again. For all past services, accept my sincere thanks: and now let me assure you of my cordial desire that goodness and mercy may follow you all your days; and that coming years may find you and your dearest friend aiding each other in the way to heaven.

I must now say farewell. To yourself and Mr. A., our family unite in kindest remembrances, and Christian wishes; and believe me to be, as ever, Your affectionate friend,

M—— D——.

(To Miss Ruth Hall)

SALISBURY, *Dec.* 29, 1831.

My dear Ruth,—I feel it painful to write, and I scarcely know how to fulfil a duty which I ought to perform; yet I must not delay to give you one word of remembrance, and of sympathy in your very deep affliction. My dear friend, we do feel for you, and pray for you, and your dear family—

that in this season of suffering you may know every needful consolation. You have indeed had reason to say "God moves in a mysterious way." Our "feeble sense" is not able to comprehend the dealings of the Almighty; yet we must believe that the "Judge of the whole earth will do right." Our afflictions are sent by our heavenly Father, the God of Love, who doth not willingly afflict; they come from Him whose every design is wise as well as gracious.

Into our own family, since we could understand and feel the loss of a nearest relative, happily, death has not entered. Our domestic circle has not been broken by such bereavement. We have never known the loss of a dear brother or sister; but we can feel for you—we can sympathize with you. Religion, as well as friendship, opens the sympathies of our nature: but it is to our heavenly Father that we must look for support in the dark hour of sorrow. He alone can bind up the broken heart, and pour consolation into the wounded spirit. I pray that these blessings may be richly enjoyed by you and your dear family. What a blessed thought—that all our sufferings and trials are a discipline to prepare us for a nobler and purer state of being—for the glories of immortality and eternity—for that bright, blissful, and holy world, where God resides! O that we may more ardently embrace that religion which is the only antidote to human woe; which alone can cheer the gloomier scenes of our earthly pilgrimage, and illumine with the glory of heaven the dark—dark valley of the shadow of death! O that these glorious prospects were more frequently the subjects of our contemplation! and that they produced more of that faith which "overcometh the world," and "worketh by love" to Him who, by his mediation, has "brought life and immortality to light."

My dear Ruth, I pray that you may have much support, much consolation—much enjoyment from the elevating hopes and animating anticipations of religion. May you find God to be your refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble. Mamma and Sisters unite with me in kindest remembrance to you and all your family; and begging you to accept all that the heart of your friend would offer, I remain, My dear Ruth, ever yours,

M—— D——.

To the Rev. W. Hanna.

Salem, Feb. 29, 1832.

My dear Sir,—I hope you will believe that I feel very sensibly your kindness in according to my request that I would give me your sentiments on a subject of such high importance and deep interest, and yet a subject on which I appears that but few many think, or wisely speak; so that it is no common benefit to find it treated with that seriousness and truth which belong to it, and which every good mind would wish to receive. The kind and wise advice contained in your letter, I hope has not been lost on me. I needed such influence, such aid; and my heart warms with gratitude for your Christian kindness.

When I think of your power to promote human happiness by valuable instruction, I regret very much that you do not avail yourself of a vehicle which would convey your knowledge and experience to the multitude, as well as to the chosen few. There are many books in the world, it is true; yet those who have ability to write for the "soul's profit" as well as for the "mind's pleasure," being learned in the "philosophy of heaven"—ought to exercise this talent, and benefit the world, by allowing their wisdom that greater extent of influence which it could not fail to obtain through the medium of a printed book rather than a written letter. The treasures of a good mind and a sanctified heart are of all earthly things the most valuable, and they demand to be most safely and lastingly preserved.

But I must ask pardon for writing so freely. I hope I have not caused a moment's unwelcome feeling from any thing I have said wearing the shape of indelicate compliment. I do but offer the effusions of a grateful heart. And now, I can only add my cordial wishes that you may long be the messenger of that light, and solace, and aid, which you know so well how to convey to the mind; having received much of the Spirit of Him who went about doing good. Believe me to remain, with much respect and esteem, Your obliged friend,

M. D——.

(To the Scholars of the Endless-Street Sunday-School, Salisbury.)

My dear Children,—Listen for a few minutes to an old friend, whose object in writing this letter is to say something that may be for your everlasting good. Listen to the few words I shall give you, that they may rest in your memories and influence your hearts. Some months have now passed away since I entered your school-room, and sat with my class, and united in the prayers which are continually sent up to heaven for your present and eternal happiness. We have parted; but neither change, nor distance, nor time, can cause me to forget the Sunday-school which has engaged my solicitude and sympathy. Nor can I suppose that *you* who were under my care have forgotten *me*, and all the lessons and advice which I have given you. I often think of you all; and though when the Sabbath returns I no longer see you listening to my instructions, yet I still pray for you. My heart's desire and prayer to God will still be that you may be saved—saved by the means used by your good Teachers for your salvation.

O my dear children, have you ever thought rightly, seriously, of the importance of attending a Sabbath-school? Have you ever thought of the mercy and love of God in giving you Teachers who labour for your good to all eternity! Have you ever been thankful to that gracious Being who has favoured you with such Teachers, and with a book which tells you that you have a soul—*that* within you which thinks and feels—which is so precious that it is worth more than the whole world—that this soul will either live with God in the brightness of heaven, and be happy for ever, or be sent down to the dark, black abode of the devil and his angels? In this Bible God tells you that all are sinners, and you know that you have too much followed evil inclinations—that you have thought what was evil, spoken what was evil, and done what was evil—that you have not watched and prayed against all this evil as you ought to have done, and therefore, are without excuse before God.

The Bible tells you that you must repent of all your sins—be sorry at your heart that you have offended God—"leave the sins you loved before, and show that you in earnest grieve, by doing so no more." It tells you that you must

have faith in Christ: that is, you must believe that he is able and willing to save you; and you must show your faith and love to Jesus Christ by keeping his commandments—by doing every thing you know to be right, and not doing what you know to be wrong. You must never indulge in pride, or stubbornness, or any evil passion or temper; nor ever take the name of God in vain, nor misspend your time. Especially on the Lord's-day must you not idly loiter in the streets, or wander about, or indulge in trifling conversation. You must not be disobedient to the just commands of your parents, nor quarrel, nor indulge in evil-speaking, nor call ill-names, nor lie, nor cheat, nor steal. Whenever you are tempted to do wrong, remember that the eye of God rests upon you, and sees through your very soul—remember that, all day long, God looks at you, and sees your actions through and through.

The Bible also tells you that if you trust to your own strength, you will fall into sin; but that God will graciously grant you the aid of his own Holy Spirit, if you pray for this gift, to renew your hearts and help you to do his will. In God's book, you are also told that all your prayers and services are mixed with sin, and therefore you cannot gain heaven by these works, but only through the merits of Jesus Christ who died to save sinners. The Gospel, which tells you that salvation is by Jesus Christ, has been preached to to you by your Teachers; but merely hearing the Gospel will not save your souls: you must love the Saviour, and do his will.

O my dear children! you can never be happy till you thus love the Saviour; and "'twill save you from a thousand snares, to mind religion young." Religion will teach you how to *live*, and how to *die*. Go then to the Redeemer; ask him to enable you to love Him and give your whole heart to Him; and to devote yourselves to His service for ever. The aim of your Teachers, my dear children, has been to lead you to God and to heaven. Let me then ask, what good have you gained from all their endeavours? Are you the wiser? Do you know more of God—do you love him more? Do you serve him better? Do you hate sin more? Do you love all that is good and holy more than you ever did? Or, have you never begun to be wise—to fear the Lord, which

is the beginning of wisdom? Do you know nothing of God? Do you never think of Him? Do you not love Him? Do you not pray and strive to obey Him? Do you not daily watch and pray over your hearts, your thoughts, your ways? Have you only heard of heaven, but never learned the way to it? Have you risen from your bed on a Sabbath morning without bending your knees before God—without asking His blessing to rest on all the good things you were to hear during the day? Have you entered the school-room, Sabbath after Sabbath, in a thoughtless manner; without thinking that God was showing you the door of mercy by the instructions of your Teachers, and saying to you "incline your ear, and come unto me: hear and your soul shall live"?

And have you been inattentive and trifling when prayer was going up to heaven on your behalf, or when your kind Teachers were labouring for your improvement? Have any of you ever thought to yourselves—"what a weariness is this instruction?" And have you left the school-room for the house of God, to be equally listless and trifling there? Have you cared nothing about the pain you have given your kind Teachers, who have seen you inattentive during the whole service? Have you thought nothing of that God who has seen you trifling in His house, and turning a deaf ear to the preacher who, in Christ's stead, has besought you to be reconciled to God? Have you cared nothing for that God whose power none can tell? And have you spent the whole Sabbath in this thoughtless, wicked manner? Have you thus lost the season of instruction, and hardened your hearts against the voice of God's love and mercy? And when you have lain down upon your bed, has not conscience blamed you for thus dishonouring God, and polluting his holy day; and for listening only to your own wicked hearts—to the world, and to Satan? Have you not shuddered to reflect that you were farther from heaven than you were when you rose in the morning—that you were choosing the broad road which leads to destruction?

My dear children, do you not dread the idea of going farther from God? Can your hearts and consciences be so hardened as to care nothing about being in such an awful state? Oh—no—I cannot bear to think thus of you! Let me rather hope that you are seeking the things which belong

to your everlasting peace—are thankful to God for a Sabbath-school, for kind Teachers, for good instructions, for the Bible you read, for the Gospel you hear. Let me believe that you lift up your hearts to God, every morning, and every night, and often during the day while you are following your lawful employments. Let me hope that you are obedient to your parents, kind to your neighbours—in the School regular and punctual in your attendance—to your Teachers attentive, respectful, affectionate, grateful; earnestly seeking to improve by every word of instruction, and avoiding the least occasion for reproof. Or should reproof be necessary and deserved, let it be received with sorrow and humility; and with prayer that no wicked feeling may arise in the heart; but that holy sorrow may lead you to resolve, by God's assistance, to do better for the time to come. In the house of God, let me hope, when I visit Salisbury, to see you in a serious prayerful state of mind; not drawing nigh to God with your lips, while your heart is far from Him; but worshipping Him who is a spirit, in spirit and in truth.

Let me hope to see you modest, respectful, and obliging, to your employers and to all around you; growing up patterns of good temper and good principles; acknowledging God in all your ways—seeking His direction and blessing, and striving to please Him more, each day, by endeavouring to know and to do His will. O my dear children, ever remember that the end of life is, to glorify God and enjoy him for ever! Pray to be preserved from sin, and sanctified by the grace of God—that his Holy Spirit may dwell in your hearts, and prepare you for the "inheritance of the saints in light."

The day is coming, my dear children, when you and I, and every Sabbath-school child and Teacher, must stand before God! The day is coming when we must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, to answer for the deeds done in the body—for neglected privileges, for despised precepts, for every Sabbath-day's instruction. At that last great day, when all shall stand before God, may the Judge grant you happiness for eternity! This is the prayer of her who was once your Sunday-school Teacher.

M—— P——.

London, *February* 6, 1833.

(To the Editor of one of the Daily Newspapers.)

Sir,—Allow me to offer a few remarks on a subject which appears to be of some importance. I allude to the practice, so common in London, of tradesmen giving *premiums* to the domestic servants of their customers.—Servants are often sent to shops with orders, and tradesmen consider the good-will and favour of servants as an advantageous method of securing custom. Accordingly, at stated periods, servants expect a premium or *douceur*, often as a bribe to seek the benefit of the tradesman at the expense of their employers. Christmas is one time when these fees are expected: but they are also given when a servant leaves a situation; and always with the understanding that the servant, if in another neighbouring *place*, is still if possible to deal at the shop of the donor. Now it is evident that this system is calculated to produce much evil.

From the testimony of *several tradesmen*, I have learned that my views and impressions of this practice are correct. They all thought and felt alike on the subject. They confessed the existence of the evil, and deplored its extent and its consequences; but at the same time they considered that they were not able to bear the loss which, they assured me, they should incur, were they no longer to uphold the system, while every other tradesman in the neighbourhood was thus insuring custom. They said that, generally, this practice was carried on at the cost of the customer. They signified that they were convinced that this system of giving premiums ultimately acted against themselves, as it tended to make servants so covetous and grasping that they often extorted increasingly higher fees: so that a servant has been known to have the effrontery to send back a crown-piece to the tradesman, with the message that "nothing would be received less than half a sovereign." I learned that, in cases where the tradesman did not come up to such demands, recourse had sometimes been had to artifice, to render good articles of food unpalatable or unwholesome, in order to induce the mistress to send to other shops; and that the cook would sometimes choose to go to two or more shops, that she might secure her fee from each. I understand that the evil often assumes the form of *poundage* on bills paid by servants, even to as much

as two shillings in the pound; which, as may be supposed, would fall on the customer in higher prices.

It is obvious that this whole system tends to corrupt servants by inducing habits of concealment, and of seeking their own interest at the expense of those whom they profess to serve faithfully. Covetousness thus soon becomes dishonesty. This evil exists to a much greater extent than mistresses in general believe, because they do not give themselves the trouble to examine. Ought not the evil to be checked? Do we wish to have faithful servants?—but is it not too much to expect from human nature, that those who have never received high moral culture should stand proof against those temptations which find their way to the very points in their character which are most vulnerable? Can we expect that their perceptions of right and wrong will be correct and well-defined—that the claims of their employers will be justly considered? Certainly not.

If we wish to have trustworthy servants, let us be concerned to remove them as far as possible from the baleful influence of temptation to evil; and to inculcate those principles which, to take the lowest ground, promote the good of all ranks. To attempt to persuade tradesmen to relinquish the system of giving these bribes, appears almost hopeless: yet surely masters and mistresses can express their determination not to countenance so mischievous a system, and can point out to their tradesmen and servants the detriment arising to character from a practice so pernicious. The tendency of this effort would be the improved morality of our fellow-men, and the strengthening of the foundations of society. Surely pride, or indolence, ought not to be allowed to prevent such a result.

JUSTA.

LONDON, *Jan.* 4, 1834.

(To Mr. J—— F——.)

ALFRED-PLACE, *July* 10, 1835.

My dear Mr. F——, As we are leaving home for a long tour on the Continent, I must take this opportunity of expressing my interest in your welfare—more especially in reference to subjects which, unlike those which are limited to this life, will never lose their magnitude and importance.

What an affecting consideration it is, that we are so regardless of the chief end of life—that we are so reluctant to look at all that relates to our present being, in the light of eternity! What unlimited results will proceed from *what we are* in the present state of existence! Could an illuminated view of all the consequences of our life—a view reaching on into eternity be spread out before us, the sight would be either overwhelmingly appalling, or inconceivably rapturous: and let us never forget that one of these states of feeling will certainly be *ours*. For there is not an endless sleep, an eternal oblivion for the soul at the death of the body; and the infidel, who has set up his petty conceits against the declarations of God, has often trembled at the dread possibility of a life beyond death, and a future judgment. But it is of the utmost importance for us to have right ideas of our responsibility. May we never deceive ourselves with the notion that it is only the avowed unbeliever, or the outwardly immoral, that is far from the kingdom of heaven. Let us watch and pray lest any pursuit, in itself lawful, become sinful—even idolatrous, by so entirely engaging all the powers of our minds, and the affections of our hearts, as to leave no time, no thoughts, no love for religion and the Saviour. May our condemnation not be "God is not in all their thoughts!"

Let us not prefer knowledge to virtue—mere mental acquisitions to sanctified character. And while I say this, you know that I do not think lightly of intellectual attainments. But there is danger lest we be too regardless of the temper and spirit which we daily manifest, and of all that forms our moral character—lest we lose sight of the command to "do all things to the glory of God." Possessing many gifts from God, may you daily pray for the highest accomplishment that can adorn an immortal mind—a disposition to know and to do the will of our great and glorious Maker! This is *religion:* and religion by no means disqualifies us for the lawful enjoyments and pleasures of life, which the Divine Beneficence has spread around us: but we never can be truly happy until we desire in all things to please God. Religion can give joys to the mind which—"not a world could buy."

But it is high time to bring my letter to a conclusion.

Pardon me—I know you will. This conviction led me to write. Believe that every word has been prompted by sincere and heartfelt concern for your best welfare. May God Almighty bless you, and keep you. In all your ways may you acknowledge Him, and He will direct your paths. May you serve Him long on earth, and for ever in heaven! Believe me to remain, with best wishes for your welfare, Sincerely your friend,

M—— H——.

(To Miss Devenish.)

ALFRED-PLACE, *July* 18, 1836.

My very dear Sister,—I have just written in reply to dear Anne's letter, which gives my mind most delightful relief. As far as human agency is concerned, I know that our dear M. will receive every attention which is necessary; and it appears that God is adding his blessing, so that I think it becomes me and all our family to feel composure and gratitude. May we never forget Him who "healeth all our diseases, and crowneth us with loving-kindness and tender mercies." May we learn every lesson which such dispensations are calculated to teach.

While the idea is fresh in my mind, I will speak of the importance—the immense importance I have recently learned and felt, attaching to the hearing of an enlightened ministry. The majority of Christian ministers whom I have ever yet heard, have not been men of enlightened mind: they have been good men; and I would thank God that they have faithfully preached the Gospel, and have been the means of turning many (though not of the highest rank in mind or station) from darkness to light, and from Satan to God. I rejoice in this; but I cannot think that this is all which is to be considered. We ought to advance, as Christians, in knowledge and understanding. Very few of the sermons I hear from the preachers at ——, excepting those of Mr. ——, afford me much real profit. I rejoice to know that the Gospel is preached; nor would I ever wish to hear a sermon which should not be such, that if any hearer had not heard a gospel-sermon before, he might know how he can be saved. I like practical sermons—sermons in which practical objects

are strictly enforced. I know what is right; but I want various branches of duty pressed home on my conscience. I like to hear those sermons which show great knowledge of the human mind and character, accompanied with enlightened views of the Gospel. For instance, by way of illustration, suppose a Christian to be naturally timid and apprehensive by the very make of his mental constitution—and we have known such. It may be supposed that this Christian will enjoy much less comfort in religion than could be desired. He imagines this to arise from want of piety: perhaps he is not told to the contrary by his religious teacher—nor that much is due to this natural tendency, which he ought, nevertheless, to try to counteract by every suitable means; as it may become the occasion of sin. He is thus neither shown the true character of the evil, nor the method by which he might hope to rectify it.

Now and then I hear a sermon from a Christian minister who takes the trouble to read and think—as well as preach to others; who brings an enriched mind, as well as a sanctified heart, to bless them—one who spares no labour to make hard things plain; and does so a hundred-fold more than the minister who will not take the trouble, or has not the power—one who, when he cannot throw light on the subject, merely because God has not seen fit to give light from heaven, simply, piously, philosophically, confesses his ignorance; and reminds us that all which it is important for us to know—all that concerns our duty and needful comfort, is written as with a sun-beam to those who are not wilfully blind: and, then, each mind is directed to look up with gratitude and love to a God so gracious. * * * *

I think I may say that, in conversation with Mr. D——, I gained more correct ideas on the subject of *dying*, than I ever obtained from any sermon or book. Perhaps the fault has been my own—certainly I never thought of death with such agreeable feelings before. Mr. D—— is an observer of the human mind and character, and knows how to deal with hidden principles and motives. He showed most forcibly the hopelessness, the impossibility of deriving satisfaction from any thing of our own—that all is utter darkness, if we seek refuge and hope from any other source than a simple, enlightened view of the Gospel. If not saved by Christ, we

are lost. It becomes every Christian to place his *all* in the hands of the Saviour, and ever to maintain this state of mind. If we possess it, we need suffer no apprehension as to the form, or manner, or time in which death may come to us. * * We go into Northamptonshire, in August. * *

With our united love to dear Mamma, and to you all, believe me, Ever your affectionate sister,

M. H——.

(To Mr. R. G. L——.)

ALFRED-PLACE, BEDFORD-SQUARE, *Aug.* 10, 1837.

My dear Friend,—With much surprise and concern, we heard of the loss you have sustained. We have thought much of you, and your dear Grandmother. It must be a heavy trial to her, as well as to yourself. To us short-sighted mortals, it seems strangely mysterious, and deeply painful that one so well-trained in all that was good, should be called away when her character was about to exhibit all its beauties. We might have hoped that she would have been spared to adorn the church of God on earth, and to benefit the world for many years—to transmit to others those lessons of wisdom and piety which have been so finely given, from generation to generation, in your truly excellent family.

But we must banish such reflections. God has done it, and he does all things well! Thus it becomes us to feel, and to be grateful that we are mercifully allowed to see light from beneath the cloud—to enjoy the consolation of knowing that your dear sister lived long enough to afford proof that right moral training was attended with the promised blessing of God—thus to fulfil, partially at least, the hopes of friends; and to reward the care and watchfulness which had been expended on her young mind—that, having closed her probation on earth, she has entered heaven—that death, to her, has been only the entrance to *life*.

But let us pause, and inquire into the use of this affliction. It cannot have been sent for no purpose. It were well if the call of death were more regarded by us all. How seldom do we hear a voice saying—"and thou too must die—be ye

also ready!" But, my dear young friend, let me ask you whether we may not conclude that God speaks more audibly to *you*, in this affliction, than to any one else on earth? Is your mind prepared to receive the good which God may design to give? Is it in a state approved of God; so that God's Holy Spirit may dwell in you? Let us attend to the duty of earnestly imploring the blessing, and we shall not be sent empty away.

You may suppose that I have prayed for you. I have prayed that the death of your nearest relative on earth may induce you to feel, increasingly, the importance of being decided for God—decided *now*—now, in the morning of your days—now, while you can offer to God the freshness of youth. All that is most dear to us we receive from Him. Consecrate every thing to God. O never throw away the best affections of your nature—the highest powers of your soul, on the paltry, unsatisfying pleasures and possessions of the world! O do not for a moment listen to the suggestion that more years and experience will give you more knowledge, and therefore more decision in religion. This may prove an awful delusion. Let us fear—not the want of knowledge, but of a right state of mind. This we rejoice to know is the gift of God—let us ask for it. Let us beseech God to make us willing to give ourselves up to his happy service. To be happy, we must have the mind and will of Christ. What earthly enjoyment can be compared to the holy tranquillity—the internal satisfaction—the sunshine of the soul, which the Christian only knows? By him the trials and sufferings of earth are felt to be a discipline of love, preparing him for an eternity of bliss. By acquiescing in this discipline, the good man, and he alone, is enabled to carry about with him, from day to day, a fountain of happiness. Earth is not one arid waste—one dark wilderness—even the valley of the shadow of death is illuminated by the light of religion, which reveals the bright prospect of immortality!

I love to connect your name with that of your worthy Grandfather, and your estimable family; and to believe that you will also be eminent for excellency of character—for such character as only springs from high Christian principle. I feel assured that you will appreciate my motives in writing

to you this letter; and if I have written too freely, you will pardon me. Mr. H. is at Yardley; but he begged me, when I wrote, to offer our united kind and sympathizing remembrance to your dear Grandmother and to yourself; and, with feelings of affection and esteem, and the best wishes my heart can give you, believe me to be, Very sincerely your friend,

M—— H——.*

(To Mr. R—— F——.)

SALISBURY, *April* 20, 1838.

My dear Friend,—I have to thank you for a pretty chalk drawing, which I value as an expression of your kind remembrance; as it will serve to remind me in future days of the kind donor. I hoped to acknowledge it in person ere this; but as my return may yet be delayed, I must thank you in writing. As I have been unable to attend to anything involving fatigue, it has been my duty to be thus long an exile from my own home. But though surrounded by dear and kind friends, who have anxiously watched the restoration of my health; yet it has pained me to reflect, from day to day, that my special duties have been lost in one all-absorbing selfish consideration. And yet you may imagine that there have been moments when I have thought of others, as well as of myself. You may suppose I often think of those who have been placed under our care. Indeed I do, and pray for them.

I hope we feel that the charge of mind and character

* "Mr. Robert Griffin Laing, by the desire of his Grandfather, the late Rev. John Griffin of Portsea, who died in April, 1834, came to reside with us in October of that year, to pursue his studies at the University; and left us in July, 1837. He was an amiable youth, and a very agreeable inmate. In 1836, he obtained the First Prize in his Class, in Greek. He lived to prove himself worthy of the name he bore; which I often used to remind him belonged to a house of high nobility, and called him to higher deeds than to any emblazoned on heraldic shields. He was rich—but better far, he possessed treasures that death could not tear from him. We have just heard that he is dead, at the age of 28, a victim to consumption, on his voyage to Madeira: he had previously, for his health, made a tour to Italy and Greece. We believe that to him, to die was gain."—*Memorandum among detached Papers, dated April*, 1849.

involves solemn responsibilities; though, from the dread of obtruding religion injudiciously, we may have sometimes appeared indifferent to what is most essential to happiness. Do you think we never pray for those who have left our roof—or that we never pray for you? My dear young friend, indeed we do; I can assure you. I still feel deeply interested in your welfare; and you have my best wishes that you may possess what is worth more than wealth, or fame—that sublime elevation of character which can be formed only on the principles of the word of God, and which will make you a blessing to the world. I will hope that you may live to be an honour to human nature; that you may possess the high ambition as well as the luxury of doing good—of promoting the physical, intellectual, and moral interests of society.

I know that such a letter as this would hardly be read by many; but, from your amiable and kind conduct, I flatter myself that you will receive these expressions of my sincere concern for your welfare: and should I be unhappy in my way of saying them, pardon me; and think of me as a friend who wishes to say only what is kind. Were I not an invalid, I should not fail of speaking to you with that earnestness which, in my heart, I wish to do; yet I cannot forbear writing a few words to you on those things which are too often overlooked, in the pursuit of secular knowledge and advancement. Oh, it is a fearful reflection—that we may lose Heaven and the eternal favour of God, by our undue desires for the perishing honours and advantages of earth! You are striving to improve in intellect; and I think you know I highly value a well-informed mind. I am not ignorant of your industry and perseverance, and other good qualities—of your fixed purpose to attain some altitude of mental stature—which prompts me the more to remind you of the supreme importance of spiritual and religious culture. O that you may seek the glory of the great Giver of all good!

I trust that you do not fail to implore, daily, the aid and guidance of Him who has all minds under His control, and who alone can preserve us from the evils which surround us. We must not suppose that any inherent goodness can render us proof against the temptations which meet us at every step. Our prayer must be, "Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe."

May we know the truth of the gracious declaration.—"My grace is sufficient for thee!"

"Man's wisdom is to seek
His strength from God alone;
For e'en an angel would be weak,
Who trusted in his own."

Let nothing, my dear friend, ever induce you to give up daily prayer, and the reading of the scriptures, and attendance on the preaching of the Gospel. God grant that we who have this light from heaven resting on our path, may never turn aside from it through the deceitfulness of sin! Whatever may be the case of those who possess not our privileges and responsibilities, can it be indifferent to us whether or not we are Christians? I have not words to tell you what joy it would be to me to hear that you were decided for Christ—that you had the moral courage to practically say to the world, "as for me, I will serve God."

It is a device of Satan—to delude ourselves with the belief that it will be easier to become disciples of Christ at a future day—that even now we cannot be charged with living in hostility to our heavenly Father, but at the worst are only indifferent to religion; which most young people think too serious and sombre for the buoyancy and brightness of youth. We know how fallacious are such arguments—arguments which only a heart sophisticated by the deceitfulness of sin can admit. We know it is still as true, as in our childhood, that "'Tis easier work, if we begin to serve the Lord betimes." A thousand influences of which we knew nothing in our early days, now tend to widen the distance between us and our great Exemplar. And how many, it is to be feared, fail through indifference or delay to seek the blessings of salvation, till the *door is shut!* God forbid that we should ever be driven to say, in despair "the harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved!" How can we be influenced by what we never look at—never think of?—and thus the glories of heaven, and the terrors of hell may be alike disregarded.

Never harbour the notion, that your efforts for salvation may be rendered fruitless by the immutable purposes of God. Our temporal interests are equally dependent on them; but

we see no principle of objection to strenuous exertions for our worldly good! Alas that we should be wise only for time; and not believe Him who cannot lie, and who "would rather that we should turn to Him and live!"

Nor must we mistake poetic sentiment for genuine religion. To the Christian of cultivated taste, indeed, the beauty and sublimity of nature are enhanced by the thought that all is the work of his heavenly Father—of Him who is Love. But one may intensely admire God's creation, and deeply feel the elevating influence of nature; and yet this ennobling and refined sentiment may be apart from religion. The admiration of nature may be a passion, without any love to Him who has made us susceptible of these fine sensibilities. Poetry may dwell on the angels of light, and the crowns and the harps of the paradise of God—but religion alone can render us capable of enjoying the bliss of heaven, and enable us to view that happy land as our home. To claim that glorious inheritance, we must be pardoned and purified. To be happy here, and hereafter, we must be Christians. True—the Christian has to go through the valley of death; but "blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." He sees heaven opened, and Jesus the intercessor at the right hand of God.

Pray that you may receive the word of Him who says from heaven: "I love them that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me." "Wisdom's ways are pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." There is no neutral ground in this world of probation. We must either be in pursuit of good or evil, of life or death—*this is the appalling thought!*

I have failed to speak as I could wish; but you know the nature of these subjects, and I can only hope that I may bring them to your remembrance for good. What may I hope you have mentally said, on reading this letter? It would indeed be gratifying to me to know that it is in accordance with my heart's desire and prayer to God for you. I shall still pray for you, and think very kindly of you. May God bless you and keep you, my dear young friend; and believe me to remain, Very sincerely yours,

M—— H——.

"To Mr. R—— F——, on his sending me the first chalk crayon he ever did—the head of a child very nicely executed, which indicates his genius." *Note to copy of this Letter.*

(To Miss E. Tooke, now Mrs. Hallowes.)

ALFRED-PLACE, BEDFORD-SQUARE, *May* 13, 1839.

My dear Miss Tooke,—I should think myself strangely ungrateful, did I feel insensible to the expression of your kindness. I had no idea that you offered the books for my acceptance: I thought it sufficiently kind that you should evince a disposition to give me any light on a subject which, whatever I once thought, I now consider of great interest and very high importance—that is, the knowledge which directs woman rightly to discharge the duties of domestic life. Perhaps, however, I always thought it important—so important as to induce me cowardly to shrink back from calmly looking at the picture. Most unphilosophically, I viewed it only in one aspect, and not as to me a real picture of life; so that of course it was not deeply interesting. I fancied that the bright scenes of earth were chiefly, if not exclusively found to belong to single blessedness. Of course, I could always imagine that intimate alliance of minds and hearts—a communion of thought and feeling, arising from a coincidence of views and sentiments, must tend to give very real happiness; but I feared that all this belonged to romance, rather than to real life. I feared to believe that there was anything but poetry in Milton's words:

> "To study household good,
> And good works in her husband to promote."

I did not fully consider that the true elixir of life may be enjoyed, when the attention is directed to very common and homely employments. The mind is not in its best and healthiest state when it lives in a Paradise of its own, formed only of what administers to its own individual gratification—whether it be so vain and worldly as only to desire to shine and dazzle—or, with a loftier selfishness, to wish to pass the time away in mental pursuits which have no reference to the good and happiness of others. It cannot be doubted, I think, that the discipline belonging to the right discharge of social and domestic duties is a powerful corrective of the selfishness of the human heart—so wisely, and beautifully, and mercifully, are the arrangements of Providence ordered, to secure our improvement and happiness. But it is high time to cease talking on a subject not very

appropriate for a note, but suggested by the books sent for my acceptance—which I shall value for the kind donor's sake.

I congratulate you on being in the country. We hope to go to Tonbridge-Wells, after Midsummer. I often think that, from looking so continually at a wilderness of black houses, we almost forget the freshness and beauty of nature at this season of the year—and how truly cheering is a bright clear sky, as a plain matter of fact. Nature is indeed lovely—whether seen in a flower, or in human character: but, in London—I am often sufficiently uncandid to think—it is but rarely witnessed. I have now, however, breathed the dense atmosphere of London too long, to dream of scenes that are all bright and fair: for, here, fashion and art do seem every where to combat nature—nature in her simplicity and beauty.—But the grand thing for us is, to know that all the circumstances and agencies affecting us, whether pleasurable or painful, are rendering their aid to improve and heighten our character in all that is good—not only for earth but for heaven. * * * * Believe me to remain, my dear Miss Tooke,

Yours most sincerely and obliged,

M. H———.

(To Mrs. Pearsall.)

ALFRED-PLACE, BEDFORD-SQUARE, *Nov.* 30, 1839.

My very dear Mary,—I have to thank you for your kind remembrance of us, on the late eventful occasion; and it now remains to offer to you and our new Brother our best wishes. It is our sincere desire that the blessing of God may rest upon your union. Without this all is vain; and with it we have all that is necessary or good for us. May you be of those from whom He withholds no good thing. I hope you have enjoyed your health during the late trying weather. It has been so foggy and dark here, that I have been obliged to breathe as little of the external air as possible. * * *

We were concerned to find how ill dear Mamma had been; but were glad that the last account we received was more favourable. What a changing world we live in! Every week and every day seem to impress this truth on our minds

more forcibly. We hear of friends who have left their own homes to enter into new relations and on new duties, in other spheres of action and usefulness; while many of our friends and neighbours have ceased from all mortal labours, and have entered into their eternal rest. May God fit us all for the last change. Poor Mrs. G—— has died lately, and left a large family; and Mrs. A—— and others are gone; but *I* am left. At one time, I appeared nearer to the grave than either. I never knew, till very lately, how ill I have been. I want no medical confirmation of this. May I not hope that my poor life is spared for some wise and gracious purpose? Amen.—I hope my health continues to improve. I still use the shower-bath. Dr. —— advises me to continue it during the winter—with a little warm water added to the cold, to prevent the shock from being too great. Whenever the weather allows I ride out, which I think has been of great service. I have not been strong enough to take walking exercise, without too much fatigue. Dr. —— wishes me to continue the iron and the creosote; but I question whether they have done me much good.

I intend to write to Salisbury shortly; but I have been of late much engaged; which (added to the shortness of my day, for I retire early and rise late) has prevented my fulfilling my wish. Indeed this letter to you has been written at two or three sittings. Perhaps I ought to apologize for sending such a scrawl to Andover. We have had such incessant dark fogs, that we have not been able to see well to do any thing. I think I never remember such a time of fog as the last fortnight has been. Often we have hardly been able to see the corners of the room, much less any object from the windows. I did hope to ride out to-day, as I have not been out for a week; but the fog is too great. I hope you have had no fog at Andover—I should think not. Let us hope for brighter days. "The darkest day (live till to-morrow) will have passed away." May the happiness be ours to have the testimony of a good conscience that we are seeking, day by day, to know and do God's will.

I suppose dear Anne is still with you. Is Miss W —— living at Andover? If so, remember me to her: and with our united love to Anne, to Mr. Pearsall, and to yourself, believe me, my dear Mary, Your affectionate sister,

M—— H——.

(To the Same.)

ALFRED-PLACE, *April* 1, 1840.

My dear Mary,—I have lately been a very irregular correspondent; but at length I have written to our friends at Salisbury, and I now sit down to write to you. I was sorry to hear that sister Hannah had been suffering from influenza, but I trust its debilitating effects will soon pass off. I too have been suffering from it. My throat was much affected; but I found great relief from the application of mustard plasters and astringent gargles, especially the former. It is well to be aware of so simple and safe a remedy. For two or three nights, I took four or five grains of the compound powder of Ipecacuanha; which acted so gently on the skin as not to debilitate, and yet to carry off much unpleasant effect of the cold.

I hope you do not keep yourself too low. I think you, as well as myself, require considerable support. Do you take any wine, or malt-liquor? I assure you I often feel perplexed when I read and hear the accounts of Teetotal-Societies. As Scripture warrants the taking of a "little wine," it cannot be morally wrong; and therefore every individual is left to judge how far it is necessary in his or her case. Since it was good for Timothy, it may be good for others who are not very strong. I much regret that I am ordered to try it; but I cheerfully promise to drink only water, whenever I may be blessed with sound health. In the mean time, I hope I am gaining ground. I tried, yesterday, to convince a man in humble life of the folly of taking ardent spirits. Poor fellow, his wan and sickly countenance, and thin frame, I fear, too plainly indicated his love for the dram.

Has Teetotalism made much progress in your neighbourhood? May the *practice*, if not the theory prevail over the whole world! Have you seen the Tract on Temperance published by the London City-Mission? About 250,000 families have been supplied with a copy; and thus have had the evils of intemperance brought under their consideration. The effort has already received the blessing of heaven; and

may it extend its triumphs even to the ends of the earth, as well as at home!

But I must revert to a subject which demands our daily gratitude—the alleviation of our dear Mother's affliction. Indeed it has been merciful. "God is good to all. He stayeth his rough wind, in the day of the east wind. His merciful kindness is great towards us—his mercy endureth for ever." God has now, as well as in days that are gone, "remembered us." May we not forget all his benefits!

We fully intend to leave this house at Michaelmas; and are looking out, in earnest, for another. In all our ways may we acknowledge God, that he may direct our steps! I continue to take a friendly shower every morning. I have not even once allowed the snow or frost to deprive me of the benefit; though I am always obliged to summon up all my courage to *pull the string*. But my daily ride to Highgate, I consider, has been the grand benefit—which leads me to think that this situation does not suit me. My health is certainly greatly improved since I have taken the ride regularly; notwithstanding the influenza, and these winds—which all old women complain of, you well know, from days of yore.

I had written my letter before I received yours; but you must excuse my adding much more, as my supper is brought up, after which I do nothing. Nor do I write before dinner; as I save all my strength for my ride, and my walk at Highgate. I am grieved to find you are still suffering from cold. I have found, on two or three occasions, that I could not get rid of influenza, till I had kept myself in one temperature for about a week. I believe it is the most economical plan as far as *time* is concerned, to say nothing more. Do think of this. You must nurse yourself. I hope we shall see you shortly in good health. We both unite in kindest remembrances to you and your good husband; and with my best wishes, I remain, my dear Mary, Your affectionate sister,

M—— H——.

P.S.—I have been too much indisposed, for the last day or two, to attend to any thing with much comfort—indeed even to finish this letter. We are invited to meet, this evening, the Reverend the Moderator of the General Assembly of the

Scottish Church but * * * * the tax on my small stock of strength would be far too great. I scarcely dream of visiting. I am thankful that, with care and quietude, I can attend to my home duties.

(To the Same.)

39 CAMDEN-STREET, CAMDEN-TOWN, *Nov. 5*, 1840.

My dear Mary,—The date of this letter reminds me what a changing world we live in. I am now writing from Camden Town, instead of Alfred Place. I am in a new situation, and you still more so. Since I last wrote to you, you have entered on the new relation of a mother. This fact, and all the mercies—the numerous mercies connected with it, ought to awaken our liveliest gratitude. We were all, I trust, deeply grateful to hear that so much mercy had attended you—that you were so speedily regaining your strength, and that the dear babe was healthy and strong. May she live to be a blessing to her parents, as well as to the church and to the world. May God give you all needful wisdom to train her to be good and useful on earth, as well as to fit her for the service of heaven.

No doubt you have always found sufficient employment for all your time. Now, you will certainly never find yourself wanting something to do. Every month you will now be looking for latent powers: and much time will not elapse, ere you will perceive that your child is capable of being influenced by habit as well as by mere instinct; and you will have to "teach the young idea how to shoot," though we have often laughed at this saying in days that are gone by. But the duties of a mother are tremendously important; and every year, as we grow older and wiser, we shall learn to estimate and to appreciate more rightly the influence of a mother's teachings. May God grant you continued health and strength to perform those duties which, however pleasant in themselves, may become a weariness and a burden with debilitated health.

I trust that I am getting better and stronger; and that our change of residence may be a blessing to me. I fondly hope that now my "captivity is turned." Whether I am

better, in the best sense of the word, and not merely physically better, I know not; but I do know that continued affliction ought to prove a greater exercise for faith, and patience, and other virtues of the Christian character, than a mere passing trial. But there is great danger lest we should be left the worse and not the better for our sufferings. Alas! it does not necessarily follow that we must be refined and purified in the furnace of affliction. May our hope be in the cross—may our song of praise, at the close of the conflict be this: "Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ!"

My engagements, which now absorb my whole attention, remind me that I must hasten to bring my letter to a close. I am thankful to say that I am able to employ myself every hour of the day; which I consider to be indeed a blessing. I find the air here materially different from that of Alfred Place. On one point we are all decided; and that is that we are far more free from *smoke* and *blacks:* this is a comfort which I do not lose sight of. If we are farther from some of the conveniences, we are at the same time farther from some of the inconveniences and disagreeables of "Auld Reekie." So it is—the balance of comfort is more equally poised than we are apt to imagine at first sight. There is mercy in every place; and mercy (encouraging thought) "gives even affliction a grace, and reconciles man to his lot." If anything supremely deserves the name of happiness, surely it must be the consciousness that we are doing, day by day, what we know to be right—doing or suffering the will of God. What solace—what support is afforded by such a reflection! Do you remember those exquisite lines of Milton on his blindness, beginning—"When I consider how my light is spent": he adds;

> "Who best bear God's mild yoke—they serve him best:
> They also serve, who only stand and wait."

I hope this will find you, and Mr. Pearsall, and your little charge in the enjoyment of full health. We unite in kind love, and to Anne also, if she is still with you; and believe me to remain, Your affectionate sister

M—— H——.

(To Mr. J—— S——.)

39 CAMDEN-STREET, *April* 9, 1841.

My dear Mr. S——, The Tracts which I have inclosed, remind me of your farewell call; when you cheered my heart by telling me that you contemplated uniting yourself with a Christian church. I have very often longed to know whether you have acted thus decidedly; and I have prayed that you may, on this and all other points, be enabled to act on the highest principles. I would suggest to you to read *Orme* "On the Lord's Supper," if you have not yet made the "good confession." I shall indeed be glad to know that you have.

You surely must do what is right and good—you must be happy. Can it be that all the prayers and instructions of good parents will be of no avail? My thoughts follow you through life; and I see you happy, because I believe your aim is to be good. "Good, amiable Mr. S——, may he be happy, as he deserves to be." Pardon me—but thus we talk *of* you, as well as *to* you. In all my speculations, I never fancied you were destined to spend your days (as was once your decision) in the society of old parchments, and dry law-books. Such a life is very well for those who have not much social feeling—whose muse never dreamed of making any complaints about solitude, like Henry Kirke White—those who, strange to tell, see in that sort of existence the ideal of truth and beauty, sufficient to fill up the space between earth and heaven. But when nature never intended there should be any principle of attraction to old parchments, and the hermit-like life of many admirers of the law—I think we do well to leave the cobwebs of cells and chambers, and all their mystic lore, without one parting regret over our want of that genius which, from all these dry details and abstract forms, can create and people a paradise. If law and justice were synonymous—and if, instead of making difficulties, lawyers sought to set things plain and right, we might find some ground of admiration; but, as it is, we can only deplore that so much fine talent, and magnificence of mind, are often spent to so little good purpose; and devoutly wish for the time when lawyers, and our whole system of law, shall be most thoroughly reformed.

There are some persons who seem born to be esteemed and loved, and consequently to be happy; and I think you are one of them. I hope you will win one heart "worth all the rest," and be thus "blest"—not forgetting the heavenly injunction, "In all thy ways acknowledge Him." O do not throw away the choicest affections of the heart on an object unworthy of such a precious gift! Believe that all is fleeting and fading but moral worth—this endures for ever—this can never die, but will prove to be an immortality of good. The thought of sending the Tracts, suggested to me the wish to write a few words; and, in the issue, words which you may think ought to have been deferred to some distant day. Perhaps so; but where is the good of grave and learned prelections, when they come too late—when our audience can neither hear nor understand?—when not one of our arguments gains an entrance into the mind? We may rejoice to know that happiness is not restricted to rank or circumstances; but that if God be with us, and for us, we must be happy. May we never forget the duty of imploring the guidance of our heavenly Father, in all things. May God bless you and keep you.—I did not know that I should find so much to say; but I always make this discovery, in writing to any one in whom I feel warmly interested. Pardon me, if I have said too much. I must hasten to say that I remain, always with much esteem and regard,

Yours sincerely,

M. H——.

(To Mrs. J. A. Devenish.)

CAMDEN-TOWN, *April* 24, 1841.

My dear Margaret,—From our friends at Sarum, we have been grieved to learn that you and dear Aldridge have been called to lose your dear babe. It must indeed have been a severe shock to you, and to the rest of your dear children also. I have often imagined not only the distress of the fond parents, but that of the little brothers and sisters—to see their dear baby no longer looking on them, and smiling at them, as usual. That the dear infant no longer forms one of your family on earth, is according to the will of Him who doth all things well—of Him who is too wise to err, and too good to

be unkind. To this we readily yield assent; and yet find it hard to say "not my will but thine be done." But let us try to lose the bitterness of grief, in the recollection of the mercy, the consolation which belongs to the affliction. The dear child has been freed now from all suffering, and from all sin; from all knowledge of the evils and miseries of this world; from all apprehension and terror of death and the grave, and has safely reached the world of spirits; and, instead of dwelling on earth, he will be destined to join the glorified in heaven, who rejoice in Him who died that they might live. May we as safely reach that world; and may we be found worthy, through grace, to swell the song of the redeemed in the temple above!

Let us then dwell on the glorious prospects which Faith sees opening beyond the dark valley—let us think of the light of immortality, the bright glory of heaven, the hosannahs of the saints above, the chorus of the skies, the universal and endless theme of triumph—a dying Saviour's love! May we as a family be found serving God on earth, and for ever form a part of the one family in heaven! May God grant you his gracious consolation and support, under this severe trial! We know the many promises of mercy. As our day is, so shall our strength be. Often, indeed, are we reminded that all must die! How many of those we loved have passed over Jordan, and have entered the heavenly Canaan; and shall we ourselves fail to reach the promised land?—Why fear? Why not hope for that grace which can make us meet for the inheritance of the saints in light, and transform us into the likeness of Christ; so that we may be for ever with the Lord!

My dear husband unites with me in sympathizing remembrance, and in kind love to you and dear Aldridge, and to all your dear children; and believe me, dear Margaret, to remain Your affectionate sister,

M. H——.

(To a Friend.)

39 CAMDEN-STREET, *Nov.* 16, 1841.

My dear C——, We are gratified to find that you had a safe and comfortable journey. I assure you it is a source of

pleasure to us that you have seen some of the sights and scenes of our great Babylon. I am indeed glad to think you have been to such places as the Tower, Westminister Hall, the Abbey, etc.;—whose records of strange scenes, appalling miseries, brief and gorgeous pageants—of the conquests of the tomb—all read a sad lesson, alike on human power and on human weakness and frailty.

It is almost impossible to see much of London without gaining a valuable accession of ideas. I wish you could have seen as much of the *people* as of the place. Do pray believe, however, that we have some very good people here; and that simplicity of character may be met with in this great Metropolis, as well as in the country. You know the lines of Cowper (whom I hope you passionately love)—"when the mind is endued with a well-judging taste from above," etc. Alas, that so many, both in Town and Country, have neither eyes nor ears for anything but fashion and amusement! Here, again, we are reminded of the importance of early acquiring right principles and habits—of that training which can enable us to appreciate the great in morals, the sublimity of virtue. A mind enlarged, elevated, and sanctified, is a far happier prize than all the argosies of the seas, and cannot be outweighed by the wealth of a world. And yet how often is beauty of character, moral excellence, not prized—not asked for, in the friend who is selected for life—the being who is to affect our happiness till death, and even our eternal destiny! Whatever we lose sight of—person, station, or wealth—O let us never lose sight of worth—of wisdom to counsel us—intrinsic excellence of character to bless us! so that, after the test of years, we shall have the solace of knowing that we have sought and obtained gold; and therefore can love on, and love for ever. O what is love *for a life-time*, (and what is life without it?) if it be not founded on respect—esteem? It must be so, if we are to love on through all times and all changes, and after the lapse of years and years of union. This can preserve the flame of affection, when it might not be supposed to burn so vividly. Love, thus fed, can never die—it must be immortal as the mind.

If we have found a home of love, the world is less cold, less dark, less desolate—if we have found one faithful, affectionate heart. But of all life's woes, surely that cannot be the

least—to have loved, and to have been loved—and then to know that all this love is lost and dead—that all our sunny dreams have faded and passed away. From all this, we instinctively shrink. The law of love is the cement of human life; and we may well pray "Lord, incline our hearts to keep this law." The law of love—

> "Smooths not another's rugged path alone,
> But scatters roses to adorn our own."

Call it romance—call it anything you please; but give me (since I love to be happy)—give me at least a romance on which so much of the bliss of life depends. Let us not throw away the rose, and deliberately plant the thorn in our bosom; perhaps in our dying pillow—may we not say, even dim the lustre of our crown in heaven? Yes, God has given us the spell of sympathy—the bond of love, to throw light and loveliness over this wilderness-world, to gladden and improve man's earthly life:—but, dear me, where am I wandering, and what have I been prosing about? The *question you gave me in your last letter*, induced me to take up my pen; and I have run on, in the way you see.

I have already given you some very sage and prudential comments on my *old text* * * * * I know and feel that I wish you happy; and I should indeed be glad to throw a gleam of light on a subject so vitally important to a woman, as the securing of happiness in wedded life. One last word more. * * * "Weigh ere you trust, and then swerve never." I can preach to you now, but not *then*—now or never. And O let us not forget to acknowledge God, who has promised to direct our steps, in answer to our earnest prayers for his guidance! Alas, how frequent is the complaint that there is little intimate alliance of mind and heart, in a relationship whose interests and influences reach onwards without end! To have a friend always near us—wiser, better, kinder than ourselves—is a thought very joyous, very rich with delight: the reverse would make life a waste, a desolation. What is all beside, compared with the "heart that is faithful and kind?" If you think me visionary and mistaken in any of my notions, do tell me so; and return a few friendly suggestions; for I wish to learn. I can only now add * * * * * * * kind remembrances to you, and all

your friends at ———: and, with all kind wishes that you may seek and find all needful guidance, * * believe me to remain, Affectionately yours,

M—— H——.

(To Mrs. Pearsall.)

CAMDEN-TOWN, *Jan.* 31, 1842.

My dear Mary,—I have been long wishing to write to you, but have been hindered by many engagements. * * * Since I last sat down to write a line to Andover, what affecing circumstances have transpired! But have we not reason still to say that "goodness and mercy have followed us all our days?" Is no gratitude demanded—no praise to be given to God, that our dearest friends depart hence with a good hope of a glorious immortality? Our poor dear Mother is gone from *us*, and from all the sorrows and sufferings of earth—but there is a higher and better world; and faith can lead us to see her *now* as a glorified spirit in heaven, wearing the white robe, and the crown, and the palm; and with countless multitudes serving God day and night in his temple, singing the new song, and giving honour and glory to Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever!

I try to dwell on these glorious ideas; though I have too much reverted, in my own mind, to all that reminds us of suffering humanity. We rejoice to believe that, to the Christian, death is "gain"—*eternal gain*. It is the Christian who can say—"we know that when our earthly tabernacle is dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." O that *our* latter end, also, may be joy and peace; and that, when heart and flesh shall fail, we may find God to be the strength of our heart, and our portion for ever! These are blessings which no doubt our dear Mother ardently implored on our behalf, day by day, till her dying hours. May a mother's thoughts and anxieties, and sympathies and instructions, and prayers, not be without influence for our eternal good. May they stand as a memorial before the minds of all her children; to remind us of the amount of intercession which has been sent up to heaven on our account, and of the amount of responsibility resting on us,

and on all who have had such pious parents, and were early taught to love and fear God. May the God of our fathers be the God of their children, and of their children's children!

I suppose we shall soon have the pleasure of seeing your good husband in London; and as my health is so much better, we shall hope to see all his family to spend a friendly evening with us. Two winters have passed away, since I invited a party of friends. Although I have this winter spent two evenings out, yet I find that I am far better when quiet at home. * * * * kind love to you both, and kind regards to Miss P., if still with you. Wishing you and your dear offspring every blessing; and that God's smile, which is sufficient to make us happy, may rest on all your duties, I remain, my dear Mary, your affectionate sister,

M—— H——.

(To Miss Hall.)

39 GREAT CAMDEN-STREET, *April 6th*, 1842.

My dear Miss Hall,—You kindly allowed my dear husband to be my amanuensis immediately on my return home; but now do let me personally express my sense of obligation, for all the hospitality and kindness received from you and your dear Sister and Brother. I think of my visit to Tulse Hill with real pleasure; and with grateful feelings for all your kind attentions, and for all that free and friendly intercourse which is no small blessing as giving health to the mind. I would be no friend to a hermit's life; though I am well-used to be alone, and find myself happy enough in knowing the secret of being fully employed. I prize social intercourse; for it tends to make me better as well as happier—less disposed to rivet every sympathy of my soul within the little sphere of self.

And then—how refreshing is it to meet with those whose minds have been formed to love what is natural and simple. Alas—that so many have neither eyes nor hearts for anything that is not fashionable, and artificial, and formal. At least I am sufficiently ill-humoured to think that, in this great city, we see little of nature—not only little of the bright blue sky—little of fields, and trees, and flowers, and all that gives

loveliness to the landscape—but little of nature in the minds of many with whom we mingle. Fashion holds despotic sway, even in manners and the intercourse of society; so that it does one's heart good to meet with those who have souls and minds of their own—who really do think for themselves; and who have the moral greatness of conscience, principle, and truth. Fashion would make all think and speak by rule; but how is this possible?—how fashion can fashion the mind to all its fashions, is indeed wonderful!

But, my dear Friend, we will leave this mystery, and talk of something else. Whenever I wish well to my friends, I never forget to wish them *good health*. Long—long may you all enjoy this blessing!—It is not, every day, that we meet with those who have more substantial materials for happiness than our friends at Tulse Hill. You do not need me to remind you that every good gift is from our Father in heaven; and that his hand ought to be seen in all—be it this world's wealth, or the better wealth of mind and heart—the love of truth and rectitude, correct notions of human life and duty, a taste for nature's beauties and for skill in art, right habits and right views of all that conduces to genuine felicity. It is on this account, that we connect such pleasurable associations with our Tulse-Hill visit.—But pardon me for my freedom, though I do not trespass on sincerity. It is certain that our Youths were highly gratified, on the day when they enjoyed your kind hospitality. A deep impression seems to have been made on the minds of both, that your brother is a model of brothers; and that his sisters, whose happiness he so much studies, must necessarily give him a world of love. Such remarks—quite gratuitously offered to me, allow me the opportunity of congratulating you that, in a brother, you have a friend so worthy of your confiding affection.

How vastly does the happiness of life depend on this interchange of generous sympathy—and how do all external circumstances derive an aspect from our own feelings and state of mind! Human life is not a bleak, dreary desert. It has its shades, we know; but it also has its lights, its sunshine, and its flowery paths. We do derive enjoyment from nature's wide and boundless beneficence—from life's endearing ties—from exercising our faculties of mind and heart. But we take higher views—there is Religion—the faith and hope and love

of the Gospel. There is the Cross of Christ—and possessing this we have all things! What then becomes the Christian, but to follow his Lord—to run with patience the race that is set before him? As his duty is, so his strength shall be, to strive or to suffer; and soon the conflict shall cease, and the crown be won. May we so run as to obtain! To be pardoned and purified through him who died—what bliss! May the peace arising from faith be ours—this may well deserve to be called "heaven on earth!" * * * *

We unite in presenting our kindest regards and remembrances to you all; and believe me, my dear Friend, to remain, Yours very affectionately,

M—— H——.

(To Mr. J—— S——.)

CAMDEN-STREET, *April* 28, 1842.

My dear Friend,—What construction have you put on my disregard to your pressing request that I should return an early reply to your last kind letter? I have not forgotten that, in days gone by, I have thought of Mr. J—— S—— with more than common interest and esteem. My memorandum list of duties has often reminded me of my neglect; and I have felt somewhat of repentance for the past, and resolved that for the future I would not consider the duty of writing as belonging to no particular time—a duty which can be done any day, and is in consequence often not done at all, or done after an unreasonable delay. Alas, poor frail human nature—how many regrets and resolutions can die away, without producing any thing like reformation!

Your letter awakens too many old remembrances to allow me to dream of your face wearing an expression severe or unforgiving; so I shall take my pardon for granted, and at once touch on some points of your valued communication. The passage in which you speak of your good Father, arrested my attention, and touched my heart. "How beautiful!" was my tacit exclamation—an affectionate, good, dutiful son, voluntarily bearing the burden, to relieve a Father whose years require this kind consideration—a son, forgetful of self, smoothing the path of life for a Parent. This placed before my mind's eye a picture full of interest. Too many

in this world have little of what may justly be called true self-denial or self-sacrifice, even towards a Parent; but I can think of you as possessing the highest order of happiness, in acting from a nice and correct sense of filial duty—both knowing it, and doing it—which, apart from all idea of merit, allows you to enjoy a high feeling of self-approbation, the testimony of a good conscience. * * *

You tell me that you do not mean to make me your *confidante* till I come into Yorkshire. What comment must I offer? I must presume, some day, to give you a few more words in the form of advice; for though I cannot say that I have yet put on spectacles, which are said to mark wisdom, yet I consider that observation and experience have taught me a few good lessons which I should be happy to read to you. I trust that God will grant you a useful and happy life; and may your kind social nature meet with its counterpart in some one who, all along the pilgrimage of life, will aid you in the mutual end and aim of reaching heaven.

With our kind regards, and best wishes, believe me,
Your sincere friend,

M. H——.

(To Mr. Hull Terrell.)

CAMDEN-STREET, *May* 9, 1842.

My dear Mr. Terrell,—Accept my unfeigned thanks for the loan of so interesting a book as the "Life of Felix Neff." Pardon me in presuming on your known kindness in keeping it too long. I have read every word of it a second time, besides repeatedly looking it through; and I have found myself again and again going over the same passages, and have been equally refreshed and charmed—perhaps even more so, than on first contemplating such Christian heroism, such preternatural loveliness. To say that it has the beauty of a romance, is saying nothing. I hope it has done my heart good—inspired me with more ambition to do good. My conscience also testifies that it loudly reads a lesson on humility.

What a beautiful portrait of a Christian bishop—a genuine "successor of the Apostles!"—not one satisfied to roll in his coach of ease, and keep his eye and heart fixed on the pomps

and vanities of this poor world—to occupy a palace, and claim titles, rank, and wealth. O that some would read and learn! In the high and holy ambition, the self-renunciation, the self-sacrifice of Felix Neff, we do see, indeed, some likeness to the Apostles! We see him going forth with his staff and scrip, a simple-minded self-devoted disciple, labouring all the day long from break of dawn till midnight—with heart and soul seeking for the sheep of Christ that were scattered abroad. We see no obstacle impeding his steps—neither mountains of snow, nor pathways of rock and ice, with all their perils—nor sudden transitions from excessive heat to piercing cold—nor miserable lodgings in a smoky dirty hovel—nor coarse and unwholesome food, at the end of his long and toilsome journies. He braves the Alpine storm and tempest—he endures all—nothing could check the ardour of his soul, the benevolence of his heart. We see him, with intense application, learning the *patois* of the country, and teaching and training poor illiterate adults to instruct others—animating these twenty-five students with the same resolution and self-denial; so that they allowed themselves to be walled up with ice and snow during a long winter, that nothing might tempt them from their studies, which they followed fourteen hours a day!

The whole life of Felix Neff was one continued sacrifice. His natural tastes and habits were all offered up on the altar of devoted service to his Divine Master. He seems to have been ever looking at the "things not seen," and ever impelled by the highest and holiest motives. He did more towards making earth like heaven, than all that mere ecclesiastical influence ever did. Our regret only is that he so soon wore the martyr's crown. It seems hard to believe that we can contemplate so much goodness, without becoming better: and yet perhaps there is danger after all of our being affected only with the *poetry* of it; and its influence may be only that of a very lovely song, without producing in us the effects of genuine practical religion. Alas, we are all too well aware of the difference between *knowing* and *doing* the will of our heavenly Father! "Not my will but Thine be done"—this is the state of mind that can bring heaven down to earth—O that we believed it! This would make us happy in health or in sickness. Good health is indeed a blessing;

I could wish it to every one that breathes: yet would not many, if they had never lost their health, have lost heaven?

I must now only repeat my best thanks for the pleasure and profit which I have derived from the volume; and, with our united kind regards to yourself and Mrs. Terrell, believe me to remain, Very sincerely yours,

M. H——.

(To Mr. W—— R——.)

May 10, 1842.

My dear Friend,—I beg to return the Tract you were so kind as to leave for my perusal; for which accept my best thanks. I hope you are succeeding with your petition.* I hear that it has caused not a little varied remark among the Students in the College—that the terms "atheist" and "unbeliever" have been affixed to some names which are found in your list—that some persons cannot possibly understand how any conscience can be so sensitive as to feel the taking of an oath to be a grievance—that others suppose you must necessarily think yourself "much better" than others. But to leave this strain, (to which belongs nothing new,) there are those who, whether agreeing with you or not, can appreciate the merits of the case—the nobility of mind which can thus act out its convictions of integrity and rectitude.

Do let me say that the remembrance of your name will always be associated, in my mind, with the noblemindedness of daring to do what you believe to be right; and of being willing to forego considerations of self-interest and worldly approbation, rather than sacrifice principle. I feel grieved that you are likely to suffer loss for conscience' sake; yet no real loss will be sustained. Have you not rather reaped a benefit from the discipline, in the test which it has been to principles, to disposition, to temper? Do trials requiring the exercise of faith, and patience, and self-denial, and other good qualities, contribute nothing to the formation of sublime

* [To the Legislature, praying for the exemption of all persons from taking Oaths who conscientiously object to them, as was the case with Mr. R.; who was compelled to prosecute for a larceny from his person, witnessed by the police; and subjected himself to a heavy fine for refusing to take an oath when deposing to the fact before the magistrate.—Mr. R. is now disinterestedly labouring as a Foreign Missionary.]

virtue—elevated, exalted character? We may also ask—do they add nothing to the happiness of life, in giving to the mind the solace and support of a solid enduring sense of satisfaction—of self-approbation—that testimony of a good conscience which is so fully appreciated in the Scriptures of Truth? What has the world to offer in comparison with this fountain of refreshment and of enjoyment, which we can carry with us wherever we go, throughout our whole pilgrimage? And is there not the sympathy of Him whose life and death were one series of acts of devotedness to the glory of God? Yes, there is a glorious reward in the victory of faith, in the crown of life, in the songs of heaven! Shall we not be fitted to enjoy heaven, in proportion as we can on earth truly say "I delight to do Thy will?"

I suppose we are all too apt to desire only a smooth and easy path; though we profess to believe that Christians, whether as individuals or as churches, have not usually acquired a real accession of worth and dignity of character, in proportion as they have advanced in worldly consideration and greatness. We admit that degeneracy and corruption have been rather fostered; and have thus produced distance from God, as well as from true happiness: and yet we too much act as though riches and worldly honours could give us all that is worth living and dying for!

May we enjoy the happiness arising from enlarged views of life and duty; and from not knowing, merely, but doing our Lord's will. Pray accept every kind and good wish which our hearts can offer you, and the esteem and regard of

Yours very sincerely,

M. H——.

(To Mrs. Pearsall.)

39 CAMDEN-STREET, *May* 17, 1842.

My dear Mary,—I think you have a Book-Society at Andover. Have you had any works on the subject which is now so much, and so nobly discussed—Woman's Character—her Capacities—her Influence—her Duties—her Responsibilities—her Destiny? It is surely a glorious epoch in time, that at last the world seems to be opening its eyes—to be somewhat awake to the importance of woman's position in

society. If the phrase is not mere hyperbole "*Vainqueurs des Vainqueurs de la Terre*"—how ought this influence to be exercised?—In such a manner that women, as agents of God, may regenerate the world. We shall yet have more glorious days. We already see the promise of a bright and happy time for our land; and one, eventually, for the world. Sometimes I please myself with the idea that I may live to see the morning of the Millennium—live to behold the first rays of that glorious dawn! At all events, I have no wish to be among the faithless. I would live and die happy in my faith, based (I hope) on reason and revelation—which can neither be superstition, nor fanaticism, nor prejudice, but truth. * * *

Harriett, our late servant, has just been to tell me her troubles, hardly doled out for tears on account of her brother, who is going to sail for America, influenced by his wife—(women rule the world you see.) I have tried to comfort the poor girl by telling her that we live in a wonderful day, when steam hurries us over the ocean as well as the land; so that two or three weeks may bring our American friends across the Atlantic; and that we should not mourn over them as if lost to us, when we can think of them as Christians, going with temperate and industrious habits to a free country, to enjoy liberty as well as comforts and advantages sufficient to render them useful and happy—and with principles that can support and solace the heart in life and death.

But I meant to ask whether you have any books in your Society which aim to make the Women of England what they ought to be? Do get such books—get them all, I should say; for if one may not exactly admire every line of the portraits drawn, still the all-important subject will be brought before the minds of those who take the trouble to think; and it cannot fail to arouse sympathies which have too long slumbered the very sleep of death. We have *six* books in the house on this subject, which I hope to read—and not only read but study, till they have left some impression, some trace of good on my mind.

Did you see in the *Patriot* of May 5th, Mr. R——'s Letter on *Oaths*, containing a Petition to the Legislature claiming exemption from taking them, for all who have conscientious objections? But I must tell you the history and

mystery of all this, as you know what a good and noble-minded youth Mr. R. always was. A boy picked his pocket on London-Bridge; but he was dexterous enough to recover his handkerchief. A policeman however witnessed the affair, and insisted on Mr. R. going with him to prosecute the thief. All pleading for the culprit was in vain, as he was known to be an old offender; and the magistrates contended for the necessity of prosecution. Mr. R., with the New Testament in his hand, publicly avowed that he could not conscientiously take an oath. Thus the matter rests at present, till the case is again brought forward. He expects to be the loser of about £50, because he dares to act according to his conscience; and (impelled by the view he takes of his duty) to forego considerations of self-interest, rather than sacrifice principle. He has talked the matter over with several wise and enlightened men, some of whom would not object to taking an oath under similar circumstances. He has called here; and my dear husband, seeing that his mind was made up, declined advising him. He has the testimony of his own conscience: and, with his views, has acted as a noble confessor; though many of his friends think him a very silly fellow for his pains. Noble-minded, good young man—may God bless him!

We are frequently hearing of the trials and afflictions of our friends; but is it not a mercy that there is always some drop of sweetness, let the cup be ever so bitter? There is indeed brightness resting on our path, although some portion may be overcast. Let us believe this, and go on our way with gratitude and hope. Let us seek that every thing—that all may tend to educate our minds and hearts; so that we may become wiser and better, and that the end of our being may be well-answered. I hope Mr. P. enjoys good health—that great blessing, especially to all who are called to *act;* and yet I suppose there are many who work very diligently—indeed effect a vast amount of good, although they drag on, from day to day, with a poor sickly frame. They bring high and holy motives to their work, and God is pleased to send down power and success from above. The loss of health may be a blessing—our best blessing, when it brings an improved state of mind. It is not always easy to feel that

affliction is good; yet, doubtless, the loss of health is often made the means of gaining heaven.

I must now conclude this too long letter; and wishing to you all the enjoyment of every blessing, with our united love, I remain, Your affectionate sister,

M—— H——.

(To Mr. J—— S——.)

CAMDEN-TOWN, *Jan.* 20, 1843.

My dear Friend,—We had not forgotten you before we received your last letter; which has served as a memento to me, and has roused the conviction that if I further delay, it may be a very long time before I fulfil my promise of writing. You inform us of your intention to become a Minister of the Gospel—a choice approved of God, I doubt not. I shall not presume to speak on the duties and responsibilities of the high and holy profession you think of entering; but I may asssure you that the best wishes my heart can frame, with respect to your prospects, I pray you may realize.

I promised to write to you, particularly, on the important subject of the choice you may make of a friend for life. We know that, in all ages, much as been said or sung about pure permanent love, as having made Paradise more lovely to man, and as having ever shed light and happiness on earthly things. All this is true—at least I think so; and I fully believe that a world of satisfaction may be gained by the selection of one good mind and heart. But O what a wreck of hope may be the result, when there can be no companionship or sympathy of feeling!

Many seem to have no faith in high and exalted character in woman; and, therefore, if not fully satisfied with the choice they have made, suffer less from disappointment. But you, my dear Friend, would not—could not be content with an empty, vain, self-indulgent, worldly woman; whose chief object was to shine and dazzle, and with whom self would be the supreme idol of thought and care—the centre of her soul's attraction. Such a woman—one who knows not the name of self-devotion, would be a poor-help meet for the rugged and difficult passes of life. It is to those whose in-

tellectual and moral qualities fit them for duty and responsibility, that we must look for support in suffering, and for relief in the otherwise dull and cheerless details of life. Would a woman such as I have described, possess the moral courage—the strength of mind to do or to suffer whatever duty might dictate—or to study the question "how she might best fulfil the work which God had assigned to her?" O pray do not let your heart fix on a poor creature who can do nothing more than dress, and play, and sing—who is destitute of high-minded independence, generosity, and integrity of character, and of almost every qualification that would make her what she ought to be in her domestic relations. *You* must select a woman of Christian principles, enlightened views, right sentiments, cultivated affections—one who is impressed with the importance of truth and rectitude, of moral and social duties, of practical habits—habits of consideration and kindness—one who has qualities of mind and heart to watch over every department of domestic life—one who is too well trained to believe in the vulgar idea of being too intellectual, or refined, or accomplished, to study "household good." Milton (no patron of self-indulgent wives) tells us, you remember, that "nothing lovelier can be found in woman, than to study household good; and good works, in her husband, to promote."

Whether we take Milton as an oracle in such matters or not, we may rejoice to know that a well-trained and correctly-disciplined conscientious mind, would cheerfully engage in any humble service of domestic usefulness: and although much romance might not be supposed to belong to all this; yet a nice sense of propriety, and a just perception of what is morally right and beautiful, would not allow such a mind to regard anything as degradation which circumstances rendered *duty*. True greatness of mind, and virtuous motive, would thus give dignity to domestic details—would regard them as duties of *home;* and thus the low as well as the lofty would be sanctified.

A woman so disposed, would be solicitous to bring all the energies of a well-cultivated mind to bear upon the sacred duties she is called to fulfil; that she may best answer the end of promoting the comfort, and ultimate good, of all within the sphere of her influence. Such a woman has

sufficient principle and philosophy, to learn lessons from deficiencies and failures. She may err to day, but she will investigate and improve for to-morrow. The minutiæ of daily affairs, generally called "trifles," will receive from her their due attention; since she knows that a vast amount of misery or enjoyment is hinged upon the judgment, the delicacy and tact, with which these matters are attended to. Still more, she sees them as so many aids to virtue—as involving moral consequences which at once invest them with high importance. She will act thus wisely, thus benevolently, from day to day, because she seeks to bless and be a blessing. A woman thus alive to her character and situation, would make the accomplishments of education, the cultivation of mind and manners—indeed every capability in her posession, to answer some good purpose. This is the woman who can make a home—a home lighted up by intelligence, benevolence, and love—a home (and her husband's heart too, if it be not his fault) very happy, for such a world as this. You will thus be sure of obtaining gold; which, if not unalloyed, will at events wear well in this rough world, and will still be gold.

Even in the days of my vanity, it was my settled unwavering conviction that neither wealth, nor station, nor any such adventitious circumstances, would suffice to make me happy: but I always did consider worth of mind and heart to be absolutely necessary to awaken and keep alive the sympathies of my nature. Without such treasure, I always believed I should find myself poor and miserable—my mind not satisfied, nor my heart filled. As I thought, so I acted; and, to this day, perhaps I feel somewhat vain that my judgment is only more immoveably fixed by time and experience. But let me not say I am "vain" of having formed right conclusions; but rather let me be devoutly grateful that I have found good results— * * * *

But pardon my pratings. Does the thought ever oppress your mind, that mankind have so little learned the art of being happy?—that multitudes *cannot* be happy, because they *will* not be happy. Many see and know quite well the only road, but they will not take it. They know, or might know, that if they will act contrarily to their knowledge and judgment—the light that God gives them; if they will sacrifice

congenial habits and tastes, and the affections of the heart—indeed everything—their souls too—to obtain *money;* they ought to expect nothing more. We have no right to look for miracles to be wrought to make us happy; and it would be nothing less than miraculous for the natural constitution of things, and all the laws of mind, to be so altered as to afford gratification to our perverted ideas and wishes. How foolishly do many act, in forming the conjugal relation—that sacred, hallowed bond—that special gift of the divine beneficence to make us good and happy! How many beacons do we see, as we pass on in the journey of life, too plainly, alas, warning all beholders to be faithful to common-sense, to principle, and to conscience!

If much that passes in the minds of parties who are weighing the matter of selecting a partner for life could be put into plain English, would it not sometimes amount virtually to this: "I *hope* there is mental and moral excellence—many desirable qualifications: but the grand decisive consideration is, *I know there is wealth.* I am willing to barter alliance of mind and heart, communion of thought and feeling—the true happiness of my life, and even the good of my soul—for money." And all this is deliberately acted over, with their eyes wide open. We know that love is said to blind the eyes; but in many such cases there is in fact *no love* to darken the vision. When we see immortal beings guided by the most sordid aims, sitting down to carve out crosses for themselves, and carving them most elaborately too—and then hear their complainings under the pressure of the yoke; may we not ask, ought they not, instead of repining against Providence under their hard lot, rather to condemn *themselves* as the authors of all their self-inflicted misery? They have "sown to the wind," and they have "reaped the whirlwind." May you, my dear Friend, never thus plant thorns in your path. May you be guided to make a wise and good choice. I cannot doubt it. You will then be happy.

But let us never forget that we are poor short-sighted, erring mortals; and that we only walk on in safety as directed from above. A good wife, or a good husband either, is "from the Lord." Let us believe it, and prize the blessing. I must now hastily conclude, by wishing you a life of usefulness and happiness, and assuring you of my continued esteem and regard.

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Christian motives. I can scarcely entertain the thought that
God will withhold his blessing from the systematic efforts and
the prayers which, in reliance on his aid, I trust we shall be
enabled to put forth, that she may possess those habits and
principles which can alone make her happy in this life, and in
the nobler life to come. I love to cherish the idea that she
may live to see the rapid progress of some of the most glorious
promises, whose fulfilment will make earth more like heaven;
since we may reasonably indulge the expectation that the best
days of the world are fast approaching. May our new emo-
tions and duties be not only a source of enjoyment, but of

congenial habits and tastes, and the affections of the heart—indeed everything—their souls too—to obtain *money;* they ought to expect nothing more. We have no right to look for miracles to be wrought to make us happy; and it would be nothing less than miraculous for the natural constitution of things, and all the laws of mind, to be so altered as to afford gratification to our perverted ideas and wishes. How foolishly do many act, in forming the conjugal relation—that sacred, hallowed bond—that special gift of the divine beneficence to make us good and happy! How many beacons do we see, as we pass on in the journey of life, too plainly, alas, warning all beholders to be faithful to common-sense, to principle, and to conscience!

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Even in the day [illegible] ing conviction that [illegible] adventitious circ [illegible] but I always [illegible] lutely necess[illegible] of my natu[illegible] should find [illegible] nor my b[illegible] day, pe[illegible] more i[illegible] not s[illegible] rath[illegible] res[illegible]

LETTERS.

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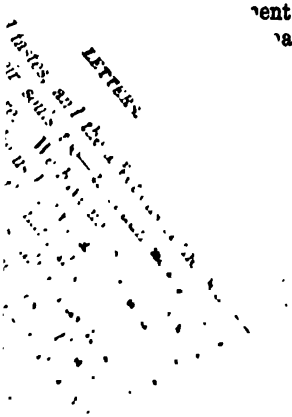

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M—— H——.

N-Town, *October* 9, 1843.

ssure you that the cards which
eeks ago, were not received without
Our recent return from Salisbury,
e my apology for having failed earlier to
your kind communication.

Many good wishes and prayers which I have offered
our behalf, do not allow me to think of you with in-
ifference; and now that my dear Dr. H. has ascertained
your present address from Mr. C———, permit me to offer
you our sincere, though somewhat tardy congratulations, on
an event which, we trust, will prove a source of lasting
mutual happiness. This, indeed, I do most sincerely and
heartily wish; and you have all the necessary materials for
being happy. You have formed that intimate and endeared
friendship, which our beneficent Creator has caused to be the
source of the best and tenderest of earthly felicity. The
sanctified alliance of mind and heart—what a blessing!
May it be yours. May we all, as we advance through the
stages of life, increasingly feel desirous of being useful to
others, and living to the glory of God.

The charge of another's happiness—what a sacred trust!
Let us watch over it with religious feelings. Let us pray for
grace to observe the heaven-taught law of love, to make
mutual concessions—the grand principle for preserving the
harmony of the social bond. None of the children of Adam

we think, and feel, and do right, the more strength shall we have to persevere in doing right. When I was a little girl at school, I remember being told that I should never be happy till I loved God and religion—till I loved that Saviour who loved little children, and who died that they might live for ever in heaven. O my dear boy! may *you* love the Saviour, and serve him all your days; and, then, you must be happy. Your Uncle joins me in kind love to you; and believe me to remain, Your affectionate aunt,

M—— H——.

(To Mrs. Pearsall.)

CAMDEN-TOWN, *Feb.* 6, 1844.

My dear Mary,—It is very true that our written communications have not been frequent, though not from any diminution of sisterly affection. No doubt the cause is the many engagements that fill up our time. I am sure I find enough to do, from morning till night; and I am inclined to think that you can echo the same note, even granting that your daily system of management may be much better than mine. Sometimes I am almost disposed to be disheartened, at seeing Penelope's web for ever in my hand; and then again self-love whispers something that seems to mean—that a mind naturally active, and loving contrivance, must necessarily find constant employment, under almost any circumstances. Whatever be the cause, I am certain that I am never listless and yawning for want of occupation, at all events; and that the remark of our friend Mrs. —— to me, the other evening, that she "feared babe made me idle," had no very stable foundation.

I have learned a great many lessons on the mysterious and mighty power of *habit;* and that it is much easier to learn new things in our younger years, than it is afterwards. I have often regretted that I exercised so little ingenuity in my childhood, as I find that all this may be turned to a valuable account in after life. I certainly loved my book better than making dolls' clothes; which art, however, I hope I shall one day teach our dear little girl to love, as a means of improvement as well as pleasure. You always loved your pencil and

your scissors, and you have found your account in it. If certain lessons are not learned in early life, it must be a source of regret to every woman who wishes to increase the happiness of those around her, by affording assistance in various ways, in times of need.

But I must stop; for whenever I touch on this subject, I am tempted to talk perhaps too fast. Do make your little girl practical and clever—in other words, teach her to wish to be useful. With such training, I believe that (by God's blessing, which I believe also will be granted,) children will grow up to be blessings to their parents, and to the world. Let us sow in faith. We are God's agents; and the responsibility which rests on our agency would press on our minds too heavily, did we not rest on faith and hope—did we not know that our sufficiency is of God. May He who is so divinely beneficent, qualify us for every duty.—With our united kind love to you all, I remain, my dear Mary,

Your affectionate sister,

M—— H——.

(To the Same.)

39 CAMDEN-STREET, *Aug.* 13, 1844.

My dear Mary,—I have wished to write to you long since; but various engagements have prevented me. The next week after we left Salisbury, we spent a day or two with our friends at Tulse Hill; and three days after our return, we received Mrs. Adams and her little boy; who are still with us.

We have been concerned to learn from Mrs. and Miss Pearsall, who have kindly called on us lately, that your anxieties are not at all relieved with respect to your dear little Mary Anne. Indeed we do sympathize with you in this heavy trial; and we pray that He who has permitted that you should know so many days and nights of anxiety and suffering, may graciously grant you all needful strength and consolation. If it should please God to bless the means you are now using, and to restore the poor dear little sufferer to health, we pray that she may live to be a comfort to the hearts of her parents. But if He who "seeth not as man seeth"—if He the great Giver, should see fit to take the gift

He has bestowed, may He grant all the resignation—all the religion, which such a trial must require.

I can believe that no heart, like that of a mother, can feel the loss of a dear child; but God, who comforteth those who are cast down, can send comfort to a mother's heart under such an affliction. And, O my dear Sister, how consolatory to know, that though suffering may seem to return afresh every day, yet God can send help from heaven; so that, as our day is, we may believe our strength shall be! O that all our afflictions may produce in us those great and noble ends which our Heavenly Father has in view: may we every day find it easier to say "thy will be done!"

I do not ask you to write to me; I do not wish it, as I know how fully your time must be occupied. Indeed you must have a great deal too much to think of—too much for your poor brain, and for your busy hands. Do let me beg you to get as much rest and quietude as you can: stay at home in the evening, after the thought and fatigues of the day, instead of often going out to attend any public service. If you ever feel disposed to forget the importance—the duty of attending to your health, think of *me;* and learn a lesson while it may be available. I am thankful to say that my health is much better, though I am not very strong. I have discontinued the use of the Essence of Wormwood, (10 or 20 drops, three times a day,) which Dr. —— prescribed for me, seven weeks ago; and I am now, by his advice, trying some very bitter beer, which we get from Romford, in Essex.

When we were at Salisbury, dear Sister spoke of the good pictures which you hang up in your nursery. If your kind husband could give us a few lines, at his leisure, informing us where we could purchase such pictures for children, we should be much obliged. With our united kind love to you and your dear husband, and your dear little ones, believe me,

Your affectionate sister,

M—— H——.

(To the Rev. J. S., and Mrs. Pearsall.)

CAMDEN-TOWN, *Nov.* 4, 1844.

My dear Brother and Sister,—Sincerely do we sympathize with you, in the heavy trial you have been called to sustain. Christian duty, as well as affection, calls on us to weep with those who weep. That we can form but an inadequate idea

of your trial, I can fully believe; but we know that religion can bring all necessary solace and support. Blessed religion—its untold heavenly worth you have now again tried; and doubtless you have mercifully found it to furnish a cordial for the sinking spirits, and a balm for the wounded heart. It has removed the gloom of the grave: it has caused you to see your dear child in the light and blessedness of heaven, and happy for ever! Blessed religion, which can enable us to wipe away our tears; and speak of a loved departed one, as not lost to us or dead, but rather as only gone from our view, to enter into life—eternal life:—which causes us to lose sight of the infirmities and sufferings of the poor body, in the glorious contemplation of the redeemed and sanctified spirit in a better world; where we hope to meet, to part no more. This happiness is ours. Let us not dwell on the wasted frame, and the diminished health and activity of your dear little one—she can know suffering and death no more. Let us follow her unfettered spirit—gone to be a seraph, to join the countless multitude on high, and to render service to Him who died to save. Let us no longer dwell on pain, and disease, and death—let us listen to the hosannahs of the blessed; let us think of the light, the glory, the immortality of heaven! May we who are moving in the field of conflict, be also conquerors, and so surely receive the crown of life!

You have been called to part with a dear child; but it must be all right—God has done it! "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away;"—and shall we not also say "blessed be the name of the Lord?" O for grace to say from the heart, under the darkest cloud: "Even so, Father; for so it seemed good in thy sight." May God grant us all needful faith and resignation, and enable us to cast all our burdens on Him who careth for all His children; and may our afflictions be found to have answered their gracious design—to prepare us for duty, to do God's will—to fit us more for earth and heaven!

May your two dear little ones be spared to bless your future days; and to be a blessing to the church and to the world. Accept our united kind wishes and sympathizing affection; and, with kind love to your good sister Ellen, believe me to remain, Your affectionate sister,

M—— H——.

(To Master S. H. Adams.)

Nov. 12, 1844.

My dear Nephew,—I dare say you often think of London—so full of stir, and life, and wonder; and which, no doubt, much pleased you. Perhaps you have sometimes thought that roaming about London for amusement, must be a happier kind of life than sitting down, day by day, at your lessons, in the quiet village of Walgrave. But if such a thought has entered your heart, I can safely assure you that you are not the first who has made strange mistakes about the nature of happiness. Some children, alas! have never been taught to think rightly about happiness, or anything else; so that they have grown up to act as wrongly as they thought: but you, my dear Samuel, must never forget that you have been taught to think and act rightly; therefore you know that, to be happy, we must pray and strive to be good—to please God. This will make us happy, whether we are young or old, rich or poor, in sickness or in health; whether living in a great city like London, or in the retired village of Walgrave.

Let us never forget, my dear child, to be thankful to God for the blessing of Parents and Friends who have sought to lead us to think aright, that we may act aright; because, as we think in our hearts, so shall we act. In childhood, we are apt to think that it is very easy, at any time we please, to leave off bad habits, and to fall into good ones—just as easy as to lay aside a garment; but in this we greatly deceive ourselves. Habits cling to us, and make our very characters; make us what we are, either good or bad. You have often been told that it is easier to love and fear God in our early days, than to begin when we are more advanced in years; and why?—because we are not so confirmed in bad habits, which harden the heart, and render it averse to what is good. In early days, the mind knows less of the corruptions of a wicked world, which cannot but more or less taint and injure the heart. Besides, in doing what is right we conquer ourselves—we gain a victory over our own wills; and this cannot but strengthen our good principles. We become stronger by fighting against what we know to be wrong—by resisting evil; whereas, by yielding to a bad habit, we

allow it to master us as an enemy. Every time we act aright—from good motives—from faith in Christ, we are fortified in a good course, and we are doing God's will, and serving on earth Him whom we hope to glorify for ever in heaven.

Many children have thought they would defer thinking of God, and praying for grace to love and serve Him, till they were old. This shows how deceitful sin is! Even a child may have sense enough to see that this is a most foolish way of reasoning. For, in the first place, they do not know that they shall live for a year, or even a day; and then, again, how can they know that they shall then be inclined to serve God, when they have allowed bad dispositions to gain the mastery over them? Is it not extreme folly to run a hazard so tremendous? The door of mercy may be closed, the day of opportunity gone for ever!

O I must hope that you, my dear Nephew, have long ago determined to devote your childhood to God; and, in his strength, to love and serve Him all your days! I cannot but think of you as a child of many prayers—prayers that surely never can be lost—prayers of dear Parents, who, I trust, will see their dear child loving religion from his youth, cheering their hearts as an obedient and dutiful son, and living to be useful in the world.

I must now hasten to lay aside my pen. One wish, however, let me send, to which I trust your heart will respond. May you grow wiser and better every day. I need not wish you happier every day; for to grow wiser and better is the surest way—and indeed the only way to be happy. Your uncle and little cousin send their love to your papa and mamma and yourself, with your affectionate aunt,

M. H———

(To Master Aldridge Devenish, at Mill-Hill School.)

39 CAMDEN-ST., (South,) *Nov.* 19, 1844.

My dear Aldridge,—I do not forget that, within a few miles of me, I have a nephew at school. I trust that you are seeking to improve all your advantages as talents given to you by God. How many waste the spring-time of their exist-

ence! and what is the consequence of such folly?—no harvest in after-life; and a miserable, contemptible old age. Such persons live to burthen, rather than to bless society. I trust that no such case will ever be yours. O no! I hope, my dear child, that you are acquiring useful knowledge, and those habits of mind which will make you happy and useful while you live, and fit you to serve Him whom we hope to glorify for ever in heaven. *Preparing to serve God in heaven*—my dear child, let us think more of this!

O my dear Aldridge, I must think of you as having made the good resolution—that, whatever others do, you will serve the Lord! I must think of you as desiring to belong to the fold of the dear Redeemer—to be one of the lambs of that good Shepherd, who laid down his life for his sheep. May you not only read the Scriptures, every day, so as to know the will of Him who says "they that seek me early shall find me;" but may you have grace given you to *do* his will, and to watch and pray against every temptation to indulge in an indolent, proud, or unkind spirit—or in any thing, whatever, which conscience says is wrong. Pray, every day, my dear Nephew, that you may be dutiful and obedient to the will of your good Parents, affectionate to each of your little brothers and sisters, docile to all your Teachers, and kind to every one. This you must do, if you wish to please God.

I do not know what arrangements your Papa has made respecting your return home at Christmas; but if it should be convenient for you to come to us, we shall be very glad to see you; and we will communicate with your papa on the subject. Your uncle, and your little cousin unite in kind love; and wishing you very pleasant holidays, and every blessing, believe me to remain, your affectionate aunt,

M—— H——.

(To Mrs. Adams.)

CAMDEN-TOWN, *Nov.* 25, 1844.

My dear Sister,—I regret that your kind letter has remained so long unanswered. We had just settled down comfortably, after our return from Worthing, when one of our servants was taken ill; which prevented her from doing

anything till within two days of the beginning of the College-Session. Since that time, I have been, day by day, sufficiently occupied. The care of dear babe of course engages a considerable share of superintendence from me; and she has become so full of life, and activity, and frolic, that I find it almost impossible to write, during the day. This is one chief reason of my silence: for—what with amusing her, and romping with her, I feel myself almost unfitted, in the evening, to attend to the kind communications of friends. Be pleased to accept this as my apology.

My conscience, I assure you, does not condemn me for sitting down from sheer indolence—finding nothing to do. O no, I fear that I am too much "cumbered about many things." I fear that my heart is too seldom lifted above earth-born cares. I know full well there was a time when I saw nothing attractive in household concerns; but time and experience, the instructors of all, have taught me to see duty and religion in all that relates to domestic life, even down to minute details—as was so correctly and beautifully seen by the good Herbert. To all this, you can, doubtless, respond. It is an art worth knowing—how to oil even the smaller wheels of the social machine, that all may move on smoothly and harmoniously. To do this, is a source of satisfaction. It is matter for gratitude that habit so much reconciles us to almost any circumstances; so that they produce, in fact, the elements of thought and feeling which constitute our life.

Could I once have believed that I could live on, so comfortably—so contentedly, from day to day often, without looking into a book, the best of books excepted?—But so it is. However, I cannot but know that my nature remains essentially the same. Now and then, I get a glimpse of a well-known vista, which brings before me familiar images of former pursuits and delights—old associations, and long-cherished remembrances, youth's earliest romantic visions. Tantalizing enough would all this be, were duty not taught us to be the true happiness of life; and did not claims of immediate urgency, at the same time, mercifully bring an amount of deep and lively interest—did not the act of duty which fills our hands, furnish also the redeeming relief of exercising

thought and filling our hearts. Thus refreshed and stimulated, by faith and hope that we are doing what is right and positively good, we wish to make no crusade against practical details. And it surely ought to be some solace to reflect that one continuous round of interesting duties, leaves no time idly to dream of good fortune bringing some object to enliven dull and lagging hours.

Well—we must cheerfully work on till our day is done—doing, hour by hour, our own appropriate work, from right principles and holy motives, which will secure their own reward—seeking to bless and be a blessing, according to the law of Christian love. In this way, alone, shall we be both useful and happy. In trying to meet the wants of all dependent on our care and guardianship, benevolence will charm away all sense of toil and weariness. God assures us, graciously, that as our day is so our strength shall be; and who has not found these words of mercy true?—still more, who has to tread the path of life through a solitary wild waste, yielding nothing to refresh the soul—no spring of comfort, no sunny spot, nothing of heaven reflected below—no light from the bright glory radiating from the cross—soul-animating, soul-satisfying sight!—the cross of Him who died to save! And does the way-worn spirit never catch the notes of the far-distant melody above?—and is it not cheered by the voice of God, saying "Be not dismayed, for the Lord thy God is with thee!"

We who have parental duties to fulfil are often prompted to say: "Who is sufficient for these things?" But let us believe the heavenly words: "Our sufficiency is of God." Let us sow in faith and hope, and look up for the promised blessing. It is in childhood that we must expect the bias of the moral character to be given. O that God may grant us wisdom and discretion to train our dear children in the way in which they should go!—The lateness of the hour now admonishes me to say Good Night. Wishing you every needful blessing; and with your Brother's united love—to yourself, Mr. Adams, and Samuel, believe me to remain, your affectionate sister,

M—— H——.

(To a Friend.)

My dear Friend,—I trust you will give me credit for good intentions, if I venture to take up some moments of your time; and I am quite assured that you will kindly receive the few remarks I have to make, even should you not be convinced of their importance.

Can you suppose it possible for a young man so to cultivate his understanding, as to be in some danger of overlooking the social affections—to be so engrossed with severe intellectual studies, as to neglect more or less the education of the heart?—This question I intend to be my text.

It seems evident that our beneficent Creator has not only given us susceptibilities which tend to ennoble and beautify the character, but has also made provision for their culture. Is not our nature adapted to derive happiness from the exercise of benevolent feelings, and are we not thus formed to cherish the delightful charities of life? Do you not believe that to love is to enjoy—that it is affection, and its kindred emotions, which expand the human heart—which animate life itself, and shed the most cheering sunshine on our path here below? I suppose we all admit that kindness is essential to happiness; and that no one—not wholly dead to the common sympathies of our nature, could be happy without the interchanges of social regard. If happiness is "our being's end," we cannot fulfil this aim, if we neglect the cultivation of those feelings which produce all that is kind and benevolent in action. We shall thus fail to do justice to those affections, to whose influence belongs all that is most valuable in the present life.—And O that I myself found no room for self-condemnation! Alas—in giving advice to others, I always seem condemning myself! I see myself too strongly reflected, and hear conscience saying "Physician, heal thyself."

Let us pray and strive to cherish all benevolent thoughts and emotions; and habitually indulge in those various exercises of kindness which foster our best sympathies, and which never fail to cast a charm over the domestic and social relations. It is our happiness, as well as our duty, "to rejoice

with those who do rejoice," and to "weep with them that weep;" but to perform this duty, we must attend to all the necessary self-culture. We are enjoined (and therefore we know that we have the power) to "keep our hearts with all diligence"—to strengthen every disposition which forms a part of moral excellence. What pleasurable or beneficent influence would society afford, even the society of our nearest relatives, were there no presiding spirit of sympathy—if the cheerful mind could not feel for the sorrows of the afflicted—if the firm and sound in bodily and mental constitution, had no sense of pity for those suffering from infirmity, and from the denial of heaven's choicest gifts? The presence of affection—the expansive sentiment of benevolence, can render all social life harmonious; for, then, mutual forbearance, and mutual consideration for each other's claims and welfare, will not be wanting. But if we fail in the duty of cultivating kind and benevolent emotions—this is not merely failure in the cultivation of happiness: it derogates also from the general excellence of character.

Pardon me, if I say, that I have often thought you manifested rather an unusual indifference to much that most persons naturally prize, as conducive to happiness. I cannot preach about your want of feeling—no, it is an undesirable indifference, (I know not what else to term it,) which appears likely to deprive you of much enjoyment in the most endearing relationships.

I am disposed to flatter myself that you can believe I sincerely wish you happy; and that you will approve of such an effort as I now make, aiming to promote so desirable an end; and that you will forgive me if I should undesignedly seem unkind. I wish you happy, not only to-day—I look forward to the future; and I feel assured that if you throw aside the unsocial indifference of which I speak, (be it real or apparent,) and increasingly cultivate kind and amiable dispositions, you will be preparing yourself to be happy as well as to make others happy. * * * It will tell still more on the most intimate—most important of all relationships which you may one day form.

May I direct your attention especially to another point in connexion with this subject—the mysterious, omnipotent force of habit, to cherish any of our ways of thinking or feeling. I

have lived long enough to prove its power. Our intellectual and moral habits, we know, make us what we are—they are in fact our very selves. How important that they should be what they ought to be; since we cannot part with them at pleasure, and take up at once an opposite class of sentiments and sympathies. The mode of thinking and bias of feeling acquired in our early years, may, it is true, be somewhat modified by new circumstances: but we must expect them to remain substantially the same, till the end of our days; so that we cannot be too watchful of the mental habits we form at an early stage of life; which is the best time to set about counteracting any tendency unfavourable to our own happiness, or that of others.

It requires no great genius to devise ways and means of manifesting our desire for the happiness of those we love. This will not be a task—but to those who have neglected this sacred duty; or who have, perhaps unconsciously, allowed the warm affections of their young hearts to centre too much in self. If, therefore, we find the commands of the law of love to be irksome, we may safely set it down as a proof that we have lived too much to ourselves. Simple benevolence, as a feeling of the heart, can furnish the wish to please, even in little things; and can supply kind words, and kind services, full of power and beauty. And the principles which make us kind and just in the domestic circle, will lead us to disregard the happiness of none of the whole human family.

Pray forgive me if I have spoken too freely; as I have only done what I have felt as a duty. And believe that, if I have touched on what I think the less happy part of the picture, my eye has still gladly rested on the many points of moral excellence, and of interest, which truly belong to it. I happen to have been in the way of having some experience of young persons; and, I assure you, I am far from insensible to what I cannot but see really good and admirable in your character. Believe that you have my prayers, and best wishes; and that, with much respect and esteem, I remain, Sincerely your friend,

M. H——.

(To Mrs. Balster.)

CAMDEN-TOWN, *Feb.* 24, 1845.

My dear Cousin,—I feel that an apology is due from me, which I trust you will kindly accept. I can truly say that I never think of your kindness, in calling on us, without unfeigned regret that I could not enjoy the pleasure of seeing you; which my own illness, and that of dear babe prevented. I was suffering, at the time, from a severe and renewed attack of the Influenza, at its height, accompanied with a bad state of throat. The influenza left me no voice—which was the case with several persons in this neighbourhood—and with great prostration of strength, so that I was reduced to a very pitiable plight. I see I have given you a strange detail; but you may find some little extenuation for my apparently unfriendly conduct. I was sorry I did not see you; and am heartily grieved that *you* should have found me *apparently* so much changed by time and circumstances.

I have not forgotten that a long and kind letter from you arrived at a time when my state of health rendered it desirable for my dear husband to be my amanuensis; so that it was not answered by my own hand. Again allow me to return my sincere thanks for your friendly remembrances. I have not forgotten the very *houses* (so deeply interesting) which were once our homes—where we passed our early days—where we spent so many happy hours, endeared by associations which, to our young eyes and hearts, were very bright, and beautiful, and dear. O! there are, indeed, sunny hours in childhood and youth—deep sympathies, heart-communings, which are remembered after many changes, strange vicissitudes of feeling, and a long lapse of time—hours when the young heart was warm with love and confidence, pure and disinterested! Ah! we are too often reminded how sadly are the lovely affections of youth apt to be blighted and marred by the withering and corrupting influences of the world, and the cold and selfish interests of our nature. But cold as the world is, and selfish as are our hearts—merciful thought—there is still much love left to bless us all our days: and where love has really existed, although it may lose its colouring of romance, we know it will never die—it proves not a mere dream of poetry, but a plain substantial reality of every day life.

Many years have fled since we used to correspond; but O how much has memory embalmed of the past!—and how often does what was familiar to our hearts, in early life, rise up before us with fresh power and beauty—the shade too, as well as the sunshine, seems again spread out around us. Often does our street-music recal to me the hymns which once heightened the social enjoyment of our home circles. O we cannot have become indifferent to those country villages, and those *interesting old houses*, which were once our homes; and where we passed the sunshine of our early youth! How do the most trivial circumstances often awaken sympathies belonging to the friends, the scenes, the events of those early days!

My dear husband unites with me in kind remembrances to yourself, and Mr. Balster; and to your *little* girl, I had almost unconsciously said—but two or three years transform the "little" girl. Ah, indeed, a few years make strange transformations and changes on all sides! Does not such a contemplation fill the mind with feelings of the most affecting kind? "Our *fathers*—where are they?"—But are all these events only rousing us up to duty, and fitting us well to live, and happily to die? May we be allowed, at the last, to rejoice in victory over sin and death, through our Lord Jesus Christ. May this be our happiness, in the prospect of eternity.

And now, with every kind and good wish, believe me ever to remain, Your affectionate Cousin,

M—— H——.

(To the Rev. Dr. Campbell.)

39 CAMDEN ST., *July 10th*, 1845

My dear Pastor,—Not knowing when a more favourable opportunity may occur, I now intrude for a few moments on your fully occupied time, to express my obligation to you as the Editor of the *Christian Witness*. That you have so far met the wants and tastes of such a multitude of readers, must be to yourself, as well as to them, a source of devout gratitude. Most sincerely, as a unit of the whole number, do I offer you my thanks for the good you have done to my mind and heart; as well as for the general service you have rendered to the cause of truth and righteousness. Without

claiming for it a perfection which no human performance can reach—the healthful moral tone, the ardour, the energy which pervade the work—the variety of its articles—its adaptation to the class of readers contemplated—its sentiments, so consonant with all that is great and good, so practical and scriptural—and its general spirit—do certainly entitle it to the approbation of the Christian public. Doubtless, you are awakening multitudes from their selfish slumbers—their inertness and apathy, to be up and doing in these times, when all are required to be at work. You are no doubt enlightening thousands, and exciting them to take an intelligent interest in subjects affecting the whole human race, for time and eternity. Surely the smile of heaven rests on your arduous undertaking, and renders it the channel of untold blessings to the churches of our land. I rejoice to think of the impetus you must be furnishing to a cause so glorious as the advancement of society, in knowledge and religion. May blessings rest on your own soul: and may you have your reward in present results, and in heart-cheering hopes for the future; and especially at that day when the faithful servant of our Lord and Saviour—who has contended for the truth, and fought well the good fight, shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away.

My general state of health and strength having so much interfered with my more public religious privileges, I have been glad to avail myself, in private, of such reading as is fitted to edify and stir up the mind; and often have your pages refreshed me. I pray God, again and again, as I turn them over, that others may be benefitted and blessed; and that you may long live thus to be a blessing, and may be enabled to keep alive the interest and the power of the work, and its practical and reforming character. Every day I live, I seem increasingly to feel the importance of all that is *practical*, in all the relations of life, to make us what we ought to be—happy ourselves, useful to others, and promoting the glory of God. The ability to select measures the wisest and the best-adapted to secure our object, is indeed a choice gift, if we regard it (as we should do) with reference not only to our secular, but also to our spiritual duties. It seems, in my case, to have been so much a confirmed habit of mind to dwell on the efficiency of human instrumentality,

that I often fear I am in danger of overlooking the agency of God. If I believe anything, I certainly believe that as we "*sow*" we "*reap*"—that we shall always receive our reward, if we rightly use the means which are graciously put into our hands.

Allow me to say that I have truly given you my sympathy, when I have reflected on the nature of your undertaking, the sacrifices it involves, the infringement—nay the absorption of time due to relaxation—the withdrawment of your attention from many loved pursuits—the irksome mechanical toil, in addition to the wearing emotion and continuous intellectual effort, attending the maintenance of the harmony of your design and the character of your work. I think but few of your readers are in danger of identifying the small price of each Number with "easy production;" and for this simple reason—that your work is so good, that we cannot be blind to the amount of labour bestowed upon it. For one, I have not been insensible to the qualities of head and heart which your undertaking has demanded; and when I have thought I saw in you traces of suffering, and of much study being a "weariness to the flesh," I have feared lest you might labour on with too much zeal and ardour, so as to reduce your health to a wreck, or even sacrifice your valuable life. We often hear it said that we are "immortal till our work is done:" yet, if I might turn preacher, I would caution some good people against shortening their days by too incessant toil, and too self-denying exertions—prompted no doubt by a martyr-spirit, leading to a martyr's crown.

But I must hasten to apologize for intruding too much on your time. I trust that God will grant you strength according to your day; and wishing you, and Mrs. Campbell and family, every needful good—in which my dear husband desires me to say he cordially joins, believe me to remain,
Your affectionate friend,

M. H——.

(To Miss Hannah Devenish.)

CAMDEN-TOWN, *Sept.* 18, 1845.

My dear sister Hannah,—I do not think I am exactly in your debt as regards letter-writing, but I know and feel that

I am indebted to you, and our dear Sisters, for a good amount of sisterly interest and affection; so that I could not but obey the dictates of my heart, and take this opportunity of giving you an expression of my affectionate remembrance. You can believe that I also feel some interest in your welfare, and cherish some love for you, and send up wishes to heaven on your behalf.

I am sure that, as I grow older, I do not feel my love for our dear family to decrease.—O no! I am sure I do feel an intense interest in their welfare; which, I often say, seems to increase, year by year; and which is more than mere pride of family. I suppose many things contribute to strengthen this feeling. As we advance in life, we gain more knowledge of human nature—of ourselves, as well as of others. We learn somewhat more of the requirements and wants of every condition. We learn the havoc which time makes in every endeared circle—we often hear of departed friends, withered joys, disappointed hopes: and, for ourselves, we learn how much is lost never to be regained; and the heart sometimes melts at the sad review. But we raise our eyes, and see mercy to us on all sides—light amidst all darkness. We see kind, true, devoted hearts around us—prized the more, if not always to be met with, in such a world as this. Our own dear family—may we love each other on earth, and for ever in heaven! We are hearing of brothers or sisters living at variance, for years, without any interchange of kind words and feelings—because love has been wanting in the heart! * * * May we ever continue to be spared such misery! May love ever bless our own dear family circle—God grant it! * * * *

Time forbids my saying more. My dear husband unites, in kind love and best wishes, with your affectionate sister,

M. H——.

(To Mr. Matthew Devenish.)

39 CAMDEN-ST., *Sept.* 23, 1845.

My dear Brother,—Do you take in the *Christian Witness?*—if not let me recommend it to you, and ask you to recommend it as widely as possible. The character of this Maga-

zine is most practical and reforming, indeed admirably fitted for the present times. Doubtless it is a blessing to the churches of our land, and to thousands who need to be enlightened on the most important subjects affecting the welfare of the human race. We live in wonderful times; and such a work as this takes a glorious share in the moral progress of society. Such a work must be indeed a blessing to a large class of young people, by inciting them to thought and inquiry, giving them correct notions on many noble and elevating subjects, and inspiring them with an ambition to be good and great. A work thus ministering to man's highest wants, ought to be received as God's gift; and, by encouraging it, we may increase our influence for usefulness in society. How would such a work have been hailed by our dear good Father! whose fine qualities of head and heart were so nobly exercised for the good of others; and who laboured, in the true spirit of a reformer, to promote the moral good of all around him.* We may rejoice to think that the small price of the *Christian Witness* (three-pence) places it within the reach of multitudes who might otherwise lose the benefit of it. Its monthly circulation is now 30,000. Religious and moral reformation is its primary object; but it is gratifying also to know that, during last year, which was its first, it cleared for our aged pastors upwards of £700. As a rule, I read it regularly through, and I always find that a blessing is in it; and I pray God that others also may be blessed by it. O do let us all open our eyes to what is passing around us! May we, each, and all, be up and doing, praying and striving to throw aside our selfish slothfulness; and thus furnish some aid, though feeble, to the mighty movements which are

* Mr. Matthew Devenish, of Bulford, Wilts, died (while the writer of these Letters was quite a child) after lingering for a short period, in consequence of a fall from his horse, near his own residence; by which melancholy accident, a young family was suddenly deprived of the best of Fathers. She always spoke of him with the warmest enthusiasm; and her high admiration of his character, and her great love and veneration for his memory, never ceased to manifest themselves, on various occasions, throughout her life. The cherished sense of his devoted piety and benevolence, his intelligence and refined manners, and the image of his excellencies as hallowed in the remembrances of the family, appear to have had no small influence in moulding her own mind and heart. See p. 219.

going on, and do what we can to hasten the moral advancement of the world.

If, as parents, we are ever tempted to unbelief in what the Almighty says—in the truth of the gracious promise, "Train up a child in the way he should go"—if we are ever inclined to doubt the power and efficiency of works of faith and labours of love; let us look into a book just published, entitled "The Convict Ship, a Narrative, by Colin A. Browning, R. N." The whole number of convicts amounted to 264, of whom 76 had received a little education; 188 were totally uneducated. All could read well before they reached the end of the voyage; and 114 professed themselves to be believers in the Lord Jesus Christ. The human agent in this truly wonderful transformation, was the Surgeon-Superintendent; who, during five voyages to the Penal Colonies, has conducted multitudes of prisoners, of whom only 14 had been taught in a Sunday-School. Let Christian teachers and parents believe, and hope, and trust in the fulfilment of the promises of God. As we sow—thus shall we reap. We shall have our reward, if we rightly use the means which God has graciously given us * * * * *

With our united love to yourself, dear Catherine and children, believe me, ever, Your affectionate sister,

M—— H——.

(To the Rev. J. S., and Mrs. Pearsall.)

January 14, 1846.

My dear Brother and Sister,—We are again painfully called on to express our heartfelt sympathy with you, in the afflictive loss which you have sustained. I know, indeed, that we cannot realise all that your hearts have been called to endure. We have never thus been called to suffer. We could not fail, however, to think of all the fatigue, and watchings, and anxious hopes and fears, which you have passed through, day after day, and night after night; and we could not but offer you our deepest sympathy, and give you our earnest prayers, that God, who comforts those whom He is pleased to afflict, would grant you needful supporting grace; and strength of body, as well as of mind, equal to the day of trial. O that we may all learn every lesson that God would teach us!—

surely not forgetting, in unthankfulness, the consolations of the Gospel—that death, to dear loved little ones, is not loss but endless gain ; and that there is much to excite our faith and encourage our hope, to moderate our griefs, and to bring every thought and feeling into acquiescence with the appointment of God's wise and holy Providence.

Most sincerely do we sympathize with you. But you have not to learn the duty of submission to God ; and doubtless you have enjoyed serenity and comfort in yielding to the divine government, in your present circumstances of sorrow ; and in committing all your interests to the disposal of your heavenly Father. The dear child was not allowed to be long an inhabitant of a world of sin and suffering, and is now perfectly happy. All earth could not make him so happy. With redeemed saints, and with angels, he is now amid the light and glory of the temple above ! May the same grace save and sanctify *us* ; and lead us to serve God on earth, and for ever in heaven ! We trust that God will favour you with health and strength ; and may your dear little ones also enjoy this blessing, and every other. God grant you all needful consolation, support, happiness, and usefulness !

Give our kind love to dear Anne, who must be a great solace to you. Accept, for you both, our united sympathy and affection ; and believe me to remain, my dear Mary, Your affectionate sister,

M——— H———.

(To Mrs. Pearsall.)

CAMDEN-TOWN, *Nov.* 10, 1846.

My dear Mary,—I have been long wishing and intending to write ; but various engagements have been allowed to interfere with the duty. At length I am asking you directly respecting the welfare of your family ; of whom of course we have frequently heard, either from Romsey or our Pentonville friends. I hope this damp weather, which must necessarily keep your dear little ones much in doors, does not appear to lessen their amount of health. I hope also that you all find the advantage of a change of residence, as the

winter comes on: though, indeed, the benefits of a comfortable house are felt in all seasons. A habitation that is calculated to promote health, with its ten thousand blessings, I feel to be a constant occasion of gratitude. I trust that you will all enjoy, this winter, much of this invaluable boon.

We are concerned to find that sister H.'s health has been so much affected. I wished her to try the effect of a winter with us; but I could not induce her to overcome her unwillingness to leave home. From our latest accounts of dear Mrs. P., I hope she will get through the winter better than we feared. I have wished to call on her; though I have long failed to do so.

For the past month I have not been so well as usual. Certainly I enjoyed better health, during the past autumn, than I have known for years; but I have taken a sad retrograde movement the past three or four weeks. Yesterday, notwithstanding a dark November day on Sunday, with continuous rain, the atmosphere began to clear—and, sanguine still, I could not but see sunshine for the future; though I must confess that my spirits sometimes suffer from my want of health, and are not entirely so uniformly good as they once were. To the end of my days, however, I believe I shall hope on—aye, and hope for ever. Even Mr. Foster's morbid laments upon his two poor daughters, and the hard destiny of our part of humanity, cannot awaken my sympathy. I cannot, here, think and feel with him; although I may leave behind me a dear little daughter in a wide world. I cannot see only one arid waste. O no! there are springs yielding life and love, and "heaven above not out of sight." O yes! there is the same faith, and hope, and mercy, for those who are to come after us—the same all-gracious God, for *them*, who has hitherto guided *our* pilgrimage, and I trust will guide us even unto death, and after death receive us to glory. There is for them, the same Saviour at the right hand of God for evermore!

May all our dear children live unto God—the grand purpose which, we know, is worth living for. Then will follow the recompence of immortality and glory, which is worth dying to attain. Out of the toil and suffering of three-score years and ten—or much, very much below that term of life, issues eternal good: only let earth be to us a preparation for

heaven! * * * With our united kind love to yourself, your good husband, and the dear children, believe me, my dear Mary, Your affectionate sister,

M—— H——.

(To Master S. H. Adams.)

39 CAMDEN-ST., *Jan.* 18, 1847.

My dear Nephew,—You will, I fear, have considered me a very poor correspondent. I regret that one thing after another has caused me to delay thanking you for the information you gave me of your school, and of other circumstances. Now I desire to offer to your dear Parents and yourself, your uncle and aunt H.'s sincere good wishes. It is not merely a compliment, I assure you, when I wish you a *happy new year.* I hope you may enjoy strong health, and that your mind may be vigorous also—that you may be able to go to school, day by day; and thus be fitted, with comfort, usefulness, and respectability, to fill any situation to which God may one day call you.

But school-occupation, you know, is not the only means of improvement which God has put into your hands. God has given you, my dear child, good parents, who not only do all they can to promote your health, and to aid your advancement in knowledge—you have parents who are anxious to see you possess wisdom to turn all the knowledge you gain to a right account: above all, to see you daily cherishing those good dispositions which we must possess in order to be happy, and to enjoy the testimony of our consciences that we have sought to please God. I will wish that you may be happy every day in the year; and, in order that you may be thus happy, I will just remind you of those beautiful lines—

> "Happiness lies in the temper within,
> And not in our outward estate," etc.

You know—while many children, alas! do not know—that to be happy we must have a right state of mind: that is, we must endeavour to obey God's laws—to do all that he com-

mands us to do. This will lead us to cherish kindness to all—this will lead you, my dear Nephew, to be obedient, and considerate to your dear Parents; to observe their wishes, and to be always ready to render any little service in your power, which may add to their comfort and happiness.

We cannot be happy if we know that we are failing to do what is right, and what is our duty. We know that we owe much love to our Parents, for all their care, and kindness, and concern for our welfare. We owe them much gratitude. Knowing this, surely duty will become a pleasure; and will produce the constant wish to please. It will lead us to devise many ways of proving (especially in any time of sickness, as was lately the case) that we are grateful for all the amount of parental regard which we have received.

The wish to please God will enable us to do many things, and to bear many things, without thinking them to be tasks or hardships. It will teach us lessons of self-denial, which will be no real sacrifice of comfort or enjoyment. You, my dear child, have found out, no doubt, that we are not always the most happy when we are caring only for ourselves. And though we may find it hard work to think, and feel, and act according to what we well know to be right, yet we must try and try again—never, never forgetting that God will give us the promised strength, if we sincerely pray for it. If we resolutely determine that we will try to exercise this self-denial, we are sure that we shall not make all this effort in vain—to no purpose. We shall be better and happier. We shall be doing good. We shall be making the road to heaven the easier—indeed, if we know nothing of self-denial, we know little of the way to heaven. If we cannot deny ourselves, we cannot be the disciples of the Saviour—if we cannot deny our selfishness, our self-indulgence, our pride, our indolence, our tempers, as opposed to what is good. To conquer ourselves—our own evil tendencies, is indeed a work so hard, that we must for ever despair of doing it in our own strength. But even a child may wish to be good, and to please God; and can pray for grace from above, for the sake of Him who still loves and condescends to children. Even a child may bring down power from heaven! and may gain a glorious victory over evil—over himself—more glorious to-day, than he did yesterday.

I should hope you never, for a moment, harbour the idea that you may *now* safely put off all thought of being wiser and better—and that when you are older, at some future time, you will then be wise, intelligent, and good, and all that can be desired. Do not indulge any such notion. It is the obedient, diligent, amiable, good child, whom we expect to be a good man. When a child loves the Saviour, from his earliest years, and every day wishes and prays to love him more, and serve him better—(although such dear child feels, every day, that he needs a Saviour's forgiveness)—when a child is thus under the influence of good thoughts and feelings, growing stronger and stronger, continually, in goodness—we may expect such a child to become a very good man. We expect this; because these are the means which God uses to make us what we ought to be, and on which his blessing rests.

I hope you like the little book I sent you, entitled "Life in Earnest." It delighted me. It is a book suited to a more advanced stage of life than you have yet reached; yet I pleased myself with believing that you would not fail of learning some valuable lessons from it. Some poor ignorant children foolishly suppose that it must be a fine thing to have nothing to do; but you have been too well taught, to entertain any notion so unsound. Of course you cannot believe that there is any pleasure in being idle; but that there *is* pleasure in having work to do, and setting about it with diligence and promptitude.

When you have leisure, I shall be glad to hear from you. I must now hasten to say, that to your dear Parents and to yourself, your uncle and aunt H——, as well as your little cousin, desire their kind love; and believe me, my dear Samuel, to remain, Your affectionate aunt,

M—— H——.

(To Miss Anne Devenish.)

CAMDEN-TOWN, *January 22nd*, 1847.

My dear Sister Anne,—Accept my very sincere thanks for your welcome notes; and also for the time you have kindly given us, in attending to our commission. Yesterday

we had the ground covered with snow, but the frost broke up about noon. In the morning, Mr. ——— called, and thanked us warmly for all our attention to his son, who was here the other day, and seemed quite well. They are come to London to make the necessary arrangements at Lincoln's Inn. In the afternoon, Mr. Pearsall called; whom we were glad to see in such good health. His accounts of dear Mary and the little ones, are favourable; but he does not think his poor Mother so well as we had hoped. * * *

The pretty little painting you were so kind as to send for your little niece, has been exhibited by her to all in the house; and it is to be carefully kept for "Aunt Anne's sake." Love and thanks are to be returned; and entreaties for more of these creations, which she seems to think Aunt Anne has time and power to call up at will, as by a sort of magic; especially as you are the "strongest Aunt." * * * I find it very desirable to study a little of *dietetics*. I am often saluted, in the morning, with the important inquiry—"please may Fenning give me"—such and such a thing—"for breakfast." I am inclined to think that some common things disagree with children; and that mothers and nurses may fail to find this out, for want of a little observation. Mrs. R——— was telling me, when we were at Portsea last summer, that her little nephew never could keep mutton-broth on his stomach, however nicely and carefully it might be prepared; while he could live on rice and beef-tea. There is something to be learned from this.

A piece of patch-work has been made by your niece, very neatly, entirely from pieces of gowns once worn by her Grandmama and Aunts. A "band of love," as she calls it, made up of strips of my own frocks, forms the border. This performance is shown to the dolls; who are edified by a dissertation on the history and merits of the several pieces.—What responsibilities are involved in the charge of a young mind. O for strength and wisdom from above! How are the speech, the sentiments, the spirit of those who are always with children, caught by them. Knowing this, "what manner of persons ought we to be!" I wish you could see the interest the dear child feels in Dr. Watts's "Divine Songs." What a blessing has this book, and Miss Taylor's "Hymns for Infant minds," been to children! She is very fond, too,

of her "Jonah book," as she calls Draper's Scripture-History, which was once poor dear Elizabeth's. * * *

Our kind love to you all; and believe me to remain, dear Anne, Your affectionate and obliged sister,

M—— H——.

(To Mr. W—— R——.)

89 CAMDEN-ST., *March 5*, 1847.

My dear Friend,—The communication we received from you, a few days since, gave us no ordinary pleasure! You can suppose we feel much interested in the welfare of all who have lived under our roof. We are truly glad to hear of their happiness in all the relations they sustain in society, and of their success in every laudable effort—of their well-earned rewards, as far as it respects this world. But, with more intensity of feeling, do we hear of the essential improvement of character—of the mind and heart of our dear young friends being brought into subjection to the will of God, to his love and service—to find them securing, not merely a reward of earthly honour and distinction, but a crown that "fadeth not away," when all the allurements and vanities of time shall have proved to have been transient and unsatisfactory.

It is refreshing, in such a world as this—where strict rectitude, and conscience of duty are so often made to give way to a time-serving policy and selfish aggrandizement, to see that true greatness of mind, that nobility of soul, that expansion of heart, which are ever cheerfully ready to make sacrifices in order to do good, and to render all within their influence better and happier. Such a line of conduct, we know, does not always promise to fill our coffers with gold; but it brings its own reward, in the testimony of a good conscience, and in the approbation of Him who will bestow a recompence at the resurrection of the just.

It gladdens our hearts to think that you rank among those who live and labour to answer the great purpose of life. We rejoice to know that you not only allow your judgment to acknowledge the claims of truth and righteousness; but that you are enabled, by the aid of God's sanctifying Spirit, to bring

a determined will to do faithfully what you believe to be right*—to persevere in the path of duty and self-discipline. We rejoice to know that you, happily, make religion a vital, personal concern; that you see the utter insufficiency of self, to conform to the Christian principles and the Christian spirit; and that you can say "Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ." It is, indeed, cause for grateful joy that you have found Religion's ways to be "ways of pleasantness, and all her paths to be paths of peace"—that you are happy in the light and love of our holy religion. O how many young men around us seem never to think of a better world—or to believe in the existence of greater felicities than those which they are striving to obtain from earth! Their most cherished interests and hopes seem to have no reference to an endless life—to the hopes and consolations of the glorious Gospel!

I conclude that, from a high sense of personal obligation, you aim to benefit your College-associates by addressing them, as a friendly monitor, on those subjects which their present situation and employments are likely to put away too much from their contemplation. *I* also have felt deeply interested in their religious welfare. I have, at different times, brought before Mr. ———'s mind the duty of decision in Christianity; so as to avow himself on the side of Christ, by uniting with his people in church-fellowship. I have induced him to read Orme "On the Lord's Supper"; and have urged him to observe this duty, as his outward conduct was so exemplary as to justify the hope and belief that such practice could arise only from Christian principles—and as he was not at liberty to neglect such means for the cultivation of Christian character, and the acquisition of more fitness for this life and for the life to come. May God bless the friendly monitions you may offer to any of your Fellow-Students; and may He answer the prayers that have been uttered on their behalf!

And, now, assuring you of my kind regards and best wishes for your happiness and usefulness, throughout life, in which Dr. H. desires me to say he cordially joins; and begging you to excuse his replying to your welcome letter, as I have written this: allow me to subscribe myself, with much esteem,

Very sincerely your friend,

M—— H——.

* See p. 176.

(To Master Aldridge Devenish, of Dorchester.)

CAMDEN-TOWN, *March* 12, 1847.

My dear Aldridge,—The many thoughts and the many good wishes I often give you, induce me to send you a few lines to express more fully the interest I feel in your welfare. I sometimes think of the time when you were staying at Salisbury, with your dear Grandmama and Aunts. You were then a very little boy; but very willing to wait on your poor invalid Aunt H., who used to call you (perhaps you remember) her "little apothecary." I have not forgotten, I assure you, the kind services you rendered me, in mixing my magnesia, etc.; and in running up and down stairs to fetch anything I wanted, out of drawers or boxes, as cleverly as any little girl might have done. Thank you, again, for all such aid; and now, in return for it, I cannot forbear wishing that you may possess that tact and "*gumption*"—or, in other words, that practical knowledge and aptitude which are of such real value throughout life. As a child you were practical; therefore I am disposed to believe that you are still happy in possessing this valuable qualification.

I was lately much pleased with some remarks I met with on Sir Astley Cooper. It is said that he seemed to be by his very nature philosophically disposed, and always had some object of practical utility in view. In his scientific attainments, he had remarkable facility in applying his knowledge to the daily concerns of life; and he delighted to suggest improvements in matters which might almost appear too trifling to attract his notice. I shall strive to foster the growth of such a habit of mind in my own dear child, and shall delight to see her possessed of such a blessing. Such a quality cannot fail to make us wiser, and happier too—to be always thus studying to find materials for benefitting others, as well as ourselves. This involves the disposition to think, to invent—to labour, instead of framing idle wishes for ten-thousand good things to fall from the sky, without any effort on our part. You know, as well as your aunt, my dear nephew, that it is folly to sit down with folded arms, wishing that all the world were ready to crowd around and help us—dreaming on, till the spell of such delusion paralyzes our minds, and prevents us from using our powers to meet any emergency. Such idle day-

dreams will never give us a spirit equal to any situation, any of the circumstances of difficulty or distaste which fall more or less to the lot of every human being.

We must learn the noble and happy art of self-reliance—to help ourselves. *Aide-toi et le Ciel t'aidera.* We shall help ourselves by bringing all our powers to bear on the duties belonging to the social relations we sustain, and to that station in society which God calls us to fill. We must be willing and happy to work; knowing that, in the very nature of things, toil is the condition of success; while we rely on God to bless our patient, persevering labours. "If thou be wise, thou shalt be wise for thyself." This sentiment is as true, now, as when Solomon uttered it. May God impress it fully on our hearts. Let us awake to the glory of advancing in knowledge, in religion, in usefulness to mankind as well as to ourselves. Let us rouse up all our energies, to grow in intellectual power, and moral excellency. This is worth living for. Let us not rest in the fallacy that we can ever become mentally rich, all at once—the best Father or Friend on earth, could not make us so by any effort. No—the *one* road must be taken—patient, diligent toil. To attain moral and Christian excellence, there must be "patient continuance in well-doing"—a daily growth in self-knowledge, self-denial, self-abasement. Blessed be God, we may ask Him for all we need—strength for our weakness—grace to deny our love of ease, sloth, and indolence—our pride, and all that is opposed to what is good.

Let us strive to acquire more of this self-discipline—it will ensure temporal benefit; it will make the road to heaven the easier. We justly ascribe strength and greatness of mind to him who can excercise self-control—the self-denial of high and unbending principle. The man who has learned somewhat of the difficult lesson of gaining a mastery over himself—over his temper, his passions, his evil habits—is a conqueror. This is hard work—so hard, that we must for ever despair of obtaining anything worthy the name of a victory, but in His strength who has promised to our earnest prayers all needful grace. Even a child, however, may gain this victory. The Christian of youthful, or of mature years, may grow daily in the same mastery; and to this end there must be daily repentance for sin, and application to the cross of Christ for pardon, peace, and strength.

Let us thank God that the best of blessings are not restricted to age. The youth who has not seen twenty summers may be securing the highest use of life, by exercising his faculties to wise, good, and holy purposes. Such a youth is, indeed, blessed and happy. Religion will give peace to his mind, and stability to his character—will bless him, and make him a blessing.

Your dear uncle unites with me in best love to your kind parents, and your brother; and believe me to remain, with every good wish, my dear nephew, your affectionate aunt,

M—— H——.

P.S.—Some time since, I read a little book which greatly delighted me: "Life in Earnest," by the Rev. J. Hamilton. I shall be very happy to hear that you have given it a thoughtful perusal.

(To Mr. J. A. Devenish.)

39 CAMDEN-ST., *April* 9, 1847.

My dear Brother Aldridge,—I have been intending to write to you for a long time; indeed ever since I heard of your civic honours. And now, though late, allow me to say that I have sincerely given you, again and again, all those wishes and feelings which are due from a sister. I do pray that you may, by God's blessing, be an agent in adding to the social good of the community—in making the world better and happier. This desire, for a dear brother, I consider as far higher than the desire that he should receive the empty honours of mere position or office.

It is a long time since I have written directly to you; but do not infer that I never think of you, or that I never mentally frame kind and sisterly wishes for you and yours. I pray for you and your dear family, every day; and I hope not as a mere form. My heart sincerely desires your welfare, for this world and for the world to come. I am sure I feel interested for every member of our dear family, and do heartily wish them all good—blessings for ever rest upon them all!—I often think of your dear little ones; and rejoice to hope that their dear parents are gladdened, day by day, by the progress they are making in mental and moral attain-

ments. What difficulties and responsibilities are involved in the charge of a young mind!—who is sufficient for such a trust—so sacred and solemn? Day by day, and hour by hour, we are imparting education which will be the basis of character. Our speech, our sentiments, our spirit, are all producing impressions; and influencing the growth of the mind. Do we give our first care to the education of the heart and feelings, rather than the understanding—to moral excellence, rather than to the mere acquisition of knowledge? Do we put in its right place the enforcement of *duty*—do we seek to make duty the very *poetry of life* to our dear children, by inducing them to hold the belief that—to be good—to please God—is to be happy?

We trust, for salvation and for heaven, to the atonement of our Lord and Saviour; but the religion of the Gospel is a religion of means; and even our little children may come under sacred influences from above. * * * * *

We unite in kind love to yourself, dear Margaret, and the children; and believe me to remain, my dear Brother,
Your affectionate sister,

M—— H——.

(To the Same.)

CAMDEN-ST., *Jan.* 20, 1848.

My dear Brother Aldridge,—In olden time, many a letter was commenced with the announcement, "this comes hoping, etc." As I took up my pen to write, my heart framed such a wish; and I could not help thinking that, in any age or time, such a wish must be good, and agreeable to the best affections of our nature; and the present season of sickness and mortality especially inclines the heart to kind wishes for the health and happiness of those we love. I trust that you and dear Margaret, and all your dear little ones are mercifully well. I sometimes picture to myself your little group, all good and happy, and growing in knowledge, as well as—no doubt—*out of* knowledge. O how beautiful is a young, innocent, unsophisticated mind!

But I must hasten to say that I write a line to ask whether you take in the *British Banner*—a weekly paper just started, which is edited by Dr. Campbell? I intend to read

it, regularly, whether I agree or differ on any point. This newspaper is not issued for gain; but to subserve the cause of truth and righteousness. May God speed its way! Since the periodical press is to a vast extent adverse to the true interests of religion, it becomes the duty of Christians to counteract an evil of so great magnitude, and to countenance such efforts. Every enlightened Christian patriot will desire the purity of the press; and to give encouragement to talent and piety enlisted in this cause, is surely an important way of doing good, by promoting the general welfare. I believe this Newspaper will bring a blessing to untold multitudes. I honour the man who conducts it. I admire his independence of mind, his intrepidity, his integrity, his unwearied diligence, and his sacrifice of ease and self-indulgence—if not (I fear) his health—to duty and benevolence, love to man and love to God.

I am sure that the principles of its Editor would have commended themselves to the approbation of our good, our noble Father.* As I have read the columns of the *Banner*, I have said—how would such a Paper have gladdened his heart! I love to think of our dear Father—such a Father!—I love to dwell on his sacred memory. He must have been a man of fine mind, and must have possessed no common degree of moral excellence. He must have been far in advance of the age. His influence was felt throughout his whole neighbourhood. His head and heart were of no common order. He sought to improve life and time, and showed that he always kept in view the grand purpose and end of existence. He worked while it was day; and having done his Lord's will, was called to his rest, and his labours "follow" him. He lived to bless, and be a blessing. He left us a noble inheritance (in his example) of high virtue, of unbending principle, of disinterested action. It is often an affecting thought to me, that nearly all his children have now reached his brief term of years on earth! Have we lived, as long, to as good a purpose? Are we like him?—equally solicitous to advance in personal piety; and to employ all our ability to do good, and promote the religion of Christ? What an account, with our Parents' example before us, shall we have to render! Will our works of faith, and labours of love, receive the ap-

* See note, p. 205.

proval: "Well done good and faithful servant?" Shall we obtain the Christian's reward—the crown of glory that fadeth not away?

But I must hasten to close, by wishing you a happy new year. May it be, indeed, the happiest and the best you have ever yet lived to see. We both unite in kind love to yourself and Margaret, and all the dear children—not forgetting our own dear child's love to all her cousins; and believe me ever to remain, Your affectionate sister,

M—— H——.

(To Miss Fuce.)

BRIGHTON, *August* 27, 1848.

My dear Miss Fuce,—It was with deep concern, and heartfelt sympathy, that I heard of your impaired health; and especially of the nature of the affliction which God has seen fit to call you to bear. The intelligence was indeed afflictive to us; and we could only lift up our hearts on your behalf, that in the event of aid from human skill being unavailing, you may have support graciously bestowed, equal to the weight of the affliction. May you be enabled to say, "the Lord hath done all things well." We know that all our sufficiency is of Him, who can make his strength perfect in our weakness.

If works of faith and labours of love, with all their consequent pleasures, are to be exchanged for comparative inactivity—if it be assigned you, henceforth, to *wait* rather than to *serve*, may you still be encouraged by the thought that you are nevertheless sustaining your part in a system—not more of incomprehensible wisdom, than of unbounded love. Amidst the darkness and humiliation, the dangers and trials of this present state, we have an anchor of the soul—unfailing solace—faith and hope in Him who died! "Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift."

I am induced to send you a *recipe* which I have heard spoken of as having proved very efficacious, that you may take advice respecting the propriety of trying it. I have lost not a day in procuring it from a distant part of the country, and forwarding it to you. May God mercifully send his blessing with it!

We hope to return to London shortly; when I trust we shall receive more favourable accounts of your health, and that of your dear Father. With our united kind regards and Christian sympathy, believe me to remain, Your affectionate friend,

M—— H——.

(To Miss Devenish.)

July 28, 1849.

My dear Sister,—I cannot forbear writing a few hurried lines to you, merely to say that I do not forget that this is the birth-day of my dear, dear Sister. I never forget these days; and, in spirit, I ever send the wishes of my heart, on these occasions, to the different members of our dear family. God bless my dear Sister! God in mercy grant her every needful blessing—sound health, and length of days—to bless her family, for many years to come, by her exemplary illustration of Christian character. To God be the praise—to Him have I, this day, offered thanksgiving for the good influence you have, all your life long, spread out around you. And since every one of us, as a family, has seen the light of your Christian course, and felt its power, may we also glorify Him who is the author and finisher of all the works of faith. We all know and feel that the aim of your life has been goodwill to all—to bless all—to *do good*. You will have your reward; for we all know that such works of faith and labours of love are acceptable and approved of God—receive the smile of Heaven here on earth, and will be recompensed at the resurrection of the just.

May we all be found rightly to have improved the talent which has been committed to us. We ought all to be the better and the happier for it. The good seed which you have sown, cannot surely have been all given to the winds. Our faith and hope alike assure us that it will live when you may be sleeping in the grave; or rather—when you will have been crowned with never-ending life, and immortal glory!

May you, my dear Sister, year after year, reap a more abundant harvest from the verdict of conscience, bringing that solace and support which none but a Christian is allowed

to know, and which is unspeakable—from believing that you are living to be a blessing, till the final day of life shall find you fully blest; "having fought the good fight, and finished the work given you to do"—having conquered through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ!—With our united love to all, I remain, my dear Sister, ever most affectionately yours,

M—— H——.

(To Mrs. William Devenish.)

CAMDEN-ST., *July* 31, 1849.

My dear Aunt,—I feel constrained to express the affectionate remembrance and sympathy which we, with all your friends, entertain, on occasion of the bereavement with which God has visited you. The trial had indeed been long foreseen, and solemnly anticipated; and even the shadows of such events are more than enough for human nature, unaided, to bear—still more the closing scene—the actual stroke, the bursting of the last link which connected us with those we loved, and whose being was entwined with our own.

Neither reason, nor religion forbids human nature to be affected when our nearest kindred are called to enter the dark valley, and to leave us and this earthly scene, never to return. But—soul animating thought—sinful as we are, the glorious Gospel dispels the gloom of the grave, bringing Life and Immortality to light! This can cheer us through life's pilgrimage; and this can solace and support us when we come to die. Yes—the cross of Christ—there we cling—we clasp the Cross—assured, by faith, that safety is for ever there! Jesus—blessed Mediator! "our hope of heaven below, and glory of our heaven above!" "Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

The last sad tokens of remembrance, which we received on Saturday, occasioned me many tears—by realising, as it were, my conviction that our dear uncle was indeed gone from us, and could no longer be seen in the circle of our living friends. With my earliest associations, were blended those of the kindness and friendship of our Uncle, who was always indeed a true friend. Among the very first lessons which my mind and heart were taught to learn, were the kindness, the disinterestedness of our faithful Guardian.

Though we were aware that the decease of our warm-hearted, disinterested relative, was daily expected; yet the afflictive tidings awakened, afresh, a host of recollections of the kind, generous, faithful services which our dear departed Uncle was ever ready to render to us. These unwearied, self-denying services must ever be embalmed in our memories and in our hearts—we cannot forget them—we cannot cease to cherish gratitude for the kindness, faithfulness, and integrity which he ever manifested towards us. He had his own concerns, like other men, to fill his head and hand—and heart too; but he was never so absorbed in his own interests as to forget ours. He *felt*—not merely acknowledged—the claims of such relationship. He believed that God called him to be the natural guardian of our fatherless family, and he acted accordingly. It is not in my heart to forget that our Uncle proved nobly faithful to his trust—to the interests of his widowed sister, and her young family. To God be the praise! But he must have had his reward in the testimony of conscience; and in the blessings which the widow and the fatherless invoked on so faithful a protector, in their petitions to heaven. And we love to believe that such labours of love will be further recompensed at the resurrection of the just!

My dear Aunt—may He who compassionates the widow, afford you all needful support. May you mercifully find verified the gracious promise—"as thy day, so shall thy strength be." To Mr. and Mrs. Aldridge, we beg our very kind and sympathizing remembrance. I trust my Cousin Emma's health is much firmer, and that all her dear little ones are well. Accept, my dear Aunt, our united Christian sympathy; and with every good wish, and pleasing recollections of all your uniform and kind hospitality and friendship, believe me to remain your affectionate niece,

M—— H——.

(To Miss Anne Devenish.)

WILDING-TREE, NORTH WEALD; *June* 19, 1850.

My dear Sister Anne,—I must express to you my sense of obligation for your kindness in having a Daguerreotype copy of the portrait of our dear Mother taken expressly for *me*.

I deeply feel this kind and sisterly consideration. My Mother's miniature—our own Mother's picture, cannot but be prized and loved; and will serve as a precious memorial of our early days—our infancy,—our childhood, and of our maturer years; and of much that belongs to the history of our Parents, deserving of never-ceasing interest, and everlasting remembrance—their useful lives—their peaceful deaths, in the faith and hope of the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. May every one of their children fulfil a mission as acceptable in the sight of Heaven!

Nearly all of us have counted as many links in the chain of life, as did our dear Father! O what a reminiscence may we justly take of our devoted Father! No meagre example has he left to his children, or to the Christian church. I love to dwell on his intellectual and refined tastes—his healthy heartfelt interest in books, and in everything good—his inflexible integrity, his nobility of mind, his high-toned devotedness of character. It is very affecting to me to dwell on the thought (which I often do,) that we nearly all in the family have lived as long as did our noble-minded, enlightened, Christian Father—and Oh is not this a spirit-stirring call to all our hearts? Have we made the effort to be as mentally and morally good—to attain to a similar altitude of character—to be as much alive to duty and conscience, to our heavenly Father's voice, to be such Christians as were our departed Parents? Surely we cannot err in judgment, or in feeling, by wishing that our spirit, our hopes and aspirations, may be one with theirs; and that their faith and hope—their Saviour and their God—may be their children's, and their children's children's unfailing portion, both in this life and in the life to come!

Your gift will be a precious legacy to our dear children, should they survive their parents. My dear husband writes me word that the likeness is most exact, and very distinct—a precise copy of the large picture; and he anticipates my wishes by keeping it at home till he comes down here, that it may not sustain any injury in being sent. And, now, again thanking you for such sisterly and not-to-be-forgotten kindness, believe me, with sincere love and good wishes to you all, Your affectionate sister,

M—— H.——

(To Miss Pyne.)

CAMDEN TOWN, *April 9th*, 1851.

My dear Miss Pyne,—I regret that I have not, long ago, fulfilled my intention of writing, in return for your kind communications; and as our dear child's note to you has not been forwarded, my conscience has often upbraided me. Want of leisure and of health must be my excuse—not want of will, or want of regard and esteem. Do accept this apology for my apparent indifference to your kindness, and to the agreeable recollections and associations of our stay at North Weald. I have often mentally said that, although I do not wear spectacles, I feared I should find myself talking to Miss Pyne in the assumed character of greater experience: in fact, as an old woman whose days of romance had gone by; and who might, by some fond conceit, be presumed to be much more sagacious and far-sighted than any young creature could possibly be.

Thoughts of Wilding-Tree summon up a host of recollections of my early days—some of the dearest associations of home, and love, and friendship. I feel myself young again. I am quite sure that I was young once; and thoughts and feelings of my young brain and heart, seem to live again—to be welcomed as suggestive of good to one who has travelled less of life's pilgrimage. You will exclaim, Oh the vanity and arrogance of the woman! Ah—well, to be sure, length of days does not necessarily bring wisdom, nor make reality take the place of romance—"not rolling suns the mind mature." It might have been more becoming for me to have assumed that you, my dear Friend, can think of life about as correctly as myself. You need not be told that we are not to expect perpetual spring and sun-lit skies—neither are we to forbode a path of briars and thorns—or that life is to be one season of wintry clouds and chilling winds, with nought to cheer the eye or heart. You can believe that bright hues rest on many earthly things—that there are flowers as fragrant as their dyes are glorious, whether we have eyes or not to perceive the beauty spread out around us. Yes, you can believe that sun-light rests upon our pathway—light from heaven. Earth is not heaven, we know; but if aught of heaven is known on earth, it is known to the Christian—to

whom "all things work together for good," and for "eternal glory." Wherever—or whatever, heaven may be, we may rest assured that "eye hath not seen, nor heart of man conceived what God has prepared for them that love Him:" and the Christian cannot regard even the present life as one wide, sterile waste; since he relies for all supplies on his heavenly Father. The Christian must be accounted happy; for he endures the conflicts of time with the crown in view, and within hearing of the song of seraphs; and, in harmony with the music of heaven, he can exultingly cry, "thanks be to God who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

I rejoice to think of you, my dear Miss Pyne, as a Christian daughter. O that we may be permitted to believe *our* dear daughter* to be a Christian—safe as regards a future state; and happy for the present life, by being well-qualified to discharge all the duties belonging to her mission as a woman. The dear child is making some progress in Latin and French, under Papa's daily teaching; and is adding enough, for her years, to her mental stores; and giving the promise of amassing sufficient wealth of mind to make her a very useful woman. She has a good head for arithmetic, which she is taught on scientific principles—this is useful, and is a good ballast. May her *heart* be well-cultivated. She is told that this is the great business of life—that correct notions, right principles, and good habits are of incalculable importance. O that we may be enabled to furnish such discipline as shall tend to her advancement in moral excellence! She is taught that moral elevation is above all mere intellectual attainment, in every point of view. I trust that this doctrine will ever be kept in its right place; and that we shall aim to inspire her with the ambition of knowing how to do every thing that belongs to woman's sphere of duty, and of improving to the utmost all her advantages, which involve responsibilities from which she can never free herself—making the most of all her resources, and habitually bringing mind to bear on every thing she touches—bringing mind, or *gumption* from her fingers' ends, like your good Grandmama, and other members of your family.

* [Who, when staying at North Weald, in several successive summers, was always under Miss P's instruction.]

Since woman is the genius of home—since it is hers to meet the common wants of humanity, and to hold the helm of domestic order and happiness, she ought to be well-qualified for the performance of such duties—to be able to "look well to the ways of her household"—to "study household good," a work assigned to her by God, and therefore the "loveliest and the best." The most trifling affairs, the smallest details may be so attended to, as to bring out much mind—and the common duties of life so performed (as the good Herbert says) as to make even "drudgery divine." Various, indeed, are the evils which arise from a mistress being ignorant of her domestic duties. Some one must rule the house, of course; and if "the maids are left to manage," the poor mistress is too often the dupe of her servants, or is held in a kind of slavery under their sway. I have known this to be the affliction of educated, Christian mistresses.

May my dear child never be thus enthralled, and never allow the growth of such evils; but be the director of all who properly come under her influence, and be to them and to society a lasting blessing, while reaping a rich reward for herself. I would wish to teach her never to forego the advantages of self-reliance, independence, and freedom: self-denial and self-sacrifice for the sake of these, are hardly virtues. I would wish our dear daughter to be the very picture drawn by Mrs. Taylor, whom I was taught from my childhood, and with good reason, to regard as an oracle of wisdom and goodness. But I might well wish for you, and for my own dear child, that you may be as well-informed and well-judging, in home duties, as your good Mamma. For a daughter to witness daily such domestic management must surely be a blessing. Another lesson I would inculcate on my daughter, is to keep a strict account of what she spends. This she has already begun to do, for we enforce it as an important duty. Of course she enters also her receipts, which are sufficiently amusing to us who see her performances—for instance: "for a drawing of Henry VIII."—"for a painting of Queen Elizabeth and Robert Devereux Earl of Essex"—, etc.

As a family we were allowed a free use of money, that we might learn its right use. But we were always expected to furnish a strict account of our expenditure; which I suppose

was conducted with sufficient discretion, since I cannot call to mind any one reproof, whatever, for extravagance. Our Parents were very liberal, and very benevolent; and it is our fault if we have failed to observe the right medium, and to learn the good lessons in which we were schooled. I must not trust myself to speak of the satisfaction and delight I have always found in bringing arithmetic to bear on all my outgoings. And yet Christian women, of considerable mind, have told me they never could think of keeping any such account. *I* can only think of being, in consequence, always out at sea, ignorant of latitudes and longitudes, and dreading danger more than even this uncertain life would warrant. Not being exposed to the contingencies of trade, (which we know are sometimes wholly uncontrollable,) though, like all the world besides, subject to contingencies of income, I have never in my life (I think I may safely say) known a moment's uneasiness from fearing want, or pecuniary embarrassment: and this—not on account of my vast wealth in gold, houses, or lands; but because strict accounts have shown me my exact position, and have called on my common sense—to say nothing of religious principle—to make no attempt to describe a circle larger than my ways and means.

Wealth is a blessing; but by no means the best of blessings, even temporal. I never thought so. There is much wealth that gold can never buy: but it may enable you to act more independently, and not *unworthily* of yourself; which many people are tempted to do, solely from pecuniary pressure. They might not have had to bear trials of which they complain—trials which they have elaborately contrived for themselves—had they only allowed common sense to guide them—had they not acted in disregard of all the laws which insure future benefit—acted against the very nature of things: so that chance, fortune, or miracles, could alone realise the air-built castles they dreamt of. But if we are guided by discretion, and are recognising this, with all other good gifts, as coming from the hand of God—cherishing a contented spirit, and habitually viewing it as a sin to eat the bread of idleness; I am inclined to think a happier lot may be found on earth, than is often represented as within the common reach. Some urge that they should cease to be liberal, if they kept an account of their expenditure. They certainly might not be so likely to give

from mere impulse, nor to be generous before they are just—which we sometimes hear of; but where self-denial is necessary to generosity, there appears more reality in the generosity of those who know how much they can and ought to give. Judgment—principle—will thus take the helm, instead of feeling or mere impulse.

Calculation, in household expenditure, enables me to form a correct estimate of the management of any servant—of her economy, honesty, etc.; so that I need not long suffer from waste or dishonesty. It becomes also a blessing to myself, involving my own character—enabling me to entertain right and just feelings towards my servants, and esteem for good and faithful services. It prevents me from being wholly ignorant as to their merits, or the training they may require.

We know a worthy man who gave up his business, from the belief that he was losing his capital—whereas he was actually prospering greatly; as figures, at length, though too late, convinced him as well as others. This mistake led him to leave a neighbourhood which he blesssed by his wealth and good influence—a step to be deplored in a moral point of view, more than as affecting the pecuniary interests of one individual. In such cases, we must repose in the consoling thought, that we may greatly err in seeing only unmixed evil in any event of Providence.

But what of your time and patience, my dear Miss Pyne! I began writing, with no very definite idea of a subject, and thus you see how I have rambled on. I have written this letter, at different times; and I have failed to ask you when you can give us the pleasure of a visit at Camden-Town? Year after year, I have wished to see you; but circumstances hedged up the way—our dear girl's illness, dear babe's birth, and my own state of health. Now, however, the way seems more open. I presume on your kindness, to speak very freely. We shall be truly glad to see you, and to consider you as one of our family circle; though I have strong misgivings that we shall not be able to show you all the sights which such a place as London, and such a time as this, would lead you to expect. Papa's time will be so much absorbed in his duties, and my own health is such, that I fear we cannot promise you all the gratification we could wish. I will gladly do my best; but I fear lest you should lean on a broken reed.

That your visit may not end in disappointment, you must bear in mind that you stand the chance of losing a world of enjoyment which the poetry and nature of the country never fail to give. In London, art and fashion are so worshipped, that you find far less individuality of character than in the country, as appears to me. O the charms of our village-life!—but then we must remember that all the freshness of our young days belonged to this village-life. Let us rejoice to know that, in every place, "goodness and mercy have followed us, all our days."

I do hope that we shall also, some day, see your good Mamma here, as well as other members of your kind family. As Dr. H. has wished me to leave him room to add a few lines respecting the time of your coming to us, I must now conclude my verbosely-spun communication, hoping that nothing will prevent us from enjoying the anticipated pleasure of your society; and, with every kind and good wish, let me assure you that I remain, Your affectionate friend,

M—— H——.

FRAGMENTS OF LETTERS.

* * * Be very devoted and tenderly attentive to your dear Mother. Think not of a mother's love as of a mere instinct—think of it as a generous affection, which is to last for ever.—A mother's love!—think of her care and solicitude, her watchings, her endurance, her good and tender wishes, her deep aspirations, her fervent prayers, for the good, the happiness of her child! It is for all this parental affection, that we return our love and gratitude, and *that* peculiar reverence which we pay to no created being but a Parent. * * * [To a young Friend, 1845.]

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* * * I trust that our dear children will grow up with the wholesome idea that employment is a blessing; and that to enjoy health of mind and body, as well as the testimony of a good conscience, they must be fully employed. We must be anxious respecting the habits they form in early life: for our habits become our second nature, are our very selves—make us what we are, good or bad. I pray that we may see them rising up with a deep, settled, firm conviction of the importance of practical knowledge—of all that is conducive to the growth of good, elevated character, all that can fit them to be useful and happy in this world—to answer the end of life, to glorify God. Ought not one grand lesson to them (which philosophy as well as religion inculcates from the days of our childhood) to be—that they must not act from mere impulse or inclination, but from duty?—that they must do the will of God—please Him. When this becomes the reigning principle of action, duty will not be a penance, but the charm of life. This principle will enable us to bear the burdens and

crosses of every day with a more cheerful spirit, and with more of the mind of Christ. May we find our children, day by day, showing *that* true greatness which consists, as Mrs. Hannah More well observes, "not in doing great things, but in doing little things with a great mind." * * What a blessing for young people to be rightly taught the momentous importance of character! that it is essential to success in this life, to say nothing of a nobler and never-ending existence,—taught their duty to obtain sound knowledge, correct notions, a well-disciplined mind and heart. O it is sad to think how many young persons allow their minds to be only occupied with trifles and vanity, with thoughts and feelings under no control! They seem never to have woke up to the importance of a right economy of time, of opportunity, of means of all kinds. One would suppose that they had never heard that the Lord Jesus Christ had said: "Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost." * * * The habit of keeping a strict account of the expenditure of money, is most important as a discipline for our children, be their circumstances in life what they may. This is evident, when we think of the wide field which the use that is made of money throws open for the developmen of principle and character. Gratitude ever be to the memor of our wise and good Mother, for enforcing this lesson on al her children; and for the high integrity, and the pure mora lity she always taught us! * * * [To Mr. Matthew Devenish, May, 1845.]

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* * * I know that your kind natures, your high sense of Christian duty, lead you to rejoice with them that do rejoice; and that therefore you will be glad to hear that our dear little one seems to promise all that our fond hearts could desire. I always feel that we might call her either Love or Mercy, or rather both names combined. We have now to pray that her present promise may not be blighted by the folly, the vanity, or the sin of her parents. Of course we feel that the presence of this little joyous creature makes this earth the richer—gives it more light, and hope, and love. Why should it not be thus? Can rhyme or reason blame us for extracting sweets wherever they may lawfully be found. I do desire and pray that she may possess a healthy constitution of body; and a mind sound, vigorous,

well-informed, and rightly disciplined. May she have all the advantages calculated to render her mind and heart what we wish to see them. Let us give her a superior education. Let her young ardent spirit enjoy a happy childhood. Let her days be cheered and blessed by a comfortable independence, that her mind may be free and independent. I crave and pray for such blessings, and not for mere money. The aim of her parents must be to make her practical, intelligent, and thoroughly well-informed—to teach her how to think rightly and to act rightly; so that she may know how to endure self-denial, and to exert herself; which usually secures ease of mind and independence. The records and memorials left to her, will clearly testify of the course pursued by her mother; and will point out the reward of such a course—of looking well to the ways of her household, and not eating the bread of idleness. O that her mother could speak thus with reference to works which lead to heaven! May my dear, precious, heart-loved child emulate all that was worthy of imitation; and look with love and pity on those features of the portrait of her mother's mind, which exhibited nothing worthy of complacency. * * * [To her Sisters, 1845.]

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* * * Have you seen the "Women of England," and the "Daughters of England," by Mrs. Ellis? They would be useful in your Book Society. I have heard some young ladies exclaim against these books; because (I am afraid) they reveal the truth too plainly. It would be well if many of her lessons were practised—for the good of individuals, and families too; and it is well that all the world begins to be awake to the importance of the subject. Even *Punch* takes up the matter; and has sounded the alarm more than once. Only two or three, out of sixty young ladies who were summoned, could give any creditable account of the duties of the situation they all expected to undertake. The conclusion of the trial leads *Punch* to exclaim—"What is to become of their husbands?"—"and Echo answers—What?" More than two years ago, an article appeared in one of the Morning Papers, written I believe by Thomas Hood, the comic writer. He represents a young lady attending her dying father, and willing to do what she could. She could have painted a wreath of roses for his head—or stuck him over with red wafers, after the

fashion of the ornamental baskets—or have rendered other such services—but alas! as her knowledge had not also comprised the necessary—the useful—nothing that she had learned was of value at such a moment. * * * The "maids" have been allowed to "manage" too long, and have proved that they have not been taught and trained either by good mothers, or good mistresses; so that, in their own defence, mistresses are beginning to see that if the machinery of their households is to work well, they must take part themselves—in fact do their own duty, attend to the obligations of their own position in society. [1846.]

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* * * Dear babe is a bright, beautiful little creature; not only in his fond mother's eye, or in his parents' eyes; but the remarks of others confirm this testimony. * * * * His features are not faultless, but very well; and when not rosy, as he often is, a soft bloom rests on his cheeks, and a warm glowing hue which gives fresh life to his face. His eyes are sweetly expressive, and are much darker than his sister's; and his hair and long eyelashes are of a different hue to hers, and more like his mother's. He is very joyous, and promises to own an inner vigour and hopefulness which will urge him onwards in the walks of life. His little spirit loves to commune even at this early age with those around him, as his sweet smiles, and audible hearty laughs and calls well testify; and he seems to tell us that he will be as ardent and as earnest as his little fond sister.

I love to believe that I am rearing a being who is full of promise, of ardour, and earnestness, and high-toned devotedness of character. Already he never seems satisfied to be inert and apathetic, even when lying awake in his nest—but is cooing and laughing to himself when we have no time to join in his communings. He is, indeed, a merry little soul: his bright eye and animated countenance wear fresh life, as he causes and keeps up the merriment of those around him by joining aloud in the mirth, crowing and laughing in so very funny a manner. We are amused to find that so young a creature is capable of furnishing such entertainment. O the fondness and tenderness which this calls up from the mother's bosom! and from the father's heart, as he gazes on his loved little ones—on his bright, beautiful baby-boy, and his intelligent

little pupil-lassie.—Our dear children—what will be their mission, and what their destiny? Merciful thought!—the light of Reason and Revelation allows of cheering faith and hope, while it shows us that, in this world, there must be tribulation. We believe this: we believe also in Him who has overcome the world; and has secured an inheritance above, for the saved—the sanctified. Our faith and hope must be in God. We know that he has all power to bless the parents' efforts, that their children may be trained to be good and useful on earth, and fitted for a seat in heaven—for the robe of light, and the immortal crown. May this be our aim—our daily prayer; while we would not lean even on an angel's arm, but trust for aid in Him who made heaven and earth! And will not our petitions be heard by our Father in heaven? I love to think that the Christian religion does not leave us in doubt and despondency; but requires us to rejoice in the Lord always—in Him who is "the Father of mercies and the God of all comfort." * * * Wilding-Tree, North Weald, June 18, 1850. [To her Sisters.]

My dear Sir,—I beg you to accept of the accompanying volume, the "Physical Theory of Another Life," as an expression of my admiration and grateful acknowledgement of your ability, and your kind and generous conduct, in the exercise of your professional duties. May I hope that those duties—so numerous, so important and benevolent—so full of blessing to others, may allow of your giving this book an attentive perusal. It is the production of a man of no mean mind, and it treats of a subject of vital importance to all. "Another Life!"—have we evidence for such belief? At least ought we not to take some trouble to examine into the evidence for such a dogma? Is man destined to far extended progression—to an expanded, endless life? Thanks be to God, there is not one being of the human family who may not exercise faith and hope in Him who "hath abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light!" May our faith and hope rest on the Cross of Christ—on Him who died to save! "For God so loved the world."—John iii. 16, 17.—[To ———,* 1851.]

* This unfinished Fragment was forwarded, with the volume, after her decease.

* * * Although you have had no word of sympathy from me, during the last week; yet you may be sure I have thought of you all, and prayed for all needed blessings to be granted to all who are concerned. I can weep with those who weep. * * * I have known much distress, owing to the weakness of my bodily frame—distress that I cannot describe, and which I know to be purely physical; though I have unnumbered alleviations in my affliction, * * * by night and by day: and I have not any anxiety about my children's future worldly concerns. I must leave them to the care of Him who is good to all.

As to myself, I do not know that I have had a moment's anxious thought about the solemn realities of another life. I hope I can think of God as the God of love, and view myself as a poor sinner safe in the Saviour's hands. And yet I do not bear my affliction with all the resignation which I could wish. But days and months of pain and suffering will not last for ever. May all fit me for the everlasting service of God! * * * Accept my love and prayers, which doubtless you also give to your poor afflicted sister,

M—— H——.

Nov. 7, 1851. [To her Sisters.]

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* * * One morning before babe was up, when chanticleer had been crowing several times, the dear little fellow said to Miss P.—"Biddy play music." He has a mind and a heart, 'tis certain, and may be an original. He is very fond of singing, and of touching the piano; and then I am told—"Mamma, baby play music." I have directed Mary to make him pray in such words as: "May I be a good boy:" "may I do as I am bid." * * * Have you seen any sketch of the character of the late Joseph John Gurney? What advancement in every estimable attainment!—what daily exemplification of the power of religion in a life of high integrity, holy purpose, beneficent influence!—a life of love to God and love to man. * * * North Weald, June, 1852. [To her Sisters.]

———* Ever believe, my dear child, that Christian principles, if practised, *must* produce happiness; that the connexion between the two is absolute; that such a cause must insure its appropriate effect. This I always believed; and, next to this, that judgment, and not inclination, must be my guide, my regulator, my arbiter of good and ill. And, as a habit of my soul, I always calculated on future good (for this world even) beyond all doubt; and I was thus ready to forego immediate gratification, for prospective advantage. My dear child, I wish you to study and trace every step which goes to form a really good and useful character. Study principles, habits, dispositions, motives, operations of mind—the powers of the human soul, both mental and moral. Thus may you hope to bless yourself and to bless others, by the blessing of Him who is the author of all good.

Beware of looking to what may be called a kind of miracles—to become our teachers. Beware of living in the belief that, if one "rose from the dead," all possible good lessons must inevitably be learned. I would caution you against all such fallacious and unscriptural presumption. Let us rather listen to the suggestions of the many every day teachers which a gracious God is providentially affording us. Let us always attend to the dictates of reason, of common-sense, of conscience. Let us gain all the aid which is to be derived from looking into our own hearts and minds, and the hearts and minds of others. Let us learn from the sage remark, the prudent hint, the indirect advice, the ardent hopes, the trembling fears, the kind counsels, the general opinion of our friends. Let all this be considered, so far as accordant with Reason and Revelation, in no other light than as the voice of God. Let all these aids be gratefully and wisely employed to mould your character, and shape your course for earth and heaven; for a life of honour and usefulness, and for a future immortality. [Sept. 10, 1848.]

It is, indeed, a hard thing, my dear child, to be a Christian! but the Lord of Lords, He who has all power in heaven and

* As this and all the following Fragments are chiefl yon the same subject, they have been inserted together. None of them are dated but this first; which may not have been the earliest.

on earth, the King of Kings, has graciously provided that, as our day is, so shall our strength be—that daily bread, for the soul as well for the body, shall not be withheld from all who seek it in the way of God's bestowment.—Believe that religion is practical, and must be all-pervading in the character. Pray and strive to obtain correct notions of its nature. Believe, as I have often told our servants, that it is something more than the mere excitement which is given to the mind by reading what is interesting (either the pages of Holy Writ, or the productions of uninspired good men)—that it is something more than putting on different attire to go to the sanctuary or to any hallowed assembly, and dwelling on the voice of the speaker with delight, or on the moving strains of the hymns of praise—that all that has been brought before the eye and the ear, and has captivated the faculties of the soul, may fade, and pass away, and die out of the mind, as the mere effect of a lovely song—producing no growth of right principles or right motives, no practical piety. Of such God says, "they *hear* my words, but they *do them not.*" Nothing but mere sentiment has been awakened; which has proved perfectly inefficient for the duty of every day and every hour of life. All that was heard received the assent of the understanding, and may have produced a passing approbation of what is in itself right. It opposed no moral taste so much as to be forbidding; and yet there may have been no real, genuine devotion—no sincere worship of God, a worship having a supreme reference to his will and glory.

I wish to say to you, my dear daughter, that such was your mother's love for what is beautiful in nature and art, that it has often become a snare to her—a temptation to forget and neglect duty. From childhood, the sight of flowers awakened in me feelings of delight. I could never look on them but with emotions of pleasure. Bright colours are, to this day, a source of gratification. They are still interesting to me as in the days of my youth; as is all that belongs to taste. All that does possess beauty is still my passion; although I have but little cultivated or encouraged any thing of this kind, on account of the expense which it involves of time, thought, and money; which I could not give to objects of mere taste, without sacrificing much that goes

to secure independence, in every sense of the word, as well as strict duty. Do guard against every evil, my dear child, that may insidiously assail you. Let not impulse or inclination be your guide—leading you to follow an accomplishment, merely, rather than stern though still rewarding duty.

My dear child, I long and pray for your happiness; therefore I am concerned for your mental and moral culture. I am concerned for your disposition, your habits, your character. Character determines happiness. Ever believe that *duty well done is happiness*—that duty, prompted by love, is the charm, the beauty of life—that to please God, is to be happy. Let principle ever be your source of action. In mercy to yourself and others, and for the honour of God, let not *impulse* be your guide—impulse, which is the destroyer of the peace and happiness of so many. Be always sensitively alive to your responsibilities and duties. Study, daily, the precepts, spirit, and example of Him who lived to guide us, and died to save us. Look to your thoughts, and your heart: pray that you may think and feel rightly; and then we may fully hope that you will act rightly.

Perseverance is to be the subject of this lesson. Never forget, my dear child, that nothing is done without trouble. To gain time, health, wealth, knowledge—or even religion here, and heaven hereafter, there must be effort, persevering effort. No such precious boons can be obtained without difficulty. We must labour diligently and perseveringly that no bad habits may grow upon us, and insensibly deprive us of inestimable blessings. To particularise some evil habits which are likely to contend for the mastery over us, I may refer to such as tend to rob us of that invaluable treasure, *time*. I may well name those antagonists to its use and improvement, which are likely to assail us, day by day. Such are all habits of self-indulgence. We may waste precious time in slumber—time which should be spent on health, knowledge, and religious exercises. Sloth in the morning, may follow us all the day long; and, if indulged, it may become part of our character—of our very selves. How great the evil of slow, tedious, dawdling, procrastinating, disorderly, irregular habits—preventing all dispatch in business, all efficiency in work! Watch and pray against habits of sloth;

for, if cherished, they will extend to all our doings; and will injure our minds, and the best feelings of our hearts. Let it be an article of your firm belief, that well-directed, prompt, unwearied diligence, is sure to bring you ample results—rich reward. Be resolved to advance, more and more, in the art of *making a road* through difficulties. At all events—try. Let this be your aim every day—always. Any one can walk on a smooth path: learn how to get along on a rough one.

It were well if *all* possessed this knowledge. You must neither expect, nor wish your path through life to be strewed only with roses. In the nature of things, this is impossible: even roses will have their thorns. Trouble is connected with the work of man. It is his lot here below. Would we have wealth, we must be diligent. Would we have knowledge, we must search and dig for it. To secure comfort, happiness, reputation for this world—there must be persevering effort. "An idle soul shall suffer hunger." "The desire of the slothful killeth him, for his hands refuse to labour." See the description of the field of the slothful: Proverbs xxiv. 30-34.

But above all, my dear child, never forget that Religion requires this persevering effort. It is no light thing to be a Christian. We know, indeed, that there is no other name, under heaven, whereby we can be saved, but the name of Jesus Christ. He is the propitiation for our sins. We are reconciled to God by the death of his Son: we are saved by his life. But what are the words of our blessed Saviour? "He that taketh not his cross and followeth after me, is not worthy of me."—"If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me."—"Watch and pray always."—"Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation." See also Ephesians vi. 10—18; and Philippians iii. 12—14. Remember, my dear child, that this conflict is to last for life—that we are to persevere, not merely at the beginning, or until we have reached our course midway: we must persevere even to the end. Thus must we keep watch over all the movements of our minds, even all our moral feelings and dispositions. The recompense is sure, in present results—in happiness and peace, the "peace that passeth all understanding:" it is sure,

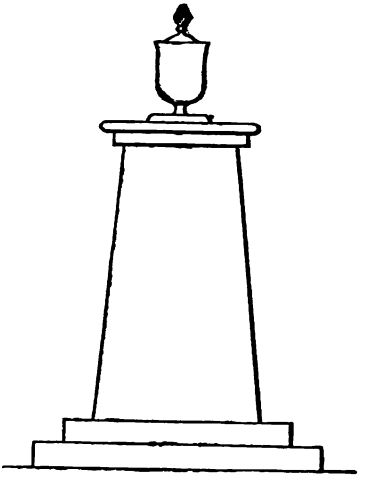
too, as to distant and eternal experience. "Be not weary in well-doing." Then we shall receive the rewards of eternal life. We shall hear the welcome plaudit: "Well done good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

My dear Child—Receive a mother's love—her deep aspirations—receive the effusions of a mother's heart and mind: listen to all that a mother's love and wisdom can dictate, to a fondly cherished and beloved child. Believe that your devoted mother is tremblingly alive to all that concerns your welfare; and that her daily prayer is offered to heaven that you, my dear and only daughter, may be blessed with health of body and of mind—that you may live to be useful, good, and happy—that you may live to bless and to be a blessing. That such an end may be gained, there must be means used, suitable means. If God should grant to your dear parents life and health to watch over you—if your early years should be passed under a mother's eye, may the wisdom which cometh from above be graciously granted: and may our dying hour be cheered by the belief that our dear child will never depart from the right way, which insures a glorious immortality!

But we may not live to watch over the early years of our dearly beloved child. You may find yourself in this wide cold world, without the love and fostering care of your devoted parents. Your mother may be sleeping in the tomb; and you may be living on, year after year, ignorant of a mother's love, and hopes, and fears, and earnest desires, and fervent prayers! Life is, indeed, uncertain! and it is the *conviction* of this truth that leads me to inquire—what can I now do for the future good of my dear child? Every lesson of wisdom I have learned, I should wish to give to your dear tender mind. All that time and experience have taught me, I should wish to commit to your keeping—to bring out to view all that makes life good and happy; and to exhibit also the beacon where comfort and character are sure to suffer loss, if not a fatal wreck. A mother's hopes, and fears, and deep solicitudes and anxieties, lead me to speak to you thus, in writing—that, perhaps, when your poor mother's eyes may be closed in death, you may be enabled to read and to profit by the words that she speaks to you from the tomb! I feel that

I am attempting a task which I can but unsatisfactorily fulfil. My state of health will now, as always, prove more or less a clog to any mental effort; but a sense of duty urges the hand of love to do what it can—I trust, in simple dependence on aid implored from Him who has graciously promised to impart wisdom to all who feel their need.

Receive then, my dear child, a mother's offering—a heart overflowing with love; which would dictate nothing but affection and tenderness for her dear child. Hearken to the lesson I give you; and pray to be benefited by every instruction which relates to the eternal and unchangeable distinction between good and evil, as shown in the perfect system of morality contained in God's own Holy Book. May our dear child never be left without any fostering care and wisdom; so as to be obliged to grope on in the dark, year after year, obtaining, with great cost and difficulty, what might be better gained at a far less amount of means—at a far less expense, it may be, of comfort, or health, or pecuniary sacrifice, or mental suffering. Such thoughts, though quite imaginary, and, I trust, improbable, lead me to make the effort, now, to guide and improve all your impulses and capabilities by discipline—to inculcate those principles and habits which will be an inheritance far better than houses, or lands, or money; and which will lead to enjoyment that will last on for ever, being, in its very nature, immortal. May God grant that you may possess a well-cultivated, well-regulated, and sanctified intellect and heart! May you be daily growing in the love of order and regularity, of industry, and of all that is simple, pure, truthful, benevolent, and good. May genuine vital religion, prudence, and wisdom, guide you through life; and may God be your portion for ever!

My understanding and my judgment very early assured me, beyond all doubt, that nothing could possibly make me happy but personal, vital religion. Even the rational satisfaction which may be derived from knowledge, is nothing in comparison with the solid, heartfelt repose which religion alone can give, in respect to both worlds. Remember this, my dear child—remember that even the innocent pleasures of this world are transitory, illusive, and vain: but the pleasures of religion are real, soul-satisfying, durable—eternal.

Remember, as you grow up, that religion does not consist in mere natural or sentimental feeling—in mere impulses, or impressions: nor does it consist alone in a judgment informed, a mind enlightened, or even in a conscience awakened. It must be a vital, practical principle—a principle of supreme love to God. It has its seat in the heart; and there it reigns, and rules all the powers of the soul: and it shows itself in the temper, the spirit, the conduct. Religion does not consist merely in entertaining clear and correct views of the Gospel: we may know theological truths, in theory, and yet never know them practically. To know them thus, we must pray that our minds may be enlightened by the Holy Spirit of God, and our hearts imbued with love to Him. We shall then be safe. In our early days, when the judgment is immature, it is in great danger of being overpowered by inclination. Against this most serious and fatal evil, ever carefully guard, and earnestly pray.